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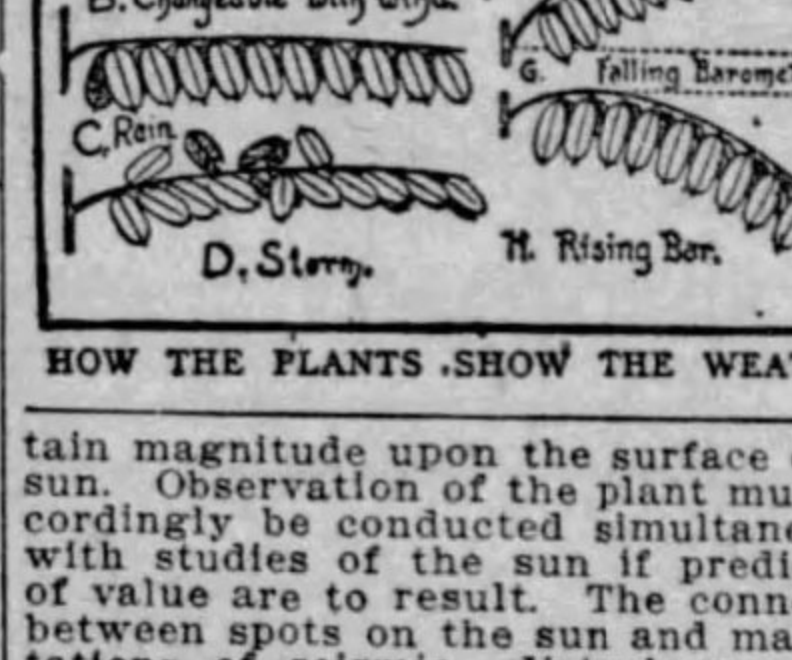
THE EARTHQUAKE PLANT

There has recently been set up in London a forecasting station which has for its principal object the prediction of earthquakes through observation of what is known as the abrus plant. This abrus plant, says Current Literature, grows wild in Cuba and in certain parts of India, being celebrated among the inhabitants of some tropical regions for its sensitiveness to weather conditions. Baron Nowack, an Austrian scientist, was the first to investigate the seismological accuracy of the abrus which, as he explains in London Knowledge, is a veritable vegetable barometer. When read in connection with other data, the abrus will give, he insists, forecasts on the subject of storms, cyclones, conditions of fire damp in mines, and more particularly the imminence of earthquakes, and even of volcanic eruptions.

It is related on good authority that King Edward once asked Baron Nowack to foretell the state of the weather on a certain evening in the near future. In a few minutes, by studying his specimens of the abrus, the baron had worked the problem out. He predicted that the night referred to would witness a violent thunderstorm. This prediction, it is said, came true. At the invitation of the king, Baron Nowack was invited to London, where he is now cultivating his seismological vegetable on an elaborate scale.



HOW THE PLANTS SHOW THE WEATHER

The abrus is understood to change its color upon the approach of a period of fissure in the crust of the earth. This change of color seems to depend in turn upon the appearance of spots of a certain magnitude upon the surface of the sun. Observation of the plant must accordingly be conducted simultaneously with studies of the sun if predictions of value are to result. The connection between spots on the sun and manifestations of seismic disturbance have been the subject of infinite speculation on the part of authorities on earthquakes. Some students have denied the connection which others allege to exist. Professor Nowack, on the basis of his investigations into the abrus, now insists that sun spots and earthquakes are dependent phenomena because the effect of both upon the plant seems identical. If, according to the theory now tentatively presented, the abrus begins to change color, and if there be a spot of magnitude on the sun, the appearance of a fissure in the surface of the earth may be expected. The future of this line of investigation promises, we are told, to be interesting.

GUARDING HARAM.

Is Situated Over Graves of Abraham and Jacob.

No spot in all Palestine is so jealously guarded as the Haram, or sacred area, built above the cave where, according to tradition, lie buried the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. This Haram is inclosed within a double wall, an outer one of Arab workmanship, dating from the fourteenth century, and an inner very massive one, with many buttresses, which competent authorities ascribe to the days of the Herods. No Christian or Jew is, except by very special permission, allowed within these walls. The most the "unbelievers" may ordinarily do is to ascend from the street to the seventh step on one of the staircases between the walls.

Within the Haram at its southern end is the mosque, originally built as a church by the Crusaders between 1167 and 1187, though containing materials belonging to an older church of Justinian which stood here.

The most prominent objects in the mosque are the great shrines of the patriarchs and their wives. Those of Abraham and Sarah occupy little octagonal chapels in the double porch before the mosque door. The tomb of Sarah is magnificently decorated. The coverings are of beautiful, colored silk, worked most artistically with gold embroidery; the Arabic writing is the finest known. Toward the northern end of the Haram are the shrines of Jacob and Leah, also covered with costly embroidered silks worked with artistic patterns in gold. These shrines lie in pairs at regular distances apart across the area of the Haram, and are supposed by the Moslems to stand each exactly over the corresponding body in the cave below; but no authority has been permitted to descend into the cave for many centuries.

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

New Mummy Added to British Museum Collection.

There has just been placed on exhibition in the mummy room at the British Museum, the mummy of a lady, one of the priestesses of the famous priesthood of Amen Ra, at Karnak. The mummy, which, says the London Globe, is undoubtedly one of the finest in the collection, is covered with a cartonnage casing, modeled in the form of the body; the face, being a portrait of the deceased, is thickly overlaid with gold, the eyes and eyebrows being inlaid with obsidian. The rest of the casing is occupied with representations of the deceased addressing prayers to Osiris Anubis and the genii of the dead, the whole being thickly coated with gold paint. The coffin is like most of its class, made in the shape of a mummified body, the sides being richly decorated with gilded representations of the gods. The face on the lid is, like that of the cartonnage, a portrait of the deceased. The date of this interesting addition to the museum is about B. C. 1000.

OPERA IN EGYPT.

"Egypt," said a clever woman once, "is all so dusty and dirty and sphinxy." She did not state, however, that the streets of Cairo had their opera house.

Ginaoli-Galetti, of the Manhattan opera house, told me all about the opera at Cairo, yesterday, while Campanini was singng Bassi's part in the rehearsal of Siberia, and the frozen steppes of Russia made the stage of the Manhattan resemble the icy, snowy streets outside.

"Yes," said he, "there is an opera at Cairo, and a right good one. In fact, there are two operas in Egypt during the season. One takes place at Alexandria and the other at Cairo. At Cairo there will be an Italian company, at Alexandria a French company, or it may be the other way round. Anyhow, in the middle of the season the two companies exchange theatres. Thus each city has its Italian and French season.

"At Cairo we play at the Khedivial theatre. This theatre is celebrated the world over as the one which saw the premiere of Aida. Aida was written by Verdi in response to a communication from the Khedive. Out of compliment to the Khedive, Verdi chose an Egyptian subject.

"So Aida, the most popular of all modern Italian operas, first saw the light at Cairo. It has become the most popular of all the operas performed in Egypt, for in spite of the fact that Egypt has been in the hands of the stranger so many years, there is the strongest national feeling there.

"The audience at the Khedivial theatre, once seen, is never forgotten.

"Cairo, as you know, is full of English soldiers. The officers attend in their red mess jackets and give a wonderful touch of color to the scene. The opera house is full of French, English, and Italians and Egyptians. The latter are distinguishable by their tarbooshes.

"The French women and the English women make the usual display of jewelry and decolleteness. But the Egyptian women. Eight boxes are reserved for them. But in front of the boxes there is a grille, so that they are scarcely visible.

"Furthermore, their faces, up to their eyes, are covered with the thick veilings known as yashmaks, and all that one can see of the ladies are their rows of large, gleaming, flashing, limpid, brilliant eyes.

"Those eyes used to fascinate me. They seemed so mysterious. I have often gone up into one of the boxes near to the Egyptian ladies' latticed prison. Still nothing but eyes and the low murmur and restrained laughter of many voices."

Thus far Gianoli-Galetti.

With the exception of Oriental countries there is but one other place in the world where women are locked up in a cage at a place of public amusement and mountebankery. It is in the British house of commons, the mother of free parliaments and the great nourisher of human rights.—New York Telepraph.

POWER OF RADIUM.

Force of the Substance Described in Vivid Way.

Professor Sir William Ramsey, in London the other day, delivered a deeply interesting lecture, illustrated by many beautiful experiments—at a meeting of the Society of Arts, on "A Radio-Active Gas." The lecture was necessarily highly technical, but there was one passage in which Sir William gave some forcible illustrations of power of the wonderful substance called radium. Twelve grains of radium, he said, emitted enough heat to evaporate a pound of water every hour. A ton would boil away 200 pounds of water every hour and would serve as an efficient fuel to warm a house, do all the cooking and afford plenty of hot baths for a large family, not only during their own lives, but would continue to perform these useful functions for about 20 generations without falling off. "One grain of radium," he said, "emits each hour enough heat to raise a grain of water through 100 degrees, and one grain of emanation enough to melt a grain of ice." Radium emanation changes into helium and "something else," and if dissolved in water it decomposes the water into oxygen and hydrogen. On removing the oxygen and hydrogen there is left neon, another of the inactive atmospheric gases, which Sir William Ramsey and Dr. Travers discovered. Similarly, radium in the presence of copper produced lithium, potassium and sodium. Sir William therefore suggested that it seemed we were in the presence of the transmutation of copper into a lower element than itself. "It is probable, though not proved," he said, "that the element sodium is also a transmutation product of copper, because the residue obtained by evaporating the copper solution, deprived of copper, which had been treated with emanation, is more than twice as heavy as that obtained from untreated copper sulphate." It was too early, however, he added, to propound any satisfactory theory "as the relationship which undoubtedly exists between the properties of the atomic weights of the bodies which we have been accustomed to term elements."

EXIT THE LONG-HORN.

Not without historic interest is the passing of the Texas long-horn, says the Kansas City Star. It is a real epoch-marking incident. The long-horn belonged to another day—the day of the frontier and the pioneer.

When the railroads invaded the range and built shipping tracks from the main lines to the loading pens at the ranch, the last excuse for the propagation of the long-horn was obliterated. Before the railroads were pushed into the great southwest the long-horn was an absolute necessity. When it was compulsory to drive the cattle for the market several hundred miles to reach the nearest shipping point, the long-horn alone was equal to the test. Beside him the fat, sleek short-horn would have died by the wayside the first few hours of the journey, but the "Texas ranger"—the long-horn—was famous both for speed and endurance. His modern rival was an impossibility under frontier conditions.

The problem of water supply was another factor in the culture of the long-horn. In the early settlement of the southwest the stockmen were forced to depend upon the streams that afforded a perpetual supply of water, and there were few of them. That was before the day of the windmill and the artificial lake. Only the long-horn could find pasture in the hills many miles from these streams and make a daily pilgrimage to the water without detriment to his physical condition. This he would do at a pace which taxed the enduring qualities of the hardy mustangs of the "cow punchers."

The ability of the long-horn to withstand the blizzards was wonderful, adapting him peculiarly to the pioneer period. The early settlers were not prepared to provide shelter for their stock. The long-horn would seek his own shelter in the hills, while the peculiar characteristic of the short-horn that has supplanted him is to surrender to the storm and die without an attempt at self-protection.

But with all his commendable traits, the long-horn has no place in the twentieth century scheme. The present civilization demands meat, rather than speed, in the marketable production from the range, and the long-horn was not a meat producer. He was healthy, vigorous and picturesque—but never fat. His appetite was prodigious and his digestion perfect, but he defied every law of nature in his persistent refusel to "take on meat." He might have been—to paraphrase a sentiment from a certain western governor—"the rich, juicy meat in the national sandwich," but the long-horn simply would be nothing but horns and bone and muscle. Hence his exit from the pastoral stage.

A "GOOD INJUN."

Hon. Francis E. Leupp, commissioner of Indian affairs, tells a story of Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches and "a political power in Oklahoma," which is worth quoting. Quanah's father was an Indian, but his mother was a Mexican woman. He took a part in the constitutional convention which would have done credit to a college-bred man, it is said, and he has an abiding faith in the future of the Indian race. One day the cattlemen of the Comanche country, who had received many courtesies from Quanah, decided to give him a better house to live in than he had. They raised and gave him several thousands of dollars for the purpose, but no house was built. The next year it was sen that Quanah was living in his same old tepee. He was asked about the matter and rather sheepishly replied:

"Me owe several small debts that must be paid before me live in so fine a house. Then some of my people very poor, and me help them a little. First me know, money gone."

Then they took hold again and built him a house and put him into it. A man who wanted to give him something more asked him what he would have.

"Roller-top desk and a big chair that goes round."

"But what on earth would you do with a desk? You do not know how to either read or write."

"Never mind. Me sit at desk and lie back in big chair. Me put feet on desk and long-nine cigar in mouth. Then, when white man come and knock at door and say: 'Quanah, me want to speak with you,' me say: 'Go way; me busy now.'"

LESE MAJESTE IN ENGLAND

Using Stamp Upside Down Punishable.

Many people blissfully imagine that lese majeste—that is, insulting royalty—is a crime peculiar to foreign countries and unknown in free and happy Britain. That, however, is where they make a mistake, says Pearson's Weekly.

There are all sorts of pains and penalties on the statute book relative to peculiar British forms of lese majeste. Many of them have fallen into oblivion or abeyance owing to one cause or another, but they could still be enforced if those in high places claimed all they are strictly entitled to do.

It is, for instance, technically a punishable offense to stick a penny stamp on a letter upside down. Doing so is to insult the King through his effigy, and a few centuries ago—supposing penny stamps to have been then invented—might easily have landed the offender in prison on a charge of seeking to bring ridicule on the sovereign, or to express contempt for his authority by causing his picture to stand on its head.

Also it is a punishable offence to deface a coin of the realm bearing the royal image and then deliberately put it into circulation again.

Any private individual who audaciously hoisted the royal standard over his dwelling would get into serious trouble. He would be peremptorily ordered to take it down and abjectly apologize, and if he escaped a heavy fine would have to thank his Majesty's forbearance for his good luck. The royal standard is the emblem of the King's regal authority, to be displayed only where he is personally present, and for a subject to hoist it is nominally equivalent to high treason. The union jack, as the flag of the nation, is a different thing altogether, and can be displayed by anybody.

It is popularly supposed that in this country a man can get up and say whatever he likes about the sovereign with impunity. This is true only within strictly defined limits. A Socialist orator can publicly denounce the theoretical evils of monarchial institutions and announce a decided preference for a republic, and nobody can touch him.

But if he once began to speak insultingly or slightingly of the King personally he would be at once "run in" or at least effectually suppressed by the nearest policeman.

To strike the King would, according to the strict letter of the law, render the assailant liable to the death penalty no matter how trifling the blow was in reality.

Lieut. Pape, who is usually reckoned among those who attempted the life of the late Queen Victoria, could not have actually contemplated murder. He had no lethal weapon in his possession at the time of the outrage, but he struck her Majesty across the face with his walking stick. This was sufficient to bring him within the shadow of the scaffold. He was condemned to death and would have been hanged had his sentence not been commuted.

Apart from direct methods of committing lese majeste in England—and the foregoing does not by any means exhaust the list—the unwary subjects can be guilty of the offence in a more roundabout way.

It is lese majeste to bring the King's uniform into contempt. Members of theatrical companies who have appeared on the stage as comic characters attired in discarded military or naval uniforms have occasionally been unpleasantly reminded of this fact. Careful stage managers put themselves on the safe side by seeing that no uniform, whether to be worn by the hero, villian or low comedian of the piece, is an exact copy of the real uniform of any branch of his Mejesty's forces.

THE BUYER WAS SOLD.

American Found His "Ancient" Mummy a Modern One.

Several years ago an American tourist in Alexandria bought a mummy warranted to be ancient Egyptian. After his return to the United States, this amateur antiquary one day read an article in a daily newspaper regarding the manner in which mummies were "faked" for the modern market. Fearing that he might have been duped himself, he determined to have the preserved body of the dead Egyptian—who was supposed to have died some time during the twenty-first dynasty—X-rayed.

When the rays passed through the body it was discovered that there was no skeleton inside the bandages. He then, in a towering rage at having been so deceived, hacked the mummy open and found—London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Egyptian newspapers, not 10 years old, intermixed with straw, shavings and tissue-paper. And, more curious still, in the folds of one of the London newspapers was found a British Museum reading room ticket, dated 1880. This seems to suggest that the "cute" contriver of this curious forgery, though he should have been a countryman of the lamented P. T. Barnum, was in reality an Englishman.

WAR AND HISTORY.

Can anything that a nation gains by a wantonly wicked, aggressive war be thought of by honest citizens as the justification of its war? Can a nation win covetable territory by means that would be criminal and shameful to an individual if he used them for winning his neighbor's lands, and yet not be criminal or disgraced, or merit less from its citizens of their fealty and love? Can a man uphold his country in an aggressive war with less wrong-doing than if the aggression was his own? If such questions could be threshed out with earnest thoroughness, again and again, as they rise naturally in historical study, and in their bearing upon the facts of particular wars, I am sure that a new aspect would be given in another generation to the whole subject of war, and a new attitude upon it in the public mind.

Now that the nations of the world are instituting a great, august tribunal for hearing and adjudicating disputes among them that threaten war, we may hope that it will become a prevailing natural habit, in the reading and study of history, to imagine a summoning of the authors of past wars to submit the grounds of their contentions to such a court. Apply that imagination, for example, to the abominable wars of the eighteenth century, in which half the world was desolated and tormented by thieves-quarrels among the monarchs and ministers of Europe, in the evil time of their unrestrained power! Apply it to the War of Spanish Succession, or to the War of the Austrian Succession, or to the Seven Years' War! Imagine a bench of disinterested and honorable jurists attempting to give serious hearings and decisions as to whether Louis the Fourteenth may repudiate the solemn engagements that he entered into when he married the Infanta of Spain and joined her in renouncing all contingent claims to the Spanish crown; or whether Frederick the Great and his confederate highwaymen may attack and despoil Maria Theresa, whose inheritance of the Austrian dominions of her father they had pledged themselves to uphold; or whether Maria Theresa and Catherine of Russia may revenge themselves on Frederick by organizing a powerful combination to carve and partition his kingdom!—J. N. Larned, in the January Atlantic.

THE SON OF HIS MOTHER.

"I am so completely the son of my mother," wrote Huxley, "down to even the movements of my hands, that I can hardly find in myself any trace of my father, except an inborn faculty for drawing and a hot temper, with that tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy." Mrs. Huxley had a mind far above the average woman of her class, and Prof. Huxley, as a man, carried out many of the theories born of his mother's brain.

"HULLO!"

W'en you see a man in woe,
  Walk right up say "hullo!"
  Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
  "How's the world a-usin' you?"
  Slap the fellow on his back,
  Bring your hand down with a whack;
  Waltz right up an' don't go slow,
  Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho'!
  Walk right up, an' say "hullo!"
  Rags is but a cotton roll
  Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
  An' a soul is worth a true
  Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
  Don't wait for the crowd to go,
  Walk right up and say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
  They saloot an' sail away,
  Jest the same are you an' me,
  Lonesome ships upon a sea;
  Each one sailing his own jog
  For a port beyond the fog;
  Let your speakin' trumpet blow,
  Lift your horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
  Other folks are good as you.
  W'en you leave your house of clay,
  Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
  W'en you travel through the strange
  Country t'other side the range,
  Then the souls you've cheered will know,
  Who you be, an' say "hullo!"

—Sam Walter Foss, in Grand Rapids Herald.

HOW MORGAN BUYS.

"There's one man in this town who knows what he wants, and that man is John Pierpont Morgan," said the book and picture agent to the New York Telegraph.

"I have sold him many thousands of dollars' worth of rare books and pictures, prints, drawings and things of that sort, and when he sees a thing he likes he buys it. He doesn't care what the price is. On the other hand, if he doesn't like it he won't take it, no matter what arguments you may put out. I shouldn't say arguments, though, for you can't argue with such a man.

"Morgan has had his own way pretty much all his life, so, of course, you can't expect him to listen to anybody now. I had an experience with him not long ago that I won't forget very soon, I promise you.

"I had several prints and etchings that were very rare—so rare and high-priced, in fact, that I had little hope of selling them. I took them all around town, but art lovers were suffering from the panic and didn't have the money necessary to buy them.

"Finally I thought of Morgan. I had had a seance with him not long before and came out second best, but I thought the worst that could happen was to be thrown out, so I made bold to go to his house.

"They told me he was in his library and art gallery in Thirty-sixth street, back of his house, so I went there. He knew me well enough, but he didn't let on that he knew me. He never recognizes anybody—or pretends that he doesn't.

"'Mr. Morgan,' said I, 'I have several things here I think you might'—

"'What are they?' he returned with a grunt.

"'Some very valuable and rare'—

"'Show 'em.'

"I don't know whether he was in a good humor or a bad one, but to me he always seems in a grouch. So I just thought I'd show my wares and never say a word. That's what I did. The old man grunted at some things and waved his hand at others. When he grunted I leaned the print or etching, or whatever it was, against the wall; when he waved his hand I put it back in my bundle.

"When I had displayed all of my stock I looked at him. He didn't look at me, but merely grunted and snapped out, 'I'll take those,' indicating the ones against the wall.

"I had sold him nearly $9,000 worth and I received the check the next day.

"The sad feature of it was that what he selected comprised the choicest specimens of the lot.

"I have a great respect for that old man. He knows what he wants."

IMMIGRATION OUR GAIN.

As far back as 1870 it was figured that the economic worth of a laborer was about $1,200. With the rising scale of wages the past generation, this value today may be reckoned at $1,500 to $1,800. Italian economists argue that it costs the state $1,000 to maintain a male subject up to the age of 18 years. From that period of life he enters the producing class and eventually pays back his indebtedness. But, with emigration depleting the ranks of the producers and the male members of the native family leaving home just at the time of life when they would be able to give their services to their country, the cost of early maintenance is entirely lost.

On the other hand, the United States, not having had to bear the burden of cost up to the productive age, has a net gain and accepts the able-bodied foreigner just when he is blossoming into usefulness. Assuming that, of the million and a quarter immigrants that come to America each year, 65 per cent are able to work, we are increasing the potential value of American labor over one billion dollars annually. Against this is the loss of about $250,000,000 in money remittances by the entire 15,000,000 of foreign-born resident in this country, or a ratio to our credit of 4 to 1. In losing a subject whom it has cost $1,000 to sustain, Italy, or any other country does not suffer irreparable injury; for, at the rate at which immigrants are sending back their savings, the debt to their state is entirely liquidated every four or five years.

Emigration has been in progress ever since the children of Israel left Egypt, but not towards a common center. But there never before existed such a situation. It is only possible between countries where the scale of wages is the highest in the world and those others where the scale of living is low. One can easily see what future periods of industrial depression, when labor will be at a discount, will mean to some far-away village in Italy or Hungary, now sustained by an unfailing stream of American money. Unconsciously the United States is doing a great deal to solve the pauper problem in parts of Europe where it has been most difficult of solution. In so doing we help to salve the wound that depopulation makes.—From an article in the North American Review by Charles F. Speare.

BLIZZARD OF 20 YEARS AGO

Des Moines Register and Leader.

"Last Sunday was the twentieth anniversary of the great blizzard of 1888 in Nebraska and Northwestern Iowa," said G. D. Riggs the other day. "I was living in O'Neill, Neb., at the time and had just left the office to go home for dinner when the blizzard struck. I started to cross the street to a drug store, but when I reached the other side I found myself half way down the block from my destination. The fine wind-driven snowflakes filled the air so that I couldn't see my hand before me. I finally worked my way back to the drug store, where a number of other men had taken refuge from the storm. School had just been dismissed for the noon recess and we knew that nearly 300 children were out in the storm. Securing long ropes the crowd started out to rescue them. We found them huddled in doorways and by the sides of buildings. The children caught hold of the ropes and were led to shelter by their rescuers, whose sense of direction gradually returned to them. Every one of the 300 school children in the town was gotten home in safety. But seven school teachers were frozen to death in the country during the blizzard, and thousands of cattle died. The thermometer fell from about the freezing point at noon to 20 degrees below zero that night. It was the worst blizzard I ever saw and I never want to experience another like it."

A JOKE ON TWO CITIES.

Hewitt—"This is queer, if true."

Jewett—"What is?"

Hewitt—"The story that a fellow kissed a Boston girl, but as he was a Philadelphia man he didn't take cold for some months."—New York Press.

The Powers and Maxine

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

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CHAPTER XI.

Maxine Opens the Gate for a Man.

"You are afraid that du Laurier may find out," he said. "But he knows already."

"Knows what?"

"That I expected to have the privilege of going to your house with you."

All that I had gained seemed worthless. Those quiet, sneering words of his almost crushed me. On the load I had struggled to bear without falling, they laid one feather too much.

My voice broke. "You—devil!" I cried at him. "You dared to tell Raoul that?"

Opposite, on her narrow, little seat, Marianne stirred uneasily. Till now, our tones had been quiet, and she could not understand one word we said. She is the soul of discretion and a triumph of good training in her walk of life; but she loves me more than she loves any other creature on earth, and now she could hear and see that the man had driven me to the brink of hysterics. She would like to tear his face with her nails, or choke him, I think. If I had given her the word, I believe she would have tried with all her strength—which is not small, and a very good will to kill him. I was dimly conscious of what her restlessness meant, and vaguely comforted too, by the thought of her supreme loyalty. But I forgot Marianne when Godensky answered my question.

"Yes, I told him. It was the truth. And I've always understood that you made a great point of never doing anything which you considered in the least risque. So why should I suppose you would rather du Laurier didn't know? You might have already mentioned it to him."

"He wouldn't believe you!" I exclaimed, desperately. And my only hope was that I might be right.

"As a matter of fact he didn't seem to at first, so I at once understood that you hadn't spoken of our appointment. But it was too late to atone for my carelessness, and I did the next best thing: justified my veracity. I suggested that, if he didn't take my word for it, he might stand where he could see us speaking together at the stage door, and——"

"Ah, I am glad of that!" I cut in. "Then he saw that we didn't drive away together."

"You jump at conclusions, just like less clever women. I hardly thought you'd receive me into your carriage at the theatre, so I took the precaution of warning du Laurier that he needn't expect to see that. You would suggest a place for me to meet you, I said. When I knew it I would inform him if he chose to wait about somewhere for a few minutes."

"Raoul du Laurier would scorn to spy upon me!" I broke out.

"How hard you are on spies. And how little knowledge of human nature you have, after all, if you don't understand that a man suddenly out of his head with jealousy, will do things of which he'd be incapable when he was sane."

The argument silenced me. I knew—I had known for a long time that jealousy could rouse a demon in Raoul. And only tonight he had reminded me that he was a "jealous brute." I remembered what answer he had made when I asked him what he would do if I deceived him. He said he would kill me, and kill himself after. As he spoke, the blood had streamed up to his forehead, and streamed back again, leaving him deadly pale. A flash like steel had shot out of his eyes—the dear eyes that are not cold. It was true, as this cruel wretch reminded me, Raoul would do things under the torture of jealousy, that he would cut off his hand sooner than do when his own sweet, poet-nature was in ascendancy.

"As a proof of what I say," Godensky went on, "du Laurier did wait, did hear from me the place where you were to stop and pick me up. And if it wouldn't be the worst of form to bet, I'd bet that he found some way of getting there in time to see that I had told the truth."

"You coward!" I stammered.

"On the contrary, a brave man. I've heard that du Laurier is a fine shot, and that very few men in Paris can touch him with the foils. So, you see——"

"You want to frighten me!" I exclaimed.

"You misjudge me in every way."

My only answer was to tell Marianne to press the button which gives the signal for my chauffeur to stop. Instantly the electric carriage slowed down, then came to a standstill. My man opened the door and Count Godensky submitted to my will. Nevertheless he was far from being in a submissive mood, as I did not need to be reminded by the tones of his voice as he said "au revoir."

Nothing could have been more polite than the words of his way of speaking them, as he stood in the street with his hat in his hand. But to me they meant a threat, and as a threat they were intended.

My talk with Godensky at the stage door, my pause to pick him up, and my second pause to set him down, had all taken time, of which I had little enough at the starting, if I were to meet Ivor Dundas when he arrived. It was two or three minutes after midnight, or so my watch said, when we drew up before the gate of my high-walled garden in the quiet rue d'Hollande.

A little while ago I had been ready to seize upon any expedient for keeping Raoul away from my house tonight, but now, after what I had just heard from Godensky, I prayed to see him waiting for me.

Nobody (except Ivor, concerning whom I'd given orders) would be let in so late at night, during my absence, not even Raoul himself; so, if he had come to reproach me, or break with me, he would have to stand outside the locked gate till I appeared. I looked for him longingly, but he was not there. There was, to be sure, a motor brougham in the street, for a wonder (usually the rue d'Hollande is as empty as a desert, after 11 o'clock), but a girl's face peered out at me from the window—an impish, curiously abnormal little face it was—extinguishing the spark of hope that sprang to life as I caught sight of the carriage.

It was standing before the closed gate of a house, almost opposite mine, and the girl seemed somewhat interested in me, but I was not at all interested in her, and I hate being stared at as if I was something in a museum.

The gate is always kept locked at night, when I'm at the theatre; but Marianne has the key and we let ourselves in when we come, for only old Henri sits up, and he is growing a little deaf. A moment, and we were inside, the chauffeur spinning away to the garage.

Usually, I am newly delighted every night with my quaint old house and its small, but pretty garden, to which it seems delightful to come home after hours of hard work at the theatre. But tonight, though a cheerful light shone out from between the drawn curtains of the salon, the place looked inexpressibly dreary, even forbidding to me. I felt that I hated the house, though I had chosen it after a long search for peacefulness and privacy. How gloomy, how dead, was the street beyond the high wall, with all its windows closed like the eyes of corpses. There was a moist, depressing smell of earth after long-continued rains, in the garden. No wonder the place had been let at a bargain, for a long term! There had been a murder in it once, and it had stood empty for twelve or thirteen of the fifteen years since the almost forgotten tragedy. I had been the tenant for two years now—before I became a "star," with a theatre of my own in Paris. I had had no fear of the ghost said to haunt the house. Indeed, I remembered thinking, and saying, that the story only made the place more interesting. But now I said to myself that I wished I had never spoken so lightly. Perhaps the ghost had brought me bad luck. I felt as if the murder must have happened on just such a still, brooding, damp night as this. Maybe it was the anniversary, if I only knew.

I went indoors, Marianne following. Henri, very thin, very precise, withered like a winter apple, had fallen into a doze in the hall, where he had sat, hoping to hear the stopping of my carriage. He rose up, bowing and blinking, just as he had done often before, and would often again—if life were to go on for me in the old way. He regretted not having heard Mademoiselle. Would Mademoiselle take supper?

No, Mademoiselle would not take supper. She wanted nothing, and Henri might go to bed. "I thank Mademoiselle. When I have closed the house."

"But I don't want the house closed," I said. "I shall sit up for awhile. It's hot—close and stuffy. I may want the windows open."

"The visitor Mademoiselle expectel did not arrive. Perhaps——"

"If he comes, Marianne or I will let him in. But he may not come, now it is so late."

When Henri had gone, I told Marianne that she might go, too. I did not want her to wait. If the person I had expected should call, it was a very old friend; in fact, Mr. Ivor Dundas, whom Marianne must remember in London. He was to call—if he did call—only on a matter of business, which would take but a few minutes to get through, and possibly he would not even come into the house. If the gate-bell rang, I would answer it myself, and speak with Mr. Dundas, perhaps in the garden. Then I would let him out and come straight upstairs. Marianne might go to bed if she liked.

"I do not like, unless Mademoiselle particularly desires me to do so," said she. "I do not rest well when I have not been allowed to undress Mademoiselle."

"Sit up then, in your own room, and wait there for me till I ring for you," I replied. "I shan't be late, whether Mr. Dundas comes or doesn't come."

"Supposing the gate-bell should ring and Mademoiselle should go, yet it should not be the Monsieur she expects, but another person whom she would not wish to admit?"

I knew of what she was thinking, and of whom.

"There's no fear of that. No fear of any kind," I answered.

She took off my cloak, and went upstairs reluctantly, carrying my jewel box.

I walked into the drawing-room, which was lighted, and looked very bright and charming, with its many flowers and framed photographs, and the delightful Louis Quinze furniture, which I had so enjoyed picking up here and there at antique shops or at private sales.

I flung myself on the sofa, but I could not rest. In a moment I was up again, moving about, looking at the clock, comparing it with my watch, wondering what could have happened to make Ivor fail in keeping his promise to be prompt on the hour of twelve.

Of course, a hundred harmless things might have kept him, but I thought only of the worst, and was working myself up to a frenzy when at last I heard the gate-bell. I had been in the house no more than twelve or fourteen minutes, but it seemed an hour, and I gave a sob of relief as I rushed out, down the garden path, to let my visitor in.

Fumbling a little at the lock, always a little difficult if one were in a hurry, I asked myself what if, as Marianne had suggested, it were not Ivor Dundas, but someone else—Raoul, perhaps—or the man who had been in her mind; Godensky.

But it was Ivor.

"What news?" I questioned him, my voice sounding queer and far away in my own ears.

"I don't know whether you'll call it news or not, though plenty of things have happened. I'm awfully sorry to be late——"

I wouldn't let him finish, standing there, but took him by the arm and drew him into the garden, pushing the gate shut behind him as I did so. Yet I forgot to lock it, and naturally it did not occur to Ivor that it ought to be fastened.

Once inside, in the garden, I was going to make him begin again, as I had told Marianne I would do. But suddenly I bethought myself that he might have been followed; that there might be watchers behind that high wall, watchers who would try to be listeners too, and whose ears would be very different from old Henri's.

"Come into the house," I said, in a low voice, "before you begin to tell anything." Then, when we were inside, I could not even wait for him to go on of his own accord and in his own way.

"The treaty?" I asked. "Have you got hold of it?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"But you've heard of it? Oh, say you've heard something!"

"If I haven't, it isn't because I've sat down and waited for news to come. I went back to the Gare du Nord after you left me, to try and get on the track of the men who traveled with me in the train to Dover. But I was sent off on the wrong scent, and wasted a lot of time, worse luck—I'll tell you about it later, if you care to hear details. Then, when that game was up, I did what I wish I'd done at first, found out and consulted a private detective, said to be one of the best in Paris——"

"You told your story—my story—to a detective?" I gasped.

"No. Certainly not. I said I'd lost something of value, given me by a lady whose name I couldn't bring into the affair. I was George Sandford, too, not Mr. Dundas. I described my traveling companions, telling all that happened on the way, and offered big pay if he could find them quickly—especially the little fellow. He held out hopes of spotting them tonight, so don't be desperate, my poor girl. The detective chap seemed really to think he'd not have much difficulty in tracking down our man; and even if he's parted with the treaty, we can find out what he's done with it, no doubt. Girard says——"

"Girard!" I caught Ivor up. "Is your detective's name Anatole Girard, and does he live in Rue de Capucin Blanc?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I know too much of him," I answered bitterly.

"Isn't he clever, after all?"

"Far too clever. I'd rather you had gone to any other detective in Paris—or to none."

"Why, what's wrong with him?" Ivor began to be distressed.

"Only that he's a personal friend of my worst enemy—the man I spoke of to you this evening—Count Godensky. I've heard so from Godensky himself, who mentioned the acquaintance once when Girard had just succeeded in a case everybody was talking about."

"By jove, what a beastly coincidence!" exclaimed Ivor, horribly disappointed at having done exactly the wrong thing, when he had tried so hard to do the right one. "Yet how could I have dreamed of it?"

"You couldn't," I admitted hopelessly. Nothing is your fault. All that's happened would have happened just the same, no matter what messenger the Foreign Secretary had sent to me. It's fate. And it's my punishment."

"Still, even if Godensky and Girard are friends," Ivor tried to console me, "it isn't likely that the count has talked to the detective about you, and the affair of the treaty."

"He may have gone to him for help in finding out things he couldn't find out himself."

"Hardly, I should say, until there'd been time for him to fear failure. No, the chances are that Girard will have no inner knowledge of the matter I've put into his hands; and if he's a man of honor, he's bound to do the best he can for me, as his employer. Have you seen du Laurier?"

"Yes. At the theatre. Nothing had had happened to him yet; but that brute Godensky has made dreadful mischief between us. If only I'd known that you would be so late, I might have explained everything to him."

"I'm very sorry," said Ivor, so humbly and so sadly that I pitied him (but not half as much as I pitied myself, even though I hadn't forgotten that hint he had let drop about a great sacrifice—a girl he loved, whom he had thrown over, somehow, to come to me). "I made every effort to be in time. It seems a piece with the rest of my horrible luck today that I was prevented. I hope, at least, that du Laurier knows about the necklace?"

"He does by this," I answered. "Yet I'm afraid he won't be in a mood to take much comfort from it—thanks to that wretch. You know Raoul hasn't a practical bone in his body. He will think I've deceived him, and nothing else will matter. I must——" But I broke off, and laid my hand on Ivor's arm. "What's that?" I whispered. "Did you hear anything then?"

Ivor shook his head. And we both listened.

"It's a step outside, on the gravel path," said I, my heart beginning to knock against my side. "I forgot to lock the gate. Somebody has come into the garden. What if it should be Raoul—what if he had seen our shadows on the curtain?"

As we stood listening, there came a knock at the front door. It was Raoul's knock! I was sure of that.

If only Ivor had arrived a quarter of an hour earlier, at the time appointed, I should have hurried him away before this, so that I might write to Raoul; but now I could not think what to do for the best—what to do, that things might not be made far worse instead of better between Raoul and me. I had suffered so much that my power of quick decision, on which I'd so often prided myself, vaingloriously, seemed gone.

"It is Raoul," I said. "What shall I do?"

"Let him in, of course, and introduce me. Don't act as if you were afraid. Say that I came to see you on important business concerning a friend of yours in England, and had to call after the theatre because I'm leaving Paris by the first train in the morning."

"No use."

"Why not? When a man loves a woman he trusts her."

"No man of Latin blood, I think. And Raoul's already angry. He has the right to be—or would have, if Godensky had been telling him the truth. And I refused to let him come here. I said I was going straight to bed, I was so tired. He's knocking again. Hide yourself, and I'll let him in. Oh, why do you stand there, looking at me like that? Go into that room——" and I pointed, then pushed him toward the door. "You can get through the window and out of the garden—softly—while Raoul and I are talking."

"If you insist," said Ivor. "But you're wrong. The best thing——"

"Go—go, I tell you. Don't argue. I know best," I cut him short, in a sharp whisper, pushing him again.

This time he made no more objections, but went into the adjoining room, my boudoir. The key was in the door; I turned it in the lock, snatched it out, and dropped it into a bowl of flowers on a table close by. That done I flew out of the drawing room into the little entrance hall, and opened the front door.

There stood Raoul, his face dead white, and very stern in thelight of the hall lamp. I had never seen him like that before.

"I know why you are here," I began quickly, before he could speak. "Count Godensky told me what he said to you. I—hoped you would come."

"Is this why you wished to know what I would do if you deceived me?" he asked, with the bitterest reproach in eyes and voice.

"No. For I haven't deceived you," I answered. "I haven't deceived you now. If you loved me, you'd believe me, Raoul."

I put out my hand and took his. He gave mine no pressure, but he let me draw him into the house.

"For God's sake give me back my faith in you, if you can," he said. "It's death to lose it. I came here wanting to die."

"After you'd killed me, as you said?"

"Perhaps. I couldn't keep away. I had to come. If you have any explanation, for the love of heaven, tell me what it is."

"You know me, and you know Godensky—yet you need an explanation of anything evil said of me by him?" In this way I hoped to disarm Raoul; but he had been half-mad, I think, and was scarcely sane now, such a power had jealousy over his better self.

"Don't play with me!" he exclaimed. "I can't bear it. You sent me away. Yet you had an appointment with Godensky. You took him into your carriage; and now—

"Marianne was in the carriage. If I could have had you with me, I should have packed her off by herself, alone, that I—might be alone with you. Oh, Raoul, it isn't possible you believe that I could lie to you for Godensky's sake—a man like that! If I'd cared for him, why shouldn't I have accepted him instead of you? Could I have changed so quickly, do you think?"

"I don't think; I'm not able to think. I can only feel," he answered.

"Then—feel sure that I love you—no man but you—now and always."

"Oh, Maxine!" he stammered. "Am I a fool, or wise, to let myself believe you?"

"You are wise," I answered, as firmly as if I deserved the full faith I was claiming from him as my right. "If you wouldn't believe, without my insisting, without my explaining and defending myself, I'd tell you nothing. But you do believe, just because you love me—I see it in your face, and thank God for it. So I'll tell you this. Count Godensky hates me, because I couldn't and wouldn't love him, and he hates you because he thinks I love you. He—" I paused for a second. A wild thought had flashed like the light of a beacon in my brain. If I could say something now which, when the blow fell—if it did fall—might come back to Raoul's mind and convince him instantly that it was Godensky, not I, who had stolen the treaty and broken him! If I could make him believe the whole thing a monstrous plot of Godensky's to revenge himself on a woman who'd refused him twice, by cleverly implicating her while she was, in reality, innocent! If I could suggest that to Raoul now, while his ears were open, I might hold his love against the world, no matter what happened.

It was a mad idea and a wicked one, perhaps; but I was at my wits' end and desperate. Though not guilty of this one crime which I would shift upon his shoulders if I could, as a means of escaping from the trap he'd helped to set, Godensky was capable of it, and guilty of others, I was sure, which had never been brought home to him. I believed that he, too, was a spy, just as I was; and far worse, because if he were one he betrayed his own country, while I never had done that, never would.

All these thoughts rushed through my head in a second; and I think that Raoul could hardly have noticed the pause before I began to speak again. "He—Godensky—would do anything to part you and me," I said. "There's no plot too sly and vile for him to conceive and carry out against me—and you. No lie too base for him to tell you—or others—about me. He sent me a letter at the theatre—soon after you'd left me the first time. In it, he said that I must give him a few minutes after the play, unless I wanted some dreadful harm to come to you—something concerning your career. That frightened me, though I might have guessed it was only a trick. Indeed, I did guess, but I couldn't be sure, so I saw him. I didn't want you to know—I tell you that frankly, Raoul. Because I told you not to come home with me, I hoped you wouldn't find out that I meant to let Count Godensky drive part of the way back with me and Marianne. I ran the risk, and—the very thing happened which I ought to have known would happen. As for what he had to tell me, it was nothing; only vague hints of trouble from which he, as one of an inner circle, might save you, if I—would be grateful enough."

"The scoundrel!" broke out Raoul, convinced now, his eyes blazing. "I'll——"

He stopped suddenly. But I knew what had been on his lips to say. He meant to send a challenge to Count Godensky. I must prevent him from doing that.

"No, Raoul," I said, as if he had finished his sentence, "you mustn't fight. For my sake, you mustn't. Don't you see, it's just what he'd like best? It would be a way of doing me the most dreadful injury. Think of the scandal. Oh, you will think of it when you're cooler. For you, I would not fear much, for I know what a swordsman you are, and what a shot—far superior to Godensky, and with right on your side. But I would fear for myself. Promise you won't bring this trouble upon me."

"I promise," he answered. "Oh, my darling, what wouldn't I promise you, to atone for my brutal injustice to an angel? How thankful I am that I came to you tonight! I meant not to come. I was afraid of myself, and what I might do. But at last I couldn't hold out against the Something that seemed forcing me here in spite of all resistance. Do you forgive me?"

"As a reward for your promise," I said, smiling at him through tears that would come because I was worn out, and because I knew that it was I who needed his forgiveness, not he mine.

"Now you are happy again?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm happy," he said. "Though on the way to this house I didn't dream that it would be possible for me to know happiness any more in this world. And even at your gate——" he stopped suddenly, and his face changed. I waited an instant, but seeing that he didn't mean to go on, I could not resist questioning him. I had to know what had happened at my gate.

"Even at the gate—what?" I asked.

"Nothing. I'm sorry I spoke. I want to show you how completely I trust you now, by not speaking of that."

But this reticence of his only made me more anxious to know what he had been going to say. I was afraid that I could guess. But I must hear it from his lips, and be able to explain away the mystery which, when it recurred to him in the future, might make him doubt me, even though in this moment of exultation he did not doubt.

"Yes, speak of it," I said. "All the more because it is nothing. For it can be nothing."

"I want to punish myself for asking an explanation about Godensky, by not allowing you to explain this other thing," insisted poor, loyal, repentant Raoul. "Then—at the time—it made all the rest seem worse, a thousand times worse. But I saw through black spectacles. Now I see through rose-colored ones."

"I'd rather you saw through your own dear eyes, without any spectacles. You must tell me what you're thinking of, dear. For my own sake, if not yours."

"Well—if you will know. But, remember, darling, I'm going to put it out of my mind. I'll ask you no questions, I'll only—tell you the thing itself. As I said, I didn't come here directly after seeing Godensky get into your carriage. I wandered about like a madman—and I thought of the Seine."

"Oh—you must indeed have been mad!"

"I was. But that Something saved me—the Something that drove me to find you. I walked here, by roundabout ways, but always coming nearer and nearer, as if being drawn into a whirlpool. At last, I was in this street, on the side opposite your house. I hadn't made up my mind yet that I would try to see you. I didn't know what I would do. I stood still, and tried to think. It was very black, in the angle between two garden walls where the big plane tree sprouts up; you know. Nobody who didn't expect to find a man would have noticed me in the darkness. I hadn't been there for two minutes when a man turned the corner, walking very fast. As he passed the street lamp just before reaching the garden wall, I saw him plainly—not his face, but his figure, and he was young and well dressed, in traveling clothes. I thought he looked like an Englishman. He went straight to your gate and rang. A moment later someone, I couldn't see who, opened the gate and let him in. Involuntarily I took a step forward, with the idea of following—of pushing my way in to see who he was and who had opened the gate. But I wasn't quite mad enough to act like a cad. The gate shut. Oh, Maxine, there were evil and cruel thoughts in my

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mind, I confess it to you—but how they made me suffer! I stood as if I were turned to stone, and I only wished that I might be, for a stone can't suffer. Just then, a cab creeping slowly along the street stopped in front of your gate. There were two women in it. I could see them by the light of the street lamp, though not as plainly as I'd seen the man, and they appeared to be arguing very excitedly about something. Whatever it was, it must have been in some way concerned with you, of your affairs, because they were tremendously interested in the house. They both looked out, and one pointed several times. Even if I'd intended to go in, I wouldn't have gone while they were there. But the very fact that they were there roused me out of the kind of lethargy of misery I'd fallen into. I wondered who they were, and if they meant you harm or good. When they had driven away, I made up my mind that I would see you if I could. I tried the gate, and found it unlocked. I walked in, and—there were lights in these windows. I knew you couldn't have gone to bed yet, though you'd said you were so tired. There was death in my heart then, for you and for me, Maxine, for—the gate hadn't opened again, and——"

"I know what you thought!" I broke in, my heart beating so now that my voice shook a little, though I struggled to seem calm. "You said to yourself, 'It was Maxine who let the man in. He is with her now. I shall find them together.'"

"Yes," Raoul admitted. "But I didn't try the handle of the door, as I had of the gate. I rang. I couldn't bring myself to take you unawares."

"Do you think still that I let a man in, and hid him when I heard you ring?" I asked. (For an instant I was inclined to tell the story Ivor had advised me to tell; but I saw how excited Raoul was; I saw how, in painting the picture for me, he lived through the scene again, and, in spite of himself, suffered almost as keenly as he had suffered in the experience. I saw how his suspicions of me came crawling back into his heart, though he strove to lash them back. I dared not bring Ivor out from the other room, if he were still there. He was too handsome, too young, too attractive in every way. If Raoul had been jealous of Count Godensky, whom he knew I had refused, what he would feel toward Ivor Dundas, a stranger whose name I had never mentioned, though he was received at my house after midnight? I was thankful I hadn't taken Ivor's advice and introduced the two men at first, for in his then mood Raoul would have listened to no explanations. He and I would never have arrived at the understanding we had reached now. And not having been frank at first I must be secret to the end.)

The very asking of such a bold question: "Do you think I let a man in and hid him?" helped my cause with Raoul.

"No," he said, "I can't think it. I won't, and I don't think it. And you need tell me nothing. I love you. And, so, help me God, I won't distrust you again!"

Just as it entered my mind to risk everything on the chance that Ivor had by this time found his way out, I heard, or fancied I heard, a faint sound in the next room. He was there still!

Instead of throwing open the door, as it had occurred to me to do, saying, "Let us look for the man and make sure no one else let him in," I laughed out abruptly, as if on a sudden thought, but really to cover the sound if it should come again.

"Oh, Raoul!" I exclaimed, in the midst of the laughter with which I surprised him. You're taking this too seriously. A thousand times I thank you for trusting me in spite of appearances, but—after all, were they so much against me? You seem to think I am the only young woman in this house. Marianne, poor dear, is old enough, it's true. But I have a femme de chambre and a Cuisiniere, both under twenty-five, both pretty, and both engaged to be married." (This was true. Ah, what a comfort to speak the truth to him!) "Doesn't it occur to you that, at this very moment, a couple of lovers may be sitting hand in hand on the seat under the old yew arbour? Can't you imagine how they stated and tried to hold their breath lest you should hear, as you opened the gate and came up the path?"

"Forgive me!" murmured Raoul, in the depths of remorse again.

"Shall we go and look, or shall we leave them in peace?"

"Leave them in peace, by all means." "The man will be slipping away soon, no doubt: Both Therese and Annette are good little girls."

"Don't let's bother about them. You will be sending me away soon, too, and I shall deserve it. Brute that I am. You were so tired, and I——"

"Oh, I'm better now," I said: Of course I must send you away bye-and-bye, but not quite yet. First, I want to ask if you weren't glad when you saw the diamonds?"

"Diamonds?" echoed Raoul. "What diamonds?"

"You don't mean to say you haven't yet opened the little bag I gave you at the theatre?" I exclaimed.

Raoul looked half ashamed. "Dearest, don't think me ungrateful," he said, "but before I had a chance to open it I met Godensky, and he told me—that lie. It lit a fire in my brain. I forgot all about the bag, and haven't thought of it again until this minute."

At last I laughed with sincerity. "Oh, Raoul, Raoul, you're not fit for this work-a-day world! Well, I'm glad, after all, that I shall be with you when you see what the little insignificant bag which you've forgotten all this time, has in it. Take it out of your pocket, and let's open it together."

For the moment, I was almost happy; and that Raoul would be happy, I knew.

Has hand went to the inner pocket of his coat, into which I had seen him put the brocade bag. But it did not come out again. It groped; and his face flushed. "Good heavens, Maxine," he said, "I hope you weren't in earnest when you told me that bag held something very valuable to us both, for I've lost it. You know, I've been almost mad. I had my handkerchief in that pocket. I must have pulled it out, and——"

My knees seemed to give way under me. I half fell onto a sofa.

"Raoul," I said, in a queer stifled voice, "the bag had in it the Duchess de Montpellier's diamonds."

CHAPTER XII.

Ivor Goes Into the Dark.

Never had I been caught in a situation which I liked less than finding myself, long after midnight, locked by Maxine de Renzie into her boudoir, while within hearing she did her best to convince her lover that no stranger had come on her account to the house.

I had never before visited her in Paris, though she had described her little place there to me when we knew each other in London; and in groping about trying to find another door or a window in the dark room, I ran constant risks of making my presence known by stumbling against the furniture or knocking down some ornament.

I dared not strike a match because of the sharp, rasping noise it would make, and I had to be as cautious as if I were treading with bare feet on glass, although I knew that Mexine was praying for me to be out of the house, and I was as far from wishing to linger as she was to have me stay. Only by a miracle did I save myself once or twice from upsetting a chair or a tall vase of flowers, on my way to a second door which was locked on the other side.

At last, however, I discovered a window, and congratulated myself that my trouble and Maxine's danger were nearly over. The room being on the ground floor, though rather high above the level of the garden, I thought that I could easily let myself down. But when I had slipped behind the heavy curtains (they were drawn, and felt smooth, like satin) it was only to come upon a new difficulty.

The window, which opened in the middle like most French windows, was tightly closed, with the catch securely fastened; and as I began slowly and with infinite caution to turn the handle, I felt that the window was going to stick. Perhaps the wood had been freshly painted; perhaps it had swelled; in any case, I knew that when the two sashes consented to part they would make a loud protest.

After the first warning squeak I stopped. In the next room Maxine raised her voice—to cover the sound, I was sure. Then it had been worse even than I fancied! I dared not begin again. I would grope about once more, and see if I could hit upon some other way out, which possibly I had missed.

No, there was nothing. No other window, except a small one which apparently communicated with a butler's pantry, and even if that had not seemed too small for me to climb through, it was apparently fastened on the pantry side.

What to do I did not know. It would be a calamity for Maxine if du Laurier should hear a sound, and insist on having the door opened, after she had given him the impression (if she had not said it in so many words) that there was no stranger in the house.

Probably she hoped that by this time I was gone; but how could I go? I felt like a rat in a trap; and if I had been a nervous woman I should have imagined myself stifling in the small, hot room with its closed doors and windows. As it was, I was uncomfortable enough. My forehead grew damp, as in the first moments of a Turkish bath, and absent mindedly I felt in pocket after pocket for my handkerchief. It was not to be found. I must have lost it at the hotel, or the detective's, or in the automobile I had hired. In an outside pocket of my coat, however, I chanced upon something for the existence of which I couldn't account. It was a very small something; only a bit of paper, but a very neatly folded bit of paper, and I had not put it there myself.

At ordinary times I should most likely not have given it a second thought; but tonight nothing unexpected could be dismissed as insignificant, until it had been thoroughly examined. I put the bit of paper back into my pocket, and as I did so, I heard Maxine give an exclamation, apparently of distress. I could not distinguish all she said, but I thought that I caught the word "diamonds."

For a moment or two she and du Laurier talked together so excitedly that I might have made another attack on the window without great risk; and I was meditating the attempt, when suddenly the voices ceased. A door opened and shut. There was dead silence, except for a footfall overhead, which sounded heavier than Maxine's. Perhaps it was her maid's.

For a few seconds more I stood still, awaiting developments, but there was no sound in the next room, and I decided to take my chance before it should be too late.

I jerked at the window, which yielded with a loud squeak that would certainly have given away the secret of my presence if there had been ears to hear. But all was still in the drawing-room adjoining, and I dropped down on to a flower bed some few feet below. Then I skirted round to the front of the house, walking stealthily on the soft grass, and would have made a noiseless dash for the gate had I not seen a stream of light flowing out through the open front door across the lawn. I checked myself just in time to draw back without being seen by a woman and a tall man moving slowly down the path. They were Maxine and, no doubt, du Laurier. They spoke not a word, but walked with their heads bent, as if deeply absorbed in searching for something on the ground.

Down to the gate they went, opened it and passed out, only half closing it behind them, so that I knew that they meant presently to come back again.

I should have been thankful to escape, but the chance of meeting them was too imminent. Accordingly I waited, and it was well I did, for as they reappeared in three or four minutes, they could not have gone far enough to be out of sight of the gate.

"There's witchcraft in it," Maxine said, as she and her lover passed within a few yards of me, where I hid behind a little arbour.

Du Laurier's answer was lost to me, but his voice sounded despondent. Evidently they had mislaid something of importance and had small hope of finding it again. I could not help being curious, as well as sorry for Maxine that a further misfortune should have befallen her at such a time. But the one and only way in which I could help her at the moment was to get away as soon as possible.

They left the gate unlocked, and I drew a long breath of relief when I was on the other side. I hurried out of the street, lest du Laurier should, by any chance, follow on quickly: and my first thought was to go immediately back to my hotel, where Giard might by now have arrived with news. I was just ready to hail a cab crawling by at a distance, when I remembered the bit of paper I'd found and put back in my pocket. It occurred to me to have a look at it by the light of a street lamp near by; and the instant I had straightened out the small, crumpled wad, I guessed that here was a link in the mystery.

The paper was a leaf torn from a note-book and closely covered on both sides with small, uneven writing, done with a sharp black pencil. The handwriting was that of an uneducated person and was strange to me. I could not make out the words by the light of the tall lamp, so I lit a wax match from my matchbox, and protecting the flame in the hollow of my hand, began studying the strange message.

The first three words sent my heart up with a bound. "On board 'the Queen.'" I had crossed the Channel in "The Queen," and this beginning alone was enough to make me hope that the bit of paper might do more than any detective to unravel the mystery.

"I'm taking big risks because I've got to," I read on. "It's my only chance. And if you find this, I bet I can trust you. You're a gentleman, and you saved my life and a lot more besides by getting into that railway carriage when the other chaps did. The minute I seen them I thot I was done for, but you stopped there game. I'm a jewler's assistant, carrying property worth thousands, for my employers. From the first I knew 'twas bound to be a ticklish job. On this bote I'm safe, for the villions who would have murdered and robbed me in the train if it hadn't been for you being there, won't have a chance, but when I get to Paris it will be the worst, and no hope for the jewls, followed as I am, if I hadn't already thot of a plan to save them through you, an honest gentleman far above temptashun. I know who you are, for I've often seen your photo in the papers. So, what I did was this: to try a ventriloquist trick which has offen bin of use in my carere, just as folks were on the boat's gangway. Thro' making that disturbance, and a little skill I have got by doing amatoor conjuring to amuse my wife and family. I was able to slip the case of my employer's jewl into your breast pocket without your knowing. And I had to take away what you had in, not that I wanted to rob one who had don good by me, but because if I'd left it the double thickness would have surprised you and you would probably have pulled out my case to see what it was. Then my fat would have bin in the fire, with certin persons looking on, and you in danger as well as me which wouldn't be fare. I've got your case in my pocket as I write, but I won't open it because it may have your sweetart's letters in. You can get your property again by bringing me my master's, which is a fair exchange. I can't call on you, for I don't know where you are going and daren't hang round to see on account of the danger I run, and needing to meet a pal of mine who will help me. I must get to him at once, if I am spared to do so, for which reason I wrote out this explanashun. The best I can do is to slip it in your pocket which I shall try when in the railway stashun at Paris. You see how I trust you as a gentleman to bring me the jewls. Come as soon as you can, and get your own case instead, calling at 218 rue Fille Sauvage, Avenue Morot, back room, top floor, left of passage. Expressing my gratitood in advance, I am,

Yours trustfully,

J. M. Jewler's Messenger.

P. S.—For heaven's sake don't fale, and ask the concerge for name of Gestre."

If it had not been for my rage at not finding this illuminating little document earlier, I should have felt like shouting with joy. As it was, my delight was tempered with enough of regret to make it easier to restrain myself.

But for the fear that du Laurier might be still with Maxine, I should have rushed back to her house for a moment, just long enough to give her the good news. But in the circumstances I dared not do it, lest she should curse instead of bless me; and besides, as there was still a chance of disappointment, it might be better in any case not to raise her hopes until there was no danger of dashing them again.

The best thing was to get the treaty back, without a second of delay. As for the detective who was perhaps waiting for me at the hotel, he would have to wait longer, or even go away disgusted—nothing made much difference now. Maybe, when once I had the treaty in my hands, I might send a messenger with a few cautious words to Maxine. No matter how late the hour, she was certain not to be asleep.

The cab I had seen crawling through the street had disappeared long ago, and no other was in sight, so I walked quickly on, hoping to find one presently. It was now so late, however, that in this quiet of Paris no carriages of any sort were plying for hire. Finally I made up my mind that I should have to go all the way on foot; but I knew the direction of the Avenue Morot, though I'd never heard of Rue de la Fille Sauvage, and as it was not more than two miles to walk, I could reach the house I wanted to find in half an hour.

A few minutes, more or less, ought not to matter much, since "J. M." was sure to be awaiting me with impatience; therefore the thing which bothered me most was the effect likely to be produced on the man when I could not hand him over the diamonds in exchange for the treaty.

Of course I didn't believe that "J. M." was a jeweller's messenger, though possibly I might have been less incredulous if Maxine had not told me the true history of the diamonds and what had happened in Holland. As it was, I had very little doubt that the rat of a man I had chanced to protect in the railway carriage was no other than the extraordinary expert thief who had relieved du Laurier of the Duchess' necklace.

Following out a theory which I worked up as I walked, I thought it probable that the fellow had been helped by confederates whom he had contrived to dodge, evading them and sneaking off to London in the hope of cheating them out of their share of the spoil. Followed by them, dreading their vengeance, I fancied him flitting from one hiding place to another, not daring to separate himself from the jewels: at last determining to escape from England, where the scent had become too hot; reserving a first-class carriage in the train to Dover, and traveling with the kit of a golfer; struck with panic at the last moment of seeing the very men he fled to avoid, close on his heels, and opening the door of his reserved carriage with a railway key.

All this was merely deduction, for so far as I had seen, "J. M.'s" traveling companions hadn't even accosted him. Still, the theory accounted for much that had been puzzling, and made it plausible that a man should be desperate enough to trust his treasure to a stranger (known only through "photos in the newspapers") rather than risk losing it to those he had betrayed.

I resolved to use all my powers of diplomacy to extract from "J. M." the case containing the treaty, before he learned that he was not to receive the diamonds in its place, and I had no more than vaguely mapped out a plan of proceeding before I arrived in the Avenue Morot. Thence, I soon found my way into the Rue de la Fille Sauvauge, a mean street, to which the queer name seemed not inappropriate. The house I had to visit was an ugly big box of a building, with rooms advertised to let, as I could see by the light of a street lamp across the way, which gleamed bleakly on the lines of shut windows behind narrow iron balconies.

The large double doors, from which the paint had peeled in patches, were closed, but I rang the bell for the concierge, and after a delay of several minutes I heard a slight click, which meant that the doors had opened for me. I passed into a dim lobby, to be challenged by a sleepy voice behind a half-open window. The owner of the voice kept himself invisible and was no doubt in the bunk which he called his bed. Only a stern sense of duty as concierge woke him up enough to demand, mechanically, who it was that the strange monsieur desired to visit at this late hour?

I replied according to instructions. I wished to see Monsieur Gestre.

"Monsieur Gestre is away," murmured the voice behind the little window.

I thought quickly. Gestre was probably the "pal" whom "J. M." had been in such a hurry to find. "Very well," said I, "Ill see his friend, the Englishman, who arrived this evening. I have an appointment with him."

"Ah, I understand. I remember. Is it not that Monsieur has been here already? He now returns, as he mentioned he might do?"

Again my thoughts made haste to arrange themselves. The "monsieur" who had called had probably also arrived late, after the concierge had gone to bed in his dim box and become too drowsy to notice such details as the difference between voices, especially if they were those of foreigners. Perhaps if I explained that I was not the person, who said he would come again, but another, the man behind the window would consider me a complication, and refuse to let me pass at such an hour, without a fuss. And of all things a fuss was what I least wanted—for Maxine's sake, and because of the treaty. I decided to seize upon the advantage that was offered me.

"Quite right," I said shortly. "I know the way." And so began to mount the stairs. Flight after flight I went up, meeting no one; and on the fifth floor I found that I had reached the top of the house. There were no more stairs to go up.

On each of the floors below there had been a dim light— a jet of gas turned low. But the fifth floor was in darkness. Someone had put out the light, either in carelessness or for some special reason.

There were several doors on each side of the passage, but I could not be sure that I had reached the right one until I'd lighted a match. When I was sure, I knocked, but no answer came.

"He can't be out," I said to myself, cheerfully. "He's got tired of waiting and dropped asleep, that's all."

I knocked again. Silence. And then for a third time, loudly, keeping on until I was sure that, if there were anyone in the room, no matter how sound asleep, I must have waked him.

After all, he had gone out, but perhaps only for a short time. Surely, he would soon come back, lest he should miss the keeper of the diamonds.

I had very little hope that, even on the chance of my coming while he was away, he would have left the door open. Nevertheless I tried the handle, and to my surprise it yielded.

"That must be because the lock's broken, and only a bolt remains," I thought. "So he had to take the risk. All the better. This looks as if he'd be back any minute. He wouldn't like giving the enemy a chance to find his lair and step into it before him."

It was dark in the room, and I struck another wax match just inside the threshold. But I had hardly time to get an impression of bareness and meanness of furnishing, before a draught of air from an open window blew out the struggling flame, and at the same instant banged the door shut behind me.

(To Be Continued.)

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING.

The International Sunday School Lesson for March 8 Is, "Jesus the Bread of Life" John 6:22-51.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

History cherishes a few great names of men who have spurned honors in order that they might achieve helpfulness. Chief among these is the humble Galilean who, when one evening by the seaside he perceived that the multitude would take him by force and make him a king, quietly slipped away into a mountain to pray. Instead of the huzzas of the rabble he sought the holy hush of silent communion with Go. Then, the next day, in seeming paradox, this Man who would not be king offered himself as food for the people. He would not accept exaltation at their hands, but he coveted service.

This unique personality, although so thoroughly the embodiment of humanity that he was called "the Son of Man," differs from the best of us in certain respects. Most persons are susceptible to some sort of flattery; he sought no glory from man. When he heard the clamorous voice of the people, seeking to crown him, he knew that this was but a passing impulse of enthusiasm, and of that sort of gratitude which has been cynically defined as "a lively expectation of favors to be received." Jesus knew what was in man; he entertained no false estimates of them or of himself. So, with a compassionate, comprehending smile, he turned aside from the crowd that had been wrought to a high pitch of excitement by his miracles. His conduct is counsel for everyone who has achieved a success—won an office, made a speech, written a book or done a heroic deed; he kept his head the day after. For it is the man who preserves his poise to whom it is given to achieve later successes.

The Man on the Sea.

The scene that followed was dramatic. The crowd had been sent away by this Man who was more than king, and who turned from their plaudits and honors. He Himself was apart in prayer, partaking of the spirit food which those about him knew not of. Jesus could get along without rest or sleep, but not without prayer. As the fabled wrestler, Anteus, renewed his strength whenever he touched the ground, so the Son opened the floodgates of His life to the entrance of new power by communion with His Father.

The little company of personal followers took ship and went over to the other side of the sea. But a great wind suddenly arose, lashing the waves into fury. The strong men labored at the oars, but what is man's might against the unleashed powers of nature? Suddenly a new fright came to them, for they saw a Figure on the sea as of One walking the waves. Terror smote their hearts, until they heard a familiar voice saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

"Over and over it comes to me,
The thought of Christ on the stormy sea."

The seeming ills that are but His appearing; the tempests that bring Him near; the temptations that reveal His presence—all are suggested by the appearance of Jesus to His perplexed disciples. Then it was that impetuous Peter cast himself into the sea, and walked on the water until his faith failed.

While Christ was seeking His own, the multitude was seeking Him. The mob that had followed Him to the miracle of the loaves now crossed over to Capernaum after Him, eager for more wonders and benefits. Their first question was one of childish curiosity as to how He had eluded them. The sentiment of the greater number of those seeking Him was not very broad or very deep, but rather trivial and selfish. Says Plummer, the commentator, "Instead of seeing a sign in the bread, they had seen only bread in the sign." Jesus, the never-deceived, knew this, so he penetrated rather embarrassingly to their deepest motive, saying, "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." There is no deceiving the Lord as to the real reason for our church-going or carefully regulated religious life.

Life's Best Pursuit.

A great many persons within the past six months have had their ideas of what is best in life rudely shaken. They have suddenly been awakened to the knowledge that they have been laboring for meat which perishes. They have staked their all on the passing show—and lost. The world today is more in a mood to listen to the tested counsels of religion than it has been for many a year. No student of deep human conditions is surprised at the spiritual stirrings manifest among men; they are being driven back to the old foundations by the tottering and crashing of begilt and bedizened structures upon which many of them had lately been resting.

Everybody has serious moments—be it the housewife when she sits down to her mending or busies her hands in the kitchen, or the business man in the interstices of duties—when he yields assent to the proposition of the Great Teacher that the things which last are the only things worth living for. That is why sincerity is more desirable than show; a home of love better than eminent social position; a single friend more to be coveted than a host of admirers. The admonition of the Master comes ecoing through the ages, "Labor . . . for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." Living for the things which last is the one way to insure immortality of influence.

Creed Precedes Deed.

As I write there arises in my mind a series of pictures of pilgrimages I have seen—white-clad Japanese, toiling, with tinkling bells at their girdles, through the fog of Fugiyama to the temple at the top; others at Nikko and Ise; the endless procession of Hindu devotees making the dreary round of Benares shrines; reverent worshipers spreading flowers before the richly decorated shrine at Kandy which holds what is supposed to be Buddha's tooth. All express the instinctive human desire to do something to merit life. With this same idea of executing a penance or a pilgrimage or a work of merit, the people came to Jesus asking, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?"

The answer sharply marked the natural conception of religion, the old order, and the new teaching of Jesus. Instead of laying down prescriptions to be filled, works to be done, rites to be observed, he said that the supreme work to do for God is simply to believe on the Son whom God has sent. They looked for deeds; he indicated a creed. For it is what a man believes that determines everything he does. "Believe. Erect a new standard of life—my standard. Set up the ideals of God which I embody. Let this fresh conception of God, which I have come to express, dominate your life. Creed comes first; deeds follow." So ran the amazing answer. Was it any wonder that the amazed, and none too spiritual, multitude demanded a sign?

A Man as Meat.

The appeal to precedent is all-powerful with small minds. The crowd called Christ's attention to the fact that Moses had given manna. He pointed out the obvious truth that the manna had come from God; they had failed to distinguish between the means and the Cause, the bearer and the Giver, just as some materially-minded persons, because they see the wheat growing, cannot grasp the idea of a divine Provider. As Maltbie D. Babcock wrote:

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour;
And back of the flour the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father's will.

The astounding claims of Jesus compel us to recognize Him as a Deity or as an impostor; one of these claims is the assertion made to this greedy multitude, "I am the Bread of Life." He was declaring, as Dr. J. Ritchie Smith has summarized His teaching on this point, that "The life of man is fed from the life of God, and that life is proffered to men in the Son." The heart hunger which is humanity's deepest craving, the want that lies beneath all other needs and desires, burning as an unquenchable longing even in the breast of the benighted pagan, is nothing less than a hunger for the Bread of Life. "Thou hast made us for thyself, O Lord," cried Augustine, "and our hearts cannot be at rest until they rest in Thee."

Would you see tokens of this profound spiritual yearning among mankind? Watch the sales of books of devotion, like Thomas a Kempis' Imitation of Christ, and of a flood of lesser books of the same class, only poorer, which are ever pouring from the presses. Behold the throngs that gather about the proved evangelists and other men with a genuinely spiritual message. What mean this multitude of holiness sects, and peculiar isms, except a seeking after more spirituality. The world is hungry for the Bread of Life.

The Man who would not be king, yet offers Himself as food for all men. That is the sacrificial conception of life of which Jesus is the best opponent. He was eager to give Himself for the sustenance of others. He knew that the weak must ever feed on the strong, even as children draw the soul vitality of their mothers even more truly than they draw milk from the breast. How the truly great have ever been lavish with their lives, so that the feeble followers fed upon them. Consider the multitude who have fed upon Christ, in a feeding no less real because mystical and spiritual. Remember the Jesuit missionaries in the wilderness places, with Christ their only and sufficient sustenance. A young man, bound back to his post in Korea as a missionary, said to me recently, "The only way a man can keep from falling amid the tug and pull of a heathen environment is to keep his own relationship with Christ close and vital." The women who have kept the dreams and ideals of girlhood untarnished amid a sordid world will tell you that their secret is Jesus. The great reformers will declare that they have been sustained, in the face of adversity and apparent hopelessness, by the power of Christ.

The program of heaven for earth is life. "I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly," declared Jesus. Not starvation, but repletion is God's will for men. The meagreness and paucity of so many lives is not his fault, but man's. Think you not that the spectacle grieves heaven of men and women

"Dropping buckets into empty wells
And growing old in drawing nothing up?"

In this present life, right here and now, God wants us to have life; to that end he even offers himself. A twentieth century word is that spoken by Israel's old prophet, who so often seems to be the very voice of Jesus: "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

A HINT.

I love little children,
So charming and sweet;
Their eyes flashing sunlight,
The sound of their feet.
I'm fond of the youngsters,
But still, for all that,
It's no sign I want them
To sit on my hat.

I'll fondle the babies
And jog on my knee
The rosy-lipped children,
Whoever they be.
But still, though I love
All the babies, so cute,
I don't want their finger-marks
Left on my suit.

My heart is a playground
Where children may run;
I want all the toddlers
To revel in fun.
But though my heart beats
For each sturdy young chap,
I don't want an ink well
Spilled in my lap.

—Detroit Free Press.

OLD SURGEON

Found Coffee Caused Hands to Tremble

The surgeon's duties require clear judgment and a steady hand. A slip, or an unnecessary incision may do irreparable damage to the patient.

When he found that coffee drinking caused his hands to tremble, an Ill. surgeon conscientiously gave it up and this is his story:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until my nervous system was nearly broken down, my hands trembled so I could hardly write, and insomnia tortured me at night.

"Besides, how could I safely perform operations with unsteady hands, using knives and instruments of precision? When I saw plainly the bad effects of coffee, I decided to stop it, and three years ago I prepared some Postum, of which I had received a sample.

"The first cupful surprised me. It was mild, soothing, delicious. At this time I gave some Postum to a friend who was in a similar condition to mine, from the use of coffee.

"A few days after I met him, and he was full of praise for Postum, declaring he would never return to coffee, but stick to Postum. We then ordered a full supply and within a short time my nervousness and consequent trembling, as well as insomnia disappeared, blood circulation became normal, no dizziness nor heat flashes.

"My friend became a Postum enthusiast, his whole family using it exclusively.

"It would be the fault of the one who brewed the Postum, if it did not taste good when served.

"The best food may be spoiled if not properly made. Postum should be boiled according to directions on the pkg. Then it is all right, anyone can rely on it. It ought to become the national drink."

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The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will someone tell me why my Brown Leghorn hens have not laid this warm winter as they have in previous severe winters? They are in good condition; combs red. Is it because I feed mashed potatoes every day? I am feeding a little corn but less oats than ever before? Are chopped raw potatoes good for hens? Has either raw or cooked, mixed with a very little bran, any egg-producing qualities about it?—H., Champlin, Minn.

I have a mare that has a knot on the inside of left foreleg, at the top of kneecap. It seems to be growing larger. Somebody please tell me what to do.—H., Kimberling, Va.

We have a fine male pig, a little over a month old, which is ruptured, having been in that condition nearly all its life. If there is a remedy for it I would like to hear as soon as possible.—G., Darwin, Va.

Can some reader give me a remedy for a colt that cribs?—R., Constable, N. Y.

With their craws full, my chickens continue to lose weight and finally die. They cannot walk well. What is wrong with them?—A., Scott City, Kan.

Will some reader of the Farmstead please tell me what is wrong with my roses? The leaves of the Crimson Rambler and Baby Rambler get mouldy, and with the Prairie Queen and some other kinds have little white scales on the stalks, and under the scale is a small, red insect. Information will be gratefully received.—L., North Vernon, Ind.

Will submit the following question to Farmstead readers: How should I bud peach trees, and at what time of year should it be done? Can currant bushes be propagated from cuttings?—S., Breen, Col.

To Make Plum Trees Bear.

B., Tenn.: To make your Dawson plum trees bear you will have to set some other kinds close to cross-fertilize the blossoms. Lombard or Wild Goose plums will do.—M., Delaware, O.

For Warts on Calf.

R., Harris, Mo.: For remedy for warts on calf, I will say that I had a mare who had a lot of big, ugly warts on her, and after trying all the remedies I could hear of, I was at last successful in removing them with yellow arsenic trisulphide. It comes in the form of a yellow powder. For use, scratch the wart until it is raw all over the surface; then wet a little of the powder with water to the consistency of thick paste and apply with a stiff brush, rubbing it in well. It will soon remove the wart. If the application doesn't go deep enough to remove it all, apply a second time.—R., Farr, W. Va.

For Caked Udder.

Somebody wished to know what to do for a cow with a caked udder. Get one pound gentian, one pound of ground ginger, one pound of soda, mix and give one tablespoonful a day in a bran mash.—M., Delaware, O.

Alfalfa.

B., Bellville, W. Va.—In regard to alfalfa, I think it will grow anywhere in the United States where red clover will grow. Would not advise to sow it on wet, cold land or ground that is subject to overflow. Plow your ground shallow and harrow it fine; then the first of September sow about twenty pounds of seed to the acre by itself, and harrow it in as deep as you can. The object of sowing early in the fall is to give it a good start before winter and also so that it will get a good root to sand the dry, hot weather in June and July. Do not get discouraged if it don't do well the first season, but mow it every time it comes in bloom and it will get better.—P., Randolph, Mo.

Comparative Food Values.

An English journal, The Lancet, in discussing the comparative food value of roast beef and turkey, says that it may be said that, weight for weight, the flesh of the turkey is more nourishing than that of beef; but the latter is, generally speaking, cheaper than the former. The moisture in beef, however, exceeds the amount present in the flesh of the turkey, and the latter contains a better percentage of proteid or flesh-forming substance. In either case the percentage of moisture is seldom less than 70 per cent.

In lean beef the amount of fat is much the same as in a not too well-fed turkey, but it must be pointed out that the flesh of poultry differs from that of beef and mutton in not having its muscular fibers permeated by fat, and, moreover, the fibers in the flesh of the fowl are short and rarely yield to the disintegrating action of the digestive processes. A large amount of fat in either case is apt to interfere with the digestibility of the meat. The fat of beef is more digestible than the fat of the turkey. The fat of birds, in fact, is harder, and owing to its tendency to become rancid, is unsuitable for the dyspeptic patient.

The Lancet believes that the most important difference from a dietetic point of view between beef and turkey is that, whereas beef contains a high percentage of extractive matters, turkey contains hardly any at all. The extractive matters in beef account largely for its peculiar and marked flavor, and owing to their absence in poultry generally, and in the pheasant and partridge, the flavor of these meats is delicate. But there is no doubt that the extractives of beef, as well as mutton, are valuable, for not only are they flavoring agents, but they also act as perhaps the most powerful stimulant to gastric digestion.

Oldest Orchard in America.

The oldest apple orchard in America, if not in the world, is in the centre of the ancient town of Manzano, eighteen miles southwest of Estancia, Terrance county, New Mexico. Many of the trees are more than six feet in circumference, but all are still fruitful and vigorous, although neglected for generations. Little is known of the history of this orchard, but the oldest inhabitants of the valley of the Rio Grande remember the orchard from childhood and say that the trees have not changed in appearance since then. Venerable Mexicans and Pueblo Indians tell of visiting the orchard as far back as they can remember and finding apples on the ground in all stages of decomposition at least two feet deep.

The Estancia valley has been peopled for ages, probably by the kinsmen of the natives found by the Spanish explorers at Gran Juivira, Abo and other ancient cities. Probably in the early days of the Spanish occupation some Franciscan monk found his way to Manzano and there planted the seeds that have developed into these venerable trees. They are no doubt fully three hundred years old.—World.

Alfalfa as a Fertilizer.

When attention was first called to the growth of alfalfa, it was generally accepted that it was a plant that would thrive only by irrigation. Subsequent experiments, however, soon convinced the farmers that it can be successfully grown in almost any soil and climate, and the result is that each year the area devoted to alfalfa becomes enlarged. The possibilities of this crop can hardly be comprehended.

Its value as a fertilizer is the subject of what will be said here, rather than its value as practically a perfect food for horses, cattle, hogs and poultry.

Alfalfa gathers nitrogen from the air for its own support, and the surplus is added to the soil. It is a deep feeder, its roots penetrating the earth to extraordinary depths, drawing toward the surface and utilizing moisture and valuable mineral elements that other crops would never reach, leaving the desirable elements there for future crops, of whatever kinds.

By capilarity these roots and rootlets draw up moisture from below the surface until it modifies the very top soil, changing wonderfully the nature of the field. The analysis of a cubic foot of earth of a flourishing alfalfa field shows a marvelous change in moisture content since the sowing.

According to the Kansas board of agriculture, the mere mechanical effect of the extensive root system can scarcely be overestimated. As soon as germination begins the plant starts its tiny roots downward in search of moisture. Roots 4 feet long have been found on alfalfa but 4 months old; roots 9 feet long have been found below alfalfa but 9 months old. After the tap root reaches a few inches below the surface it sends out smaller roots that have a lateral growth of a few inches, when they, too, take a downward course for moisture and for mineral elements needed for the growth above. The first smaller roots decay and others start out from the tap root lower down. These decay and still others start. The decaying roots add humus to the soil, and the openings left by them form a wonderful system of channels for the penetration of air and water into the soil. The erstwhile compact earth is honeycombed and air and water penetrates the graves of the dead roots until when the alfalfa field is ready to be used for a different crop the soil has been wonderfully changed not only in its chemical elements, but in its physical character.

The regular deposit of alfalfa leaves, from the cuttings, under the best care, has been estimated at one-half ton or more per acre every year. As these leaves contain a great percentage of protein, it can readily be seen that they make a heavy contribution to the soil's fertility.

It has been estimated that the value of the stubble of an alfalfa crop and the roots contained in the upper 6½ inches of the soil is $20 per acre from the fertility standpoint, while in addition to the stubble the whole root system contains as much fertility as could be added to the soil by an expenditure of $35 for commercial fertilizers.

At the Wyoming experiment station wheat following alfalfa yielded 30 bushels per acre, and when sown after other crops an average of 18 bushels per acre. Oats after alfalfa yielded 78 bushels per acre, and after other crops 37 bushels per acre. These things being true, it stands to reason that there ought to be a keen interest in this great legume.—Philadelphia Record.

Green Food for Poultry.

People do not know the value of wheat, rye, wheat screenings and oats. They all feed them, but how? The majority of poultrymen feed those dry grains. It is all right for the litter to make hens scratch, but those grains can be fed to more value and of more benefit and success, to the men and fowls both. We poultrymen all believe that fowls need green food as well in winter as in summer. For this we believe grain is the best for green food; but how? This question can be easily solved. Good grain as named above, if soaked in a wash tub with very warm water for 18 to 24 hours, and then the water taken off and the grain left in moist condition for five to seven days, will soon germinate and begin to sprout. The quantity of grain you put to soak will swell to four times its bulk; that means you will have four times as much as if you fed dry, so it is a saving for the poultryman. After 24 hours the water should be taken off and the feed put into a shallow box with holes in the bottom. It should be kept moist and turned twice a day, so it will sprout evenly. This sprout is the best green food for all kinds of fowls, especially for chickens in close confinement. It will act as the best green food and will brighten the comb and plumage and start them to lay much earlier than if fed without; and it will make the eggs more fertile. The best time to feed is at noon. From 2 to 4 o'clock feed mixed dry grain in the litter; that will keep them busy and healthy. One peck of grain like wheat, buckwheat, oats, wheat screenings will cost 25 cents as the price of feed is now. This will save you the price of one bushel or more. A good plan is to keep always on hand and prepare new before the other is gone. This we consider the best and cheapest food, as wel as green food for winter, when others cannot be had.

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VIENNA'S RECORD.

There was a large list of suicides in Austria during the year 1907. In Vienna 356 men and 108 women killed themselves, as against 315 and 110, respectively, in 1906. Some 441 men and 298 women attempted suicide without success. The principal reason that brought on a desire for self-destruction among these people were insanity, love and poverty.

Kokomo Woman Gives Fortune

To Help Women Who Suffer.

In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent $125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

Some time ago we announced in the columns of this paper that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer for a while longer, at least.

This is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration, displacements or falling of the womb, profuse, scanty or painful periods, uterine or ovarian tumors or growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day, but write at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 259 Miller Building, Kokomo, Ind.

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WOMEN OF THE DAY.

only in Sweden, her native land, but ghout the Teutonic and Slavonic pe, Ellen Key is a power, her name me to conjure with. In her somewhat minous and at times verbose writings ng stands out more clearly, writes n Zimmern, in Putnam's Magazine, the fact that she is pre-eminently a an in the commonly accepted, per- even old-fashioned, sense of the The most casual contact with her l, cheery, absolutely unaffected per- lity produces a sensation of large- d motherhood that embraces each all and is, therefore, indeed, unlike motherhood whose hallmark is a exclusiveness, confined to its own ring. Ellen Key's offspring fill the —they are all those that labor, that burdens, that have cares that she es and endeavors to solace. For love e keynote of her life as of her writ-

e latest recruit to the 707 women now ing in the University of Berlin is Li Tsu Zung, the youthful daughter physician of Shanghai. She has the nction of being the first Oriental an to enter the University, and her ttance was secured by special rec- endation from the Chinese ambassa-

is described as 17, with pleasant ners and deep black hair, and thor- ly Chinese in type. She dresses as a pean and speaks German fairly well. proposes to devote her attention ly to English and German literature.

Harriet Mitchell is reported to have ght about many important improve- s in Irondale, Mich., near Calumet s. The town, which has a popula- of some 2,700, was crowded into four ve streets on the edge of a swamp entirely without drainage when Dr. hell went there to practice. The nat- result of this situation was a great of sickness and a high death rate. Mitchell's first step was to inter- the landlords, and after much ar- g she succeeded in convincing them it would be cheaper and less trouble- to put in a system of surface drain- than to be sued for maintaining a ance. Next she induced the town offi- to establish a recreation center in there will be a field house, a gym- um, baths, swimming pool, reading s and a lecture hall. th the best of intentions, says the York Sun, she engaged the only lable public hall in the town and ed a sewing school for the purpose of hing the Italian women how to make children's and husbands' clothes. women responded to her invitation to nd this sewing school gladly, but their husbands found that it was to onducted over a drinking saloon they ade their wives going. This has ed Dr. Mitchell to postpone her sew- school until the recreation center is pleted.

O, PROFESSOR!

he professor was complimenting violinist on the excellence of his ing.

By the way," he said, "do you the 'Doctor of Divinity'?"

That is a piece I have never heard answered the violinist.

Never heard of it!" exclaimed the fessor. "Fiddle D. D.!"—Chicago une.

NEVER CAN.

u never can tell," he told his wife, a thoughtful tone and slow,
ll what?" she asked, and he replied,
A secret that you don't know."
—Houston Post.

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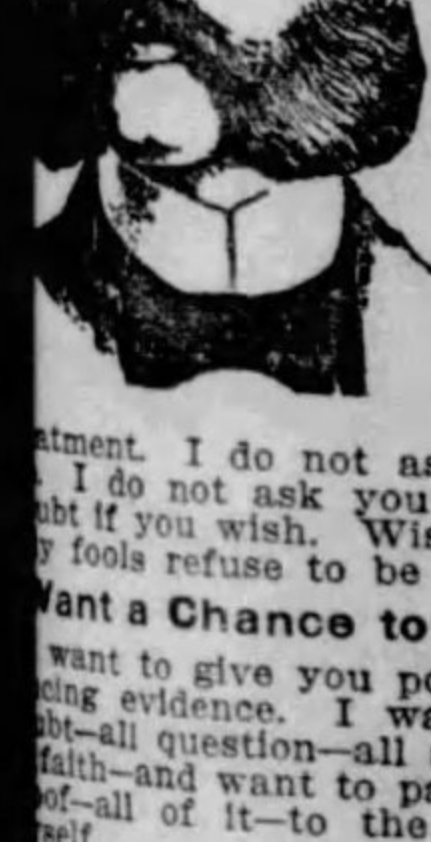

the sick and suffering—to every man—to every woman in poor health, this offer is made—made in the absolute faith and sincere belief that my treatment will cure you and lift you up again to perfect health and vigor. I have a right to ask you to believe what I say—to have faith in my treatment, because thousands and thousands of grateful cured patients prove my word—prove the virtue of my atment. I do not ask you to believe I do not ask you to believe them. ubt if you wish. Wise men doubt, but y fools refuse to be convinced.

ant a Chance to Convince You

want to give you positive proof, con- cing evidence. I want to remove all bt—all question—all suspicion—all lack faith—and want to pay the cost of this of—all of it—to the very last penny self.

have put my life into this work—I hold record of thousands of cures—not me better"—but thousands of desperate ferers, hearty and strong and big and ll; and their letters are in my hands prove every word I say. o matter how you are, no matter what ur affliction, I will have the remedies t to you and given into your own nds free, paid for by me and delivered my own cost. hese remedies have cured thousands of es—nearly every disease—and they do e and I believe they will cure you— ke you well and bring you back to alth and the joy of living!

t Me Send You a Free Treatment

Will you let me do this for you—will u let me prove it—brother and sister fferers? Are you willing to trust a ster physician, who not only makes s offer but publishes it and then sends s test and proof of his remedies without penny of cost to any one except himself? Nearly a million people in every civil- d country on earth have accepted this er. Not one has cause to regret it. end me your name, postoffice address d a description of your condition, and I ll do all in my power to satisfy every ubt you have or can have that these medies will restore you to health. ell me how you feel and the proof atment is yours at my cost. No bills any kind—no papers to sign—no obli- tion to buy—nothing but my absolute od will and good faith. DR. JAMES W. DD, 1594 Kidd Building, Fort Wayne, d.

GERMANY AFTER RICH ABYSSINIA

Hunting Party Turns Out to Be Important International Mission.

Statistics of Abyssinian imports show that the interests of Great Britain, France, the United States and Italy have outstripped all others. An attack upon these interests, therefore, has a peculiar meaning for these countries, and particularly for the manufacturers of American cotton textiles.

A few weeks ago the German press gave considerable space to the story of a hunting party that had been organized by Arnold Holtz, for shooting lions in the empire of the Negus. Besides Herr Holtz, the party consisted of Count Rudolph Salm-Rieferscheidt, Count Adolph Erbach-Furstenau, Capt. Heyne, George Taufert, two chauffeurs and several attendants. At Naples the party embarked on the Hamburg-Amerika company's steamer Rhenania, and finally reached Jibutil by way of Aden.

It is now learned on the best authority that this party, masquerading in the disguise of lion hunters, is in reality a mission of the utmost international importance, which, although unofficial, bears a personal letter from the German kaiser to the Emperor Menelek, and is destined before long to turn Addis Abeda into a center of political intrigue rivaling Teheran and its possibilities for German commercial and territorial expansion.

Herr Holtz, who has paid several visits to Abyssinia, and is personally acquainted with the Negus, visited the imperial chancellor at Nordeny and obtained Prince Buelow's support for his scheme of an industrial conquest of Abyssinia. Through the aid of Prince Buelow and Prince Max Egon, of Furstenberg, he had the matter brought to the attention of the kaiser, who later expressed himself as pleased with Herr Holtz's patriotic exertions to promote German interests in Abyssinia, and promised, in the event of the mission being organized, to entrust it with a letter to the Negus.

Prince Furstenburg offered to subscribe capital for the enterprise, and through his influence interested certain well-known firms. Ehrhardt & Co., of Dusseldorf, the well-known manufacturers of arms, are foremost among them, and their representative in Abyssinia will co-operate with Herr Holtz after his arrival at the capital. A large proportion of the expenses of the mission has been subscribed by the German-African Co. (Deutsche-Afrikanische Aktiengesellschaft), and other firms interested in the venture are the German Overseas Trading Co. Deutsche Ubersee Handelgesellschaft), the German Abyssinian Mining Co. (Deutsche-Abyssinische Montan Gesellschaft), and the Thomann Sandstone Co. The National bank of Germany holds a large proportion of the shares in the German-Abyssinian Mining Co., so that there are powerful financiers in the background. Capt. Heyne, one of the members of the mission, is managing director of the Thomann Sandstone Co., and he is also closely connected with another firm which has subscribed money toward the expenses of the journey.

It may be reasonably surmised that a mission which has taken so much trouble to disguise itself as a party of sportsmen, which surrounds its departure with so much secrecy, and which has such signal political and financial backing, has important objects in view.

SOLDIERS OF THE VALLEY

Under the mists of the autumn dream
That drift through the valleys on wings
of gleam;
Over the summits and winding down
Into the center of Middletown;
Out and on through the fields of dew
To hills with their heads in skies of blue;
Over South Mountains and down the bay
Where Sharpsburg sleeps with the ghosts
of fray,
I hear the feet of an army tread
In dust of battles whose dreams are
dead!

Over the pike and the millstream there
Where Frederick lists to the thunder-
blare
Of guns that echo from hills and dells
Of sweet Virginian wildwood spells,
McClellan moves with his ranks of blue,
And Stonewall Jackson's hero crew—
Ghosts of azure and ghosts of gray—
Follow each other by Braddock way,
Stooping now for a drink by the spring
Then off to the drums where the war
flags swing!

Soldiers, soldiers, of golden vales,
That move in splendor through battle
tales;
Sweet young faces and war-worn men,
Never to come o'er the pike again,
Never to cross those valleys of bloom
From the bayonet's charge and the mus-
ket's boom.
Except as ye come in song's refrain
As ghosts from the trenches of Bloody
Lane,
As phantoms marching with Meade and
Lee
From Gettysburg and its hell-days three!

Up and on where the valley lies,
A dream of gold 'neath the autumn
skies,
I lean and look and the picture thrills,
With its landscape framed by the au-
tumn hills—
Gapland gleaming, and far and wide
Potomac—a ribbon of silver, tied
Under the chin of the bending Heights—
With its rippling glory and sparkling
lights;
Up and down and over it all
The feet of the ghosts of the soldiers
fall!

Soldiers, soldiers—they rumble near,
The cannon wheels; while the cannoneer,
Swarth and brawny, with hat pulled
down,
Rides on to the borders of Middletown,
And on through the valley, and over
the crest
Of the mountain guarding the wilding
west;
Then down again on the other side,
Where blood shall flow in a seething
tide,
And fair young faces with lips of June
Lie stark in the night to the cold, white
moon!

Ever the valleys are sweet to me,
With the farms spread out and the homes
of glee,
And the silver currents that sweep and
bend
To the granite gates at the southern
end—
But all the beauty and all the gleam
Drift out when the shadows of battle
stream,
And over the pike to the roll of drum
The ghosts of gray on their crusade come,
And the azure phantoms before me flow
From the far-off battles of long ago!
—Baltimore Sun.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Redd—"Is that a fact that you have given your automobile a name?" Green—"Yes, named it after my wife." "Because it is unmanageable?" "No; because it is always running people down."—Yonkers Statesman.

I would not enter in my list of friends a man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—Cowper.

"The late Mr. Smithers was certainly a man of his word," said Mrs. Binder, looking up from the morning paper. "Late Mr. Smithers?" queried her worser seven-eighths. "I hadn't heard of his death." "That's why I say he was a man of his word" (from behind the coffee-urn again). "Twenty-two years ago he told me if I didn't marry him he would die. And he has."—Harper's Weekly.

He that cannot get bacon must be content with cabbage.—Danish.

"Mr. Jonesby never interrupts one, and he is the best listener I ever met.' "No wonder; he's beeen married three times.' —Baltimore American.

At present I live in hope, but the issue is in the hands of the gods.—Pindar.

"Come, the drinks are on me." "What's up?" "See that fat woman over there with those six kids?" "Sure." "Ten years ago she refused to marry me."—Boston Record.

Never cry hallo till you are out of the woods.—German.

Mr. Psmith—"Why can't you go to the opera?" Mrs. Psmith—"I haven't a rag to my back!" Mr. Psmith—"You'll be the belle of the occasion. Come along!"—Cleveland Leader.

I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly.—Cicero.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Carrie Nation.

In the Bureau of February 13, you regret that you cannot give a biographical sketch of Carrie Nation. From Carrie A. Nation's own book I have learned that she was born in Girard county, Kentucky, but, womanlike, she does not say how long since. Her maiden name was Carrie Amelia Moore. She was married to Dr. Gloyd at Holden, Mo., in November, 1867. He had contracted the drink habit in the army, and lived only about a year after marriage. The widow taught school four years, supporting herself and infant daughter, who grew to womanhood and married. About 1881 the mother married David Nation. He was an editor, a lawyer and a preacher for the Christian church. He also tried farming in Texas, but went bankrupt at that, and Mrs. Nation kept hotel for several years, while the husband tried his several professions with very indifferent success. The first saloon Mrs. Nation smashed was at Kiowa, Kan., in 1890. Since then she has been in jail 21 times. However, she has given up the saloon-smashing idea, believing that she has done all the good she can accomplish in that way. Mrs. Nation has founded a home for the wives of drunkards. David Nation was granted a divorce on the grounds of desertion.—D., Bradentown, Fla.

Battle of Quebec.

Will you please give a description of the battle of Quebec, when fought, how many men there were engaged and how many killed? Were any officers killed?—H. S., Servia, Va.

In June, 1759, Gen. Wolfe appeared before Quebec with 4,000 men and a fleet. The French, under Montcalm, numbering 16,000, held all the heights on the north bank of the river. Wolfe seized the heights on the south, thus commanding the basin and getting his artillery trained on the town. The French plan was the defensive. Wolfe got his ships past the city, making the line of defense longer. He also entrenched himself on the French left and made a furious assault at Montmorenci. As the season wore on he was obliged to strike a blow before winter. This he did on September 13, and gained a decisive advantage on the Plains of Abraham. The French were disorganized. The citadel surrendered September 17. Wolfe and Montcalm both died from wounds received in the fight.

General Joseph Wheeler.

Will you kindly give me all the information you can concerning General Joseph Wheeler—his life, Santiago campaign, etc., in fact, anything concerning him?—V. T., Tampa, Fla.

Joseph Wheeler was born at Augusta, Ga., September 10, 1836. He was graduated from West Point in 1859 and in the same year was ordered to duty in the Cavalry school in Carlisle, Pa.; in 1860 was stationed at various posts in New Mexico, and engaged in scouting against the Indians. In April, 1861, he resigned from the United States army, entered the Confederate service as first lieutenant of artillery, and was assigned to duty at Pensacola, Fla. In September of that year he was commissioned colonel and placed in command of the 19th Alabama infantry, with which he participated in the first campaigns in Kentucky and Tennessee. At the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, he and his men were in the foremost rank, winning special commendation on the field. On the second day he took command of a brigade, and, subsequently, with the same command, performed efficient services in the operations around Corinth. In July, 1862, he was assigned to command of the cavalry division of the army of Mississippi, and immediately made a successful raid in West Tennessee. Later he was active in many of the operations of Bragg's Kentucky campaign, holding General Buell at bay while General Bragg took Mumfordsville, and further distinguishing himself in the battle of Perryville. In October, 1862, he was made chief of cavalry in Bragg's army, and on the 30th of that month was promoted brigadier general. In January, 1863, he was made major general. At Chickamauga and Chattanooga he commanded the cavalry, and September 21 won a brilliant victory in Chattanooga Valley. In the retreat from Missionary Ridge he covered the Confederate rear. Continuing his activity in East Tennesse, he raided the enemy's territory, fought sharp engagements, and in 1864 hovered on Sherman's flank during the seaward march, annoying the Federals and covering many Confederate movements. The evacuation of Savannah was accomplished under Wheeler's protection. Raised to the rank of lieutenant general in February, 1865, he commanded the cavalry in General J. E. Johnston's army until the end of the war. After the close of the great conflict he practiced law and also became a cotton planter. From 1881 to 1889 he served in congress.

In April, 1898, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, despite his advancing years, General Wheeler volunteered for duty in the invasion of Cuba, and was appointed major general of volunteers May 2. The appointment being confirmed May 4, he was assigned to the command of the cavalry division about to leave for Cuba. With his staff he disembarked June 22. On the 24th he was engaged in the skirmish at Guasimas, which he had planned. With 964 dismounted cavalry, he routed 2,000 Spaniards and opened the road to Santiago. In the first engagement at San Juan, July 1, he was senior in command and was engaged all day. Even after dark he remained on the advance line to get up intrenching tools and to encourage the construction of breastworks. He was equally active during the engagement on the 2nd, and the result was to leave the Americans in possession of the Spanish position in front of Santiago. In his order regarding the battle of San Juan, General Shafter said: "To Major General Wheeler, of the cavalry division, was given probably the most difficult task, that of crossing a stream under fire and deploying under the enemy's rifle pits. These he immediatlye charged and carried in the most gallant manner, driving the enemy from his strong positions to the shelter of stronger works in the rear." After Santiago capitulated, General Wheeler, on August 8, sailed with his command for Montauk Point, L. I. He was placed in command of the troops at Camp Wikoff, having general supervision until the troops were mustered out, and on October 5 was placed in command of the Fourth Army corps. Soon after his return to Alabama he was unanimously renominated for congress and received the votes of all the political factions of his district, this being his tenth election. He died at Brooklyn, N. Y., of pneumonia, January 25, 1906.

The Steamer Lady Elgin.

I saw in The Blade of February 20 a request for the story of the destruction of the steamer Lady Elgin. According to an account of the disaster, printed in The Blade years ago, the Lady Elgin was lost on Lake Michigan on the night of September 7, 1860. She came in collision with the schooner Augusta, lumber laden, afterward taking fire and burning to the water's edge. She carried about 400 passengers, mostly excursionists, of whom 297 lost their lives. She was destroyed a little north of east of the town of Waukegan, Ill. The Lady Elgin was struck immediately in front of the wheel-house. The crew of the schooner Augusta threw lumber overboard, and this was the means of saving many lives.—O. W., Siam, O.

First North Carolina Settlements.

When, where and by whom was the first permanent settlement in North Carolina made, and of what descent were the people?—R. A. R., Winston Salem, N. C.

The first attempts to make a settlement in North Carolina were made by Raleigh. His failures caused a prejudice against the region. Soon after the settlement of Virginia, 1607, the territory was explored and small settlements made by hunters and adventurers from Virginia. In 1653, Roger Greene, with Virginia dissenters, founded the first permanent settlement in North Carolina at Albemarle.

The Seminole War.

Please give a sketch of the Seminole war. Where was the Seminole country located? What caused the war?—H. S., Quincy, Fla.

The Seminoles were a nation of Florida Indians, composed chiefly of Creeks and remnants of other tribes. During the war of 1812 the British had been materially aided by the Seminoles. The combined British and Indian stronghold—the "Negro Fort," on the Appilachicola—was a constant menace to Georgia. During 1817 there were constant collisions and massacres of the whites. Florida was then held by Spain. In January, 1818, Andrew Jackson was given command, and in less than six months completely reduced the Seminoles, burning their towns and defeating them day after day. Ambrister and Arbuthnot, English adventurers in league with the Spanish and Indians, were summarily hanged. Pensacola was captured and the whole of East Florida taken possession of. After the acquisition of Florida many slaves fled to the Seminoles. The government endeavored to recover them, and to force the Seminoles to remove to the west. War with the Seminoles ensued and was carried on with vigor by both sides. General Thompson, the United States agent, finding their chiefs opposed to migration, put Osceola in chains. War followed and Osceola killed Thompson and others at Fort King on December 28, 1835, and cut to pieces a body of troops under Major Dade. After a disastrous struggle they were partially conquered, and in 1837 agreed to emigrate. Oceola, however, fled and renewed the war. He was finally taken by treachery and the conflict ended in 1842. By treaty the Seminoles were removed to the west.

Francis Marion.

Please give a short sketch of General Marion, who served in part of the Revolutionary war, and if possible give a copy of his last will and testament.—M. A. W., Almond, Ala.

We know nothing about General Francis Marion's will. We can, however, give a biographical sketch of him, as we have heretofore given it in these columns. He was born near Georgetown, S. C., in 1732. He was the youngest in a family of six children. At 16 young Marion showed his adventurous spirit by embarking on a small vessel bound for the West Indies. It was wrecked and he barely escaped death by starvation. He returned home and worked for several years on a farm. In 1760-1 he served in the campaigns against the Cherokees. Thenceforth until 1775, he lived on his plantation. In that year he was elected member from St. John in the South Carolina Provincial congress. In June he was chosen captain and took the field against the British and the Tories. He took part in the capture of Fort Johnson, and because of his ability in organizing and discipline was promoted to major. He participated in the victory at Charleston, which gave the southern states respite from active fighting for nearly three years. In 1780, Marion, who had been made a brigadier-general, was obliged to take refuge in forest and swamp. Beginning with less than 20 men, he gathered recruits, fearless riders and good marksmen, who formed the famed "Marion's brigade." At times they numbered several hundred. They came and went at their leader's bidding, providing their own equipment and rations. Part of the time they were at work on their farms. Those troops became the terror of the British regulars and the Tories. Marion's scouts kept close watch of the enemy's movements, and detachments of the brigade struck many a blow, surprising and capturing small bodies of soldiers. At times they united with larger bodies of troops for important engagements. Marion became known as the "Swamp Fox." Failing in his attempt against Georgetown he retired to Swan Island and prepared for a second attack, January 13, 1781, which was also unsuccessful. Then he joined with Col. Henry Lee in reducing Fort Watson. After raiding 200 miles of country he commanded the first line in the battle of Eutaw Springs, and took many prisoners. For his gallantry in this engagement he received the thanks of congress. From 1782 to 1790 Marion served in the state senate and was a member of the state constitutional convention in 1790. In 1784 he married a wealthy lady, Mary Videau, who survived him with no children. Of slight figure, Gen. Marion was capable of great endurance and accustomed to abstinence. He was greatly admired and beloved and ranks as one of the heroes of the revolution. He died in 1795.

The Battle Mountain Sanitarium.

It seems to me that I saw in The Blade, perhaps a year or more ago, the government had built a hospital or sanitarium for the benefit of old soldiers. Will you kindly tell me, through the Question Bureau where it is located, and all the information you can, and oblige an old soldier?—J. M. A., Uhrichsville, O.

Last May The Blade printed an illustrated article concerning the new Battle Mountain Sanitarium, located near Hot Springs, S. Dak., which at that date had just been completed, at a cost of nearly a million dollars. It was built for the exclusive use of sick and disabled volunteer ex-soldiers of the United States. It is the largest of the government hospitals, and is said to be the most complete sanitarium in the world. The grounds of the hospital cover 4,000 acres, and included in them is the famous "Battle Mountain," where several hundred years ago the warlike Sioux Indians cooped up an entire tribe of its enemies and wiped them from the face of the earth, killing every single member of the hostile tribe. It has since been known to all western Indians as "Battle Mountain." The big hot springs is the chief attraction of this place, and the one which decided the board of managers, National Soldiers' Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, to build the sanitarium which has just been opened. After thoroughly investigating all health resorts of the country, the board decided that Hot Springs was the most healthful and pleasant and that the hospital should be built here. The idea of utilizing the water from the springs here for the old soldiers was first evolved by Captain H. E. Palmer, who is a member of the board of managers of soldiers' homes. It took him several years to convince congress that the necessary appropriations should be made. However, this was finally accomplished, and four years ago actual construction work began. Everything about the place is free, and the government will pay the railroad fare and traveling expenses of any old soldier who cannot pay his own way. Only curable cases, however, are taken, and if the patient shows, within a reasonable space of time, that he cannot be benefited, he is sent back to his home and a new patient admitted in his place.

We cannot give further information concerning the sanitarium. Application for admission and further details can be obtained by addressing Board of Commissioners Soldiers' Home, War Department, Washington, D. C.

Johann Sebastian Bach.

Please give a sketch of Johann Sebastian Bach.—D. S., Watauga, Tenn.

This great composer was born at Eisenach, Saxony, March 21, 1685, and died in 1750. Left an orphan in boyhood he came under the protection of his older brother, Johann Ambrosius, from whom he received his first musical instruction. The death of his brother left Sebastian dependent for support upon his own efforts, and to earn a livelihood he entered a choir in Luneberg. In 1703 he became court musician at Weimar, the following year organist at Arnstadt, and in 1708 court organist at Weimar. While holding this office he labored to make himself master of every branch of music. In 1717 he was made director of concerts and six years afterward director of music and to St. Thomas' school, Leipsic, an appointment which he held until his death. About ten years later the distinctions of Kapellmeister to the Duke of Weissenfels and court composer to the king of Poland were were conferred upon him. Bach, who had a son in the service of Frederich the Great, received a pressing request to visit Potsdam, on the occasion of a concert there. He went, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of that monarch, some of whose music he played at first sight. His close studies affected his eyes, and an operation left him totally blind and hastened his death. He was not only a great composer, but a fine organist, having no rival but Handel among his contemporaries. Bach wrote many kinds of music for different instruments, and for the voice, his organ fantasies, fugues stood pre-eminent among organ pieces; his sacred music, church cantatas, Passion and Christmas music is also of the best, both for its religious spirit and its artistic composition. Only a small portion of his work appeared in print during his lifetime, and some of it has become lost.

Henry Clay.

Will the Question Bureau give a brief sketch of the life of Henry Clay?—W. H. E., Sardinia, O.

Henry Clay was born in the "Slashes," Va., April 22, 1777. He studied law, and at the age of 20 removed to Kentucky. Having served in the legislature, he was at a very early age elected to the United States senate, and represented Kentucky at Washington. He was soon attached to the cause of internal improvements, with which his name became identified. In rapid succession came his term as speaker of the Kentucky assembly, as United States senator again from 1809 to 1811, and as member of the house, which he entered in 1811. Although a newcomer, he was immediately chosen speaker, and served until his resignation in 1814. He was leader of the war party which forced Madison into the contest with Great Britain. His life in congress was interrupted in 1814, as he had been chosen as one of the envoys to treat for the peace finally negotiated at Ghent in December, 1814. In 1815 he was again in the house and served continually as its speaker until 1821. During this period he was a powerful advocate of the Spanish-American states in insurrection, and was instrumental in effecting the Missouri compromise. After a brief absence from congress he was again speaker of the house from 1823 to 1825. In 1824 he was a candidate for the presidency and received 37 electoral votes. In the exciting contest in the house Adams was finally chosen president, and his appointment of Clay as secretary of state caused not unnaturally the groundless charge of a bargain between the two. Clay had ardently supported the tariff of 1824, and denominated the protective American system. While he was secretary the principal diplomatic matter which arose was the Panama congress. He retired from office in 1829, but in 1831 he entered the senate from Kentucky. For 20 years he was the natural leader of the great party known first as the National Republican, but soon as the Whig. He was nominated as its candidate for president in December, 1831, but was overwhelmingly defeated by Jackson. He was active in the bank controversy and other questions of the time, and brought about the tariff compromise of 1833 and the settlement with France in 1835. In 1840 he failed to receive the Whig nomination, and in 1843 he retired from the senate. The Whig national convention of 1844 nominated him by acclamation, but Clay's "Alabama Letter" turned the scale in favor of Polk. He re-entered the senate in 1849, and took the foremost part in the great compromise bill of 1850. Although by far the most popular man in the party he never again received the nomination for president. In comparison with his great colleagues he shone chiefly as a brilliant debater, magnetic platform orator and contriver of comprehensive measures, intended to preserve the Union. He died June 29, 1852.

Miscellaneous.

C. W. R., Sanford, Ind.: Write to the general land office, Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

K. M. W., Greenville, Ill.: Rev. H. N. Couden is chaplain of the national house of representatives. It is our opinion that they are chosen for the life of each congress.

H. C. L., Sumner, Mich.: General Winfield Scott Hancock was shot from his horse in the battle of Gettysburg and seriously wounded, but did not lose a leg.

F. G. T., Oregon, Ill.: The Bureau cannot give you the information you want. It is against the rules.

E. M. R., Mound City, Kan.: George Washington was born February 11, 1732, O. S., and February 22, N. S. These initials "O. S." and "N. S." mean old style and new style calendar, the calendar having been changed since his birth, making a difference of eleven days.

A. B. H., New Tazewell, Tenn.: It was Patrick Henry who said: "Give me liberty or give me death," and Captain James Lawrence, a United States naval officer who said to his men after he had been mortally wounded, "Don't give up the ship."

J. S. B., Mt. Erie, Ill.: We think you can get the information you want by writing to the war department, Washington, D. C.

J. C. L., Williamsport, Pa.: The pension bill you ask about has passed but one house of congress. When it becomes a law, if it does, we shall be pleased to print it.

L. B., Lincklaen Center, N. Y.: "Mardi Gras," pronounced mar-de-gra, is Shrove Tuesday, the last day before Lent. In the United States the day is observed in New Orleans and Memphis with processions, masquerade balls, and other day entertainments.

C. B. M., Washington, D. C.: The Hague peace conference of 1907 was held in the Hall of Knights.

E. L. W., New Concord, O.: The Bureau cannot answer the questions you ask.

M. E. G., Rochester Mills, Pa.: To answer your question would require more space than we can devote to the subject.

A. J. V., Cairo, W. Va.: Write to the General Land Office, Interior Department, Washington, D. C.

J. W. Y., Leemaster, Va.: We believe it has been decided not to re-open the Jamestown exposition. Seattle is to have an exposition some time next year.

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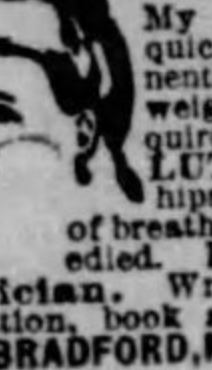
THOUGHTLESSNESS.

They say the world is round, and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there;
But one sad truth in life I've found,
While journeying east and west,
The only folks we really wound
Are those we love the best.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those who love us best.

REDUCE YOUR FAT



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HIS NIGHT OFF.

BY
ELIZABETH
AYRES

"Well, what of it?" the older woman asked with disconcerting calmness.

Her visitor, flushed and excited with the recital of her grievance, had paused in her speech, and looked at her hostess out of large, appealing eyes in expectation of the sympathy she had come for, but which she had chosen to disguise with the name "advice."

"Why, don't you think it is an outrageous thing, even to suggest it?" young Mrs. Garden asked, in an exclamatory voice, expressive of her astonishment at the mental attitude of the other.

"Not at all," returned her confidant. "It is really a very sensible suggestion. Why don't you agree to it, and let Jack have his way?"

"Oh!" gasped young Mrs. Garden.

The older woman watched her out of amused eyes. She had touched life at many points, and had played her part in the little comedies and tragedies of men and women, gaining knowledge therefrom, and wisdom, and gentleness of spirit. She had passed through days of storm and unrest on her journey to the haven of calmness, and, having found her way, she looked upon the world with keen insight and clear understanding of human nature. Having the gift of sympathy, she heard all the woes of her friends, and they went away from her presence comforted.

Though her youth was left behind, Mrs. Holcomb possessed an undying youthfulness of spirit, which was a strong attraction to those who were younger in years and experience.

Grace Garden and her husband, Jack, she held in warm affection. She had known and loved them both from childhood, and it was to her they always turned when perplexity or trouble threatened. Of real trouble they knew nothing, and they were in the state of ignorance regarding it when little annoyances loomed big on their horizon.

Mrs. Holcomb knew that Grace was exacting, and she knew that Jack had a desire for freedom that the normal married life sometimes restrains too much. There could be no question of his love for his wife, or of his loyalty, but occasionally, when Grace forced her claim upon him with too great a pressure, he grew impatient and felt himself a prisoner. In the beginning of their marriage he made a complete surrender to the dominance of Grace's will, but, after awhile, there came a conflict of personalities, and the individual in Jack awakened to assert its existence.

"A man, if he is a man, is not required to be answerable to his wife for every move he makes; neither should he be called to account for each moment of his time when he is not with her," Jack declared, driven to this extreme by Grace's tearful reproaches and insistent demand for an explanation, which were occasioned by an unavoidable absence at an hour when she thought he should have been at home.

It was not this alone which aroused Jack's ire. It was only the climaxing touch to a series of unmeant oppressions against which he was, in secret, rebelling, but it brought an open revolt.

"You are making us both unhappy by your watch dog methods, and I'll not stand them any longer. From now on I'm going to take a night off each week. One night is mine, and it is not to be interfered with. The rest are yours, when I'll do as you say, but remember, I have one night off every week."

Jack spoke with a defiance which Grace felt was utterly uncalled for. He was very unreasonable and unkind to speak in this way, when it was only her great love for him that made her want to know his every thought and action. She did not reply to his declaration of independence, but she went about with an injured air, which would have been very trying if Jack had not been scenting the spice of liberty. Inwardly he was exulting. One evening in the week was to be his to do with as he pleased without question or hindrance. There were to be no explanations as to how he spent his time. This one evening out of the seven, beginning at six o'clock, was to be absolutely his, and he viewed it as a rich possession.

It was this clash of wills that sent Grace to Mrs. Holcomb for consolation. She had no idea of permitting Jack to carry out his plan. He was hers absolutely, and the possibility that he could be happy without her when they might be together, filled her with alarm and indignation.

Her surprise equaled her indignation when she found Mrs. Holcomb did not take her view of the situation. She looked at her incredulously when she said: "It is really a very sensible suggestion. Why don't you agree to it, and be pleasant?"

"Why, it's an outrageous thing!" Grace protested. "I wouldn't dream of leaving Jack alone for a single evening. He's mine, and I love him," she added, with an air of finality.

"Yes, Grace, but are you wise to make your love an oppression?" Mrs. Holcomb asked, gently.

"Oh, love and wisdom never go together," Grace retorted. "What shall I do when Jack is having his night off, as he calls it? It's simply not to be thought of," she repeated. "I'm not going to sit at home alone and neglected when I don't know where my husband is or what he is doing."

"But, Grace," persisted the older woman, "marriage is not meant for life imprisonment. Don't you know that Jack has a nature impatient of restraint? You can't always be keeping your hand on his shoulder. It's a soft little hand, I know," she said, taking it fondly, "but it may become a heavy burden to Jack if he is never released from its pressure. It is a dangerous thing, this claiming absolute possession of another and forcing the fact upon this other's attention that he is no longer free.

"Probably you think I am saying hard things, Grace, dear, but believe me, I am doing it for your own good," Mrs. Holcomb said, earnestly.

"That's what people always say when they're talking disagreeably; it is always for someone's good," Grace answered, speaking bitterly.

"I want you to be happy," the other returned.

The expression of Grace's face softened. She flung herself on her knees beside the older woman, and, held within the circle of her arm, she rested her head on her shoulder.

"What shall I do?" Grace whispered. "Tell me, what shall I do?"

"Try less of vigilance and more of faith."

"I never doubted Jack," Grace protested, holding her head erect. "He's not the kind to be doubted," she said, proudly, rising immediately to her husband's defense.

"I know that as well as you do," Mrs. Holcomb assured her, "but you've been acting as if you did not trust him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Grace, dropping her head again, "I didn't mean to, not for a moment."

"It's not too late to make amends," suggested the older woman, pressing her advantage.

Grace sprang to her feet, eager to be up and doing. It was her impulse of the moment to make a complete sacrifice of self, and surrender her will entirely, but she was not sure how to begin.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she asked excitedly. "I'll never question Jack again. I'll never ask for an explanation. He may have seven nights off a week if he wants them. I'll do anything to make him know that I trust him."

"Don't go to the other extreme," Mrs. Holcomb cautioned, "but loosen the halter you've had around his neck, and let him know you are willing for him to have his night off if he wants it. Smile and look pleasant, and don't ask too many questions."

Grace went away from this counsel firm in her spirit of self-sacrifice and with the older woman's parting words fixed in her mind. The question of Jack's night off was amicably settled, and Grace adjusted herself with so much success to the new order of things upon which she had determined, that the sudden change threw Jack into a state of bewilderment.

Gradually he came to realize that his coveted liberty had lost its charm, since his invisible chains had been loosened. He wondered why Grace did not ask him more questions. There were times when he even longed to be expected "to explain," but Grace said nothing.

She had no further conversation with Mrs. Holcomb regarding the matter, and no reference was made to it between them, except a passing one when she chanced to meet the older woman at a social affair.

"Jack loves his happy home, now," she whispered, radiantly. "He's forgotten his night off, so it's easy to smile and look pleasant."

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FISH THAT CHANGE COLOR

English Prawns Change Their Hues With the Hours.

It has long been found that certain prawns, common along the coasts of England, change their color at least twice every 24 hours, in order to harmonize with the stronger or weaker light prevailing near the surface or in the deeper water.

As evening approaches these fish lose their distinctive day colors and all assume a transparent azure hue. The change begins with a reddish glow, followed by a green tinge, which gradually melts into blue. The day-and-night change becomes so habitual that specimens in perpetual light or perpetual darkness nevertheless undergo the periodic alteration of color.

DIAMOND GROWING.

Belief in the power of the diamond to grow rapidly in the earth was once universal. Robert Boyle, writing in 1692 says: "I shall here annex that memorable relation which I find recorded by Hinschoten and Garcias ab Horto, whereby it may appear that the seminal principles of precious stones, as of plants, are lodged in the bowels of the mine they grow in." Thus when a layer of diamonds was removed, and after the lapse of a year the same place revisited, a fresh layer would be found. Powers of self-multiplication were attributed to the diamond by old writers, one of whom records the story of the noble lady who had inherited two diamonds, which remained for many years buried among her treasures, "at the end of which period it was discovered that from time to time the stones had given birth to several indisputable facsimilies."—Dundee Advertiser.

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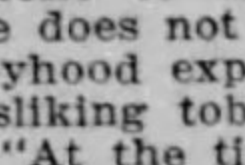

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FAIRBANKS NOT A SMOKER

Vice-President Fairbanks does not smoke or use tobacco in any form. He does not care for it, and relates a boyhood experience as his reason for disliking tobacco.

"At the time," he tells his friends, "when there were a lot of little chaps attending a country school, of whom I was one, the most common way of using tobacco was in a pipe or to chew it. A cigar was a sign of affluence infrequently affected by the inhabitants of that community.

"One day a young man came to see our teacher, who was a young woman, and he wore in his face a long black cigar, that meant he had much money in his pocket; was president of a bank or something equally important. When he came in he left that cigar on the outside, carefully put away on a window ledge. Some spirit of deviltry or perverseness induced me to filch that cigar, and I divided it up in pieces among my companions. Each of us took a bite, and in about five minutes all of us were wildly groping about for something to hold on to so we would not fall off the earth. That's the way we felt, and that experience made me so sick I have never been tempted to repeat it."—Washington Herald.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

Princess Emma, the eldest child of the khedive of Egypt, now in her 13th year, is deaf and dumb and afflicted with a spinal complaint which makes it impossible for her to walk without support. She is a beautiful girl, and, as the Egyptian climate is considered too relaxing for her, she lives in the lovely island of Rhodes, where the khedive has great estates. She occupies a beautiful palace, surrounded by every luxury and is visited several times during the year by her parents. Her mother was originally a slave in the khedivial palace.

Prof. Thaddeus C. Lowe, of Pasadena, Cal., who recently celebrated his 75th birthday, was the inventor of the compressed ice machine, and in 1865 made the first artificial ice ever produced in this country.

Dr. Andrew S. Draper, commissioner of education in New York, says that illiteracy is much more general in that state than in Germany, France, Great Britain, Switzerland, Scandinavia or Japan.

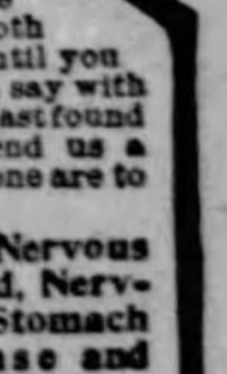
AGNOSTICISM.

An agnostic is a fellow who says he knows nothing and thinks he knows everything.—Louisville Herald.

EXCITEMENT.

The game of climate, with its woes,
Each day proceeds anew;
For every time you change your clothes
The weather changes, too.
—Washington Star.

Dollar Bottle on TRIAL
MAKES STRONG MEN



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Vitaline Tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drug Law. You have never had anything like Vitaline Tablets, combining their wonderful healing and strengthening powers.

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Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 43. 152 Lake St. Chicago. I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets on trial, and if it proves satisfactory I will send you $1.00.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.............Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.................Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 187,000

NOTICE TO MARCH SUBSCRIBERS.

The March cards just mailed to subscribers are good until April 1st. By error the cards are printed to read "not good after February 29th."

Snowdrifts do not impede the progress of the bounding Taft boom.

So far as the Fairbanks boom is concerned one can almost hear a pin drop.

It is always hard to tell what the empress dowager of China is going to do next.

It will be hard to enact a currency law that will please the man who has no money.

If a motto on our coins is so essential, why not also have one on the paper currency?

When it comes to a matter of talking, Mr. Bryan has all the other Democrats tongue-tied.

The man who has a dozen hens laying for him certainly has something on the rest of us.

It takes a woman who has no children to tell the mothers just how to train their dear ones.

Somebody says that "even a fat girl can be sentimental." Yes, but she never looks very cute at it.

There are few states in the country that are not bounded on one or two sides by the Taft boom.

Nothing is much sadder than the story of the man of inexperience who has been trying to run an incubator.

What does the sultan of Turkey do with all the ultimatums he receives, sell them to the rag man?

There are always a number of people in every state who wish their legislature would go home and stay there.

Brandy is said to be about 50 per cent alcohol. And the other 50 per cent is, no doubt, trouble for the family.

What is the matter with those twenty Indiana school teachers who want Harry Thaw to go on the lecture platform?

The only way to make the Denver convention interesting would be to nominate some man other than Bryan.

Deborah S. Stillman, of Connecticut, aged 108 years, says she was kissed by Lafayette. So kissing is unhealthy, is it?

A Chicago doctor claims to be able to cure young women's broken hearts. But he is not the only man who can do it.

It would be nice for some of us if we could put off paying our bills until the Standard Oil company pays that $29,240,000 fine.

No doubt there are pessimists who believe that down beneath the snow something has gone wrong with the winter wheat crop.

A resourceful Detroit woman spanked her husband in order to make him buy her a new dress. The operation was a success.

An Indianapolis pastor advises young men not to marry giggling girls. Nevertheless, marriage is quite often a sure cure for giggling.

Hetty Green says at the proper time Taft will arise and nominate Roosevelt. As a guess that has all the characteristics of originality.

An Iowa man is suing a girl for $10.50 for breach of promise. Probably thinks that is about the amount she has laid away for a spring hat.

For an American girl to marry a well-behaved ball player seems lots more sensible than joining hands and checkbooks with a foreign nobleman with a hay fever name.

Colonel Goethals says the Panama canal will be open for business January 1, 1915. If the late Senator Morgan were alive he would have his doubts about it.

Along next fall, when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock, a great many people of Ohio will amuse themselves by voting whole counties dry.

The vice president doesn't have many opportunities to do anything. Even the electrical buttons, which open expositions and tunnels, have to be pressed by the President.

The New York World has found sixteen Democrats who could poll more votes than Mr. Bryan. Without having seen the list, we feel safe in saying that Judge Alton B. Parker is not one of them.

The Philadelphia Inquirer tells of a mayor who has resigned his office because he was expected to kiss the brides he married. He says he was afraid of contracting some disease. And yet, kissing brides on a salary would be quite tempting to some men.

The Chicago News reports having received the following from an anonymous source: "A Kansas spinster explains the affright of horses at automobiles by likening their feelings to the sensations she would experience if she should see running toward her a pair of trousers without any man in them."

PROTECTION FOR WOMEN.

The state of Oregon has a statute which says that no girl or woman shall be employed in any mechanical establishment or factory more than ten hours a day. A Portland laundryman attacked the law on the ground that it arbitrarily interferes with the right of a woman worker to contract for the sale of her labor. Courts of high and low degree have frequently held that the right of the individual to enter into binding contracts is a part of the personal liberty guaranteed by the constitution and is not to be interfered with.

The Oregon case found its way to the supreme court of the United States, and a few days ago Justice Brewer handed down the decision of that tribunal declaring the law valid. This decision is a remarkable document and will provoke widespread discussion, but if we mistake not, the consensus of opinion will be found to agree with the court.

The court holds that the sexes differ in structure of body and in strength and capacity for long-continued labor, and especially do they differ "in the influence of vigorous health upon the future well-being of the race." Therefore, the court holds that in considering the length of term of woman's employment the needs of motherhood must be considered and that "laws enacted for her protection must be sustained, even when similar laws applied to men could not be sustained."

This is good sense, as well as good law. Physically, woman is the weaker vessel. Her burdens are of a different nature from those borne by men. She should not be worked beyond her strength in gainful occupations, and she needs that degree of protection which will keep her in the best possible condition to meet the natural requirements of the sex. Considering her position, it is right, as the court says, that the law should protect and shield her to a greater extent than it does man.

A dozen or more states have similar laws to that of Oregon, and the supreme court's decision will be an incentive to strengthen such measures wherein they may be weak, and their provisions will no doubt be extended to other states with a result beneficial to the welfare of society.

REFORM IN TAXATION.

Responding to a general demand from all parts of the state that some plan be formulated for modernizing the tax laws of Ohio, Governor Harris, in September, 1906, appointed a special tax commission to investigate conditions and frame a proposition to be submitted to the general assembly.

This commission performed a prodigious amount of work, held a number of meetings at which interested citizens of the state and tax experts from other states discussed plans of procedure. Tax laws of sister states were examined with care, and it is doubtful if any other commission worked more faithfully and intelligently to reach a result which would be fair and just to the people.

The commission was assisted in its labors by the fertile mind of Governor Andrew L. Harris, who gave the question much time and study. The report showed that on all important points the members of the commission were fully agreed. They found the present system of taxation not only antiquated, but manifestly unfair. It was plain to them, as explained in the report, that the farmer and owner of small city homes are bearing unjust burdens, while it is impossible to list for taxation much of the personal property owned by people of great wealth.

It was also apparent to the commission the taxation wrongs cannot be righted under the present constitution and it therefore suggested an amendment under which the legislature would have the power to classify property for taxation and bring the system up to present-day methods.

The report of the commission, together with the recommendation of the governor, was submitted to the legislature and, as a result, the Gayman resolution was introduced, embodying an amendment to be voted upon by the people at the November election.

All went well until within the past few days certain legislators seemed determined to kill the resolution and they all but succeeded. Strange to say the members from the country districts were particularly hostile. If they have discovered a reason why the plan would work an injustice to their constituents they have not made it public. Opposition was expected from other sources, but not from the class which is expected to be benefited.

The Blade has faith in the wisdom and findings of the commission and cannot see why the proposed amendment should not be adopted.

NO POLITICS HERE.

An analysis of the vote in the house on the Rose county option bill shows that, like other temperance legislation in recent years, it was not made a party measure. While 55 Republicans voted for it, this was six short of the number necessary to pass it. Twenty-three Democrats supported it and made its adoption a certainty. It is true that but four Republicans opposed it, while 31 Democrats voted against it. This is explained, however, by the fact that the solid Hamilton county delegation was against it, and every member is a Democrat. Had they been Republicans the vote would not have been different. All but two of the Cuyahoga delegation opposed it, and they, too, are Democrats.

The truth is that, for the most part, the members voiced the sentiments of their constituents. The rural counties were almost a unit for the bill, and the members from Montgomery and three of the four members from Lucas gave it their votes. Its passage cannot be ascribed to either party nor to any particular section of the state.

This places the liquor interests at a disadvantage in their endeavor to strike back. At this time neither political party can be called the saloon party and when the brewers and liquor dealers go out with clubs to get even they will find there is no organization friendly to them, while, on the contrary, both parties are afraid to show them any consideration. They must fight their own battles, and just now they are hanging over the ropes and taking the count.

THE BROWNSVILLE INCIDENT.

So far as the senate committee on military affairs is concerned, the Brownsville incident is closed and the verdict is that the colored troops shot up the town. Eight members signed the report fixing the guilt on the regulars and four affixed their signatures to the minority report prepared by Senator Foraker.

It is expected the fight will be taken to the floor of the senate, for Mr. Foraker is not the man to admit defeat until the last ditch has been reached. It is believed, however, the senate will adopt the majority report, although the fact that more than half the Republican members of the committee voted with the Senator, while the Democratic members unanimously opposed him, may give the minority report considerable strength.

The work of the committee has extended over two sessions of congress and the investigation was most thorough, the evidence covering thousands of pages. The country became heartily tired of the Brownsville incident, for it was generally considered that much was made of it to emphasize the differences between the President and the Ohio senator.

FEBRUARY PREMIUM WATCH.

G. W. Range, of Dayton, Wash., sent us a club of 121 subscribers last month. This being the largest club for February, we have awarded the premium watch to Mr. Range. We shall not offer a premium watch for March, or hereafter, until further notice.

OHIO'S ACHIEVEMENT: COUNTY LOCAL OPTION.

The enactment of the Rose county local option bill into law marks the greatest achievement of the temperance forces in Ohio.

The large majority given the bill in both branches of the legislature shows the strong sentiment in favor of the measure among the people of the state.

The whole strength of the liquor element in Ohio was exerted to encompass its defeat and expert lobbyists were brought to Columbus from other states to coax and threaten legislators. But the representatives obeyed the voice of their constituents and made the bill a law. Never before was there such a contest between these contending forces, and never before was there such a splendid victory.

The enactment of the Rose law marks another important step in Ohio temperance legislation. Twenty years ago Ohio passed her first local option law. It was the Beatty township law. Its operation has been so effective that today of the 1370 townships in the state more than 1100 are without saloons.

For many years there was no further local option legislation. Efforts were made to enact municipal option laws, but they were defeated. Finally, a few years ago, the Beal bill was passed. Under its provisions more than half of the municipalities of the state have outlawed the saloon.

Then the mills of the gods began to grind more rapidly, for following the Beal law came the Brannock law providing for local option in residential districts in the cities. This was amended into the Jones law two years ago, at which time the search and seizure law was enacted, which makes it possible to rout the bootleggers and blind tigers.

During these years the tax has also been increased. It started at $200 a year, was raised to $250, then to $350, and two years ago was increased to $1,000.

It is worthy of note that not only has every one of these local option and tax laws been held valid by the courts, but also not one of them has been repealed. It is safe to say the county option law is on the statute books to stay, at least until it is substituted by state-wide prohibition.

These various enactments mark the development of temperance sentiment among the people. The saloon is doomed. Drinking is no longer popular as it has been in the past. The saloon is the only institution the product of which is not wanted by the public. The great world of business has set its seal of disapproval on the man who drinks. Corporations and business firms turn him away when he offers them his services. The man who drinks is at a distinct disadvantage in the industrial and business activities of the day.

The fight against the liquor traffic is no longer a sentiment, neither is it simply a question of good morals. It is an economic problem and cold dollars and cents figure in its solution. Every individual, as well as every community, is better off financially, as well as every other way, without the saloon.

What will be accomplished under the Rose law depends entirely upon the people of the several counties. The whole question is now up to them. They may keep the saloons if they want them, and they have the privilege of voting them out if they do not want them. If they vote to abolish them they have the search and seizure law, which is a powerful weapon to be used in keeping local option territory dry.

The Blade will be greatly surprised if half of the 88 counties of Ohio will not have banished the saloons within two years.

Of course, the liquor men will fight. Driven into a corner they will no doubt combine their interests and will constitute a powerful antagonist. The temperance forces must not make the mistake of imagining the victory is won by the passage of the Rose law. Their duty is now to work zealously and harmoniously to secure the greatest possible amount of benefit from the privilege which has been given them.

If the Rose law, with the broader power it gives the people, is made as effective, correspondingly, as the Beal law, it will not be many years until Ohio will be ready to take the next and final step in temperance legislation—the elimination of all saloons within her borders.

HEARST AND HIS PARTY.

In this year of national politics the public may expect all sorts of innovations. It is yet early and already we have the framework of a new political party. William Randolph Hearst is a genius in advertising William Randolph Hearst. He is a young man with both brains and money. He likes politics and knows how to play the game. Then, too, he is a fighter, and because he has resources he is a force to be reckoned with.

Mr. Hearst has organized a new party. The Independence League which cut a figure in New York politics has been made national in its scope. This new party purposes to put a ticket in the field, appeal for popular support and contest with Republicans and Democrats for supremacy at the polls.

Mr. Hearst's party will wait until the Chicago and Denver conventions are over and then it will jump into the arena with its candidate for president. Of course the candidate will be Mr. Hearst. He is the party. Without him it would not be anything. His personality is all there is to it.

What the new party will do at the polls is merely conjecture. It may cut some figure. Hearst, his money and his newspapers are capable of kicking up considerable dust. History tells of wonderful changes wrought by third parties. Harrison was defeated in 1892 because a million votes went to Weaver. A split in the Democratic party in 1860 elected Lincoln. The Liberty party probably defeated Clay in 1844. What will Hearst's party do in 1908?

Mr. Hearst has always been a Democrat. He has proved himself a vote-getter in New York. Four years ago he was a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination and his followers made more noise at the St. Louis convention than any other factional rooters, but the cards were stacked against him.

It is safe to assume that being a Democrat Hearst will draw the large part of his support from that party. It may be the Denver convention will concede some things to Mr. Hearst to get him to strangle the new movement, although it must be admitted Hearst is not easily sidetracked. At any rate the aggressive editor is certain to be a factor in the political movements of the year.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

There is much discussion over the initiative and referendum resolution pending in the legislature, providing for a consitutional amendment under which representative government is to be, in a measure, abolished and the people given the opportunity to enact and repeal laws by popular vote.

The advocates of this radical departure, led by Herbert Bigelow, the Cincinnati politician-preacher, brand those who oppose the proposition as bad citizens and enemies of the rights of the "dear people."

However, there are two sides to the question and the citizen is not necessarily tied up to the "interests" if he fails to fall in line and whoop it up for the initiative and referendum. The measure is so radical a departure from established methods of government that it needs, at least, to be made the subject of the most careful consideration.

But few states have tried the plan. Oregon is one. The law has been in operation there for six years. An election occurs every two years. At the regular election next June the voters will pass on nineteen different measures. Some of them radical as, for instance, one of them proposes to exempt all homes and manufacturing establishments from taxation.

After six years' experience with the initiative and referendum the Portland Oregonian has this to say:

> The facilities for law-tinkering and law-making are too easy, and we are beginning to see that they are dangerous, or, at least, that they may be employed in dangerous and ominous ways.

Any such proposition embracing, as it does, a complete revolution in methods of government, is to be decided only after the widest possible discussion and mature deliberation.

BRADLEY A SENATOR.

A Republican United States senator from Kentucky?

What wonderful stunts the old border state is pulling off these days!

A few months ago the voters elected Willson, Republican, governor and with him a Democratic legislature.

And now the Democratic legislature elects W. O. Bradley, the most popular Republican in the state, to the United States senate, turning down ex-Governor Beckham!

Since Kentucky is going dry, county by county until few wet spots remain, she certainly does cut some strange capers.

Senator-elect Bradley will honor the state in the senate. He is a native Kentuckian, and served as governor, was its choice for president in 1896 and has for many years been a prominent figure in the counsels of the Republican party.

His election to the senate yesterday was brought about by a disagreement among the Democratic members of the legislature. Beckham was the leading candidate but his party refused to line up for him, three senators and one member of the lower house casting their votes for Bradley.

What will Kentucky do next?

BRYAN'S NOMINATION MEANS HARD CONTEST.

Unless there is a decided change in the situation all efforts to prevent the nomination of W. J. Bryan at the Denver convention will fail. He is strong with the rank and file of the Democratic party and the leaders who oppose him are without sufficient following to make a respectable showing in the convention.

In many ways Mr. Bryan is a remarkable man. It must be conceded that he is one of America's foremost citizens. Twice the standard bearer of the party in presidential campaigns and twice defeated he is today the most conspicuous Democrat in the country.

Were Bryan an ordinary man these defeats would have sent him to political oblivion. Were he a mere politician and not a leader he would not have been heard of after the campaign of 1900. Alton B. Parker is little more than a memory and yet it has not been four years since he was named for the presidency. Bryan has suffered two national defeats and it must be admitted he is a greater man today and a broader statesman than when his "cross of gold and crown of thorns" speech brought him into the public eye in 1896 and made him a candidate for the presidency.

Few Americans have retained the leadership of a party for so long a time as has Mr. Bryan, and his record is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that in all these years he has had no patronage to bestow and has not been surrounded with the glamour and power of office. He has earned his place as one of the great Americans of the present era.

Democrats who opposed his policies four years ago made a sorry mess of it. Blaming him with party defeat in 1896 and again in 1900 they rejected his counsels in 1904 and met with political annihilation. There is little doubt the result four years ago would have been the same had Bryan been the nominee, for no man could have defeated Theodore Roosevelt; but the day Parker was defeated the fates pointed to Bryan as the man to lead Democracy in 1908.

There is nothing more uncertain than the result of a political campaign. In all probability if Bryan is nominated at Denver he will again be defeated. While he is a leader he is not a vote getter. The people will flock to hear him and will applaud him vigorously and then go to the polls and vote against him. While they have admired his dash and eloquence they have not considered him the type of a man to place at the head of the government. If he is nominated at Denver they will trample upon one another to see and hear him, but if history repeats itself the other fellow will get their votes.

And yet if Bryan is again the nominee, Republicans may as well concede there will be a contest which will call forth the entire fighting strength of the party. It may be Mr. Bryan is not as strong with the people as he was in previous campaigns, but it will not do to bank on such a surmise. He will arouse much enthusiasm among tens of thousands of voters, and the Republican party will make a great mistake if it goes on the assumption that Bryan's nomination means an easy victory over Democracy.

FIGHT AGAINST DENMAN.

Senator Wm. M. Denman, of Williams county, represents the Thirty-second district in the legislature. He is a Democrat and is serving his first term. Mr. Denman is a candidate for renomination and the convention will be held in Bryan early in April.

Senator Denman tries at all times to represent his constituents. He voted for the county local option bill because, after investigation, he believed a majority of his constituents wanted it to become a law and also because he favors practical temperance legislation.

The brewers in Mr. Denman's district at once got busy to defeat his renomination. The feeling against county option is strong in the counties of Mercer, Auglaize and Allen and the Democratic manipulators in that part of the district are hand in glove with the brewery and saloon interests. These three counties will come within a few votes of controlling the Bryan convention and will offset the delegates from Van Wert, Paulding and Williams, with Defiance divided.

The fight against Denman is made on the pretext that he opposed the Howe franchise bill, but this is simply a blind. He is to be defeated because he is true to his convictions and his constituents. The liquor men may be successful in keeping the nomination from him but their advantage will be short-lived. If they nominate a saloon man his defeat at the polls is certain for already the temperance forces are getting together and will either support the Republican candidate or induce Senator Denman to make the race as an independent.

At all events the laugh of the liquor interests will be short-lived.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANK BILL.

Senator Knox has introduced a bill providing for the institution of postal savings banks, in line with Postmaster General Myers' recommendation and the President's approval.

Although the measure is destined to travel a rocky road, especially during this session of congress, when the disposition seems to be to do nothing, Senator Knox has started a campaign that ultimately will produce results.

In the opinion of the postmaster general postal savings banks will be a great benefit to a large class of ignorant people, especially foreigners, who refuse to entrust their earnings to private savings institutions. There is no doubt that millions of dollars are thereby kept out of circulation, whereas if the government agrees to become the custodian of these people they will promptly transfer their hoardings from trunks, stockings and other places of concealment to Uncle Sam's treasury.

It is contended that these postal savings banks will not compete with the private financial institutions, nor with the national banks, and does not contemplate paying more than a nominal rate of interest. On the contrary the effect should be beneficial to the banks, for when these timid and illiterate people become accustomed to depositing their earnings much of the prejudice against private institutions will wear away and they will seek the higher rate of interest.

DANGER POINT REACHED.

With reference to primary election legislation, the legislature is now exactly where it was at adjournment two years ago. The Huffman bill has passed the senate and is pigeon-holed in the house. The Bronson bill has passed the house and will be filed away by the senate committee.

The danger point has now been reached. Neither house will pass the measure which originated in the other. The Blade's Columbus correspondent predicted days ago the present condition would be brought about and that a conference committee would have to agree on a measure if such a thing is possible.

The politicians of both parties are alert and will kill a fair primary bill as they have succeeded in doing in the past, unless the people of the state put on the pressure and compel action on the part of these representatives. Many of the legislators are sincere in the desire to enact a fair primary law, but others are dominated by politicians and will resort to any means to kill any such bill outright or so disfigure it that it will be little less than a blot on the statute books.

Every citizen who wishes a just primary measure should see to it that his representative will do the right thing by his constituents rather than play into the hands of political wire-pullers.

A Pittsburg woman found on a strictly fresh egg a note written by an Indiana school teacher in 1906. Apparently, then, a reasonably fresh egg can find its way to market.

When Washington correspondents find the house chaplain making a good prayer they put it on the wire without waiting for an answer.

NOW WE'LL GROWL AGAIN

I.

For a while forgot our troubles—
 Peace came after pain;
Just one day for feelin' thankful—
 Now we'll growl again!

II.

Sorter counted up our blessin's—
 Sunshine in the rain;
Told the Lord that we were thankful—
 Now we'll growl again!

III.

Now the hill will lack the sunlight—
 Darkness dim the plain;
Thorns will redden round the roses—
 Now we'll growl again!

IV.

What a world! When life's still singin':
 "Sweeter joys remain!"
To our grief our hearts are clingin'—
 Now we'll growl again!

—Atlanta Constitution.

WE WAKE UP TOO FAST

French Doctor Has a "Don't" for These Strenuous Times.

The French Academy of Sciences listened sympathetically this week to an address by Dr. Savary, who warned his hearers against the dangers of rising immediately on awakening from sleep. He said the strenuous business man who bolts out of bed to his bathtub the moment he opens his eyes in the morning renders himself liable to a number of ailments, including madness.

It was absolutely necessary, Dr. Savary declared, to rest wakefully in bed for 20 minutes before getting up.

SECRET OF SUCCESS IN WINDOW CLEANING

"I know my windows look streaked," said the young housekeeper sadly, "but what can I do with them?"

"Use alcohol in the wash water," replied her older adviser. "A couple of teaspoonfuls to a small basin is enough. The water should be warm, and a small chamois skin wrung out of it and applied to the windows will remove every bit of dust or stains."

She might have added that old newspapers are even better than chamois skin for the final polishing. There is nothing better for a finish than a good rub with a newspaper. Both chamois and rags may possibly be in a condition to leave a streak or smear, but newspapers can be perfectly clean; besides, the printer's ink makes an excellent polish. Moreover, they have the merit of cheapness, and are always available.

If one is prepared for window cleaning on a damp day, when just a mist appears upon the glass, then a dry rag and lastly a newspaper is all that is necessary if vigorously applied. This is the quickest process of all, but none is particularly formidable if gone about in a methodical way.

The main points to be remembered are never to clean windows with the sun shining on them, to have plenty of dry cotton cloths or a number of old newspapers on hand, and in no case to use too much water.

MAKING LAMP SHADES.

In making candle shades, lamp shades and hats at home the first work to be done is to wrap the whole frame with one-inch bias bands of silk or cotton. This keeps the wire from showing through in such ugly lines, and it forms a foundation to which the outer covering may be sewn.

To this rule there is one exception when the covering is to be panels of denim or cretonne faced all round with braid. Then the material may be brought around the frame, leaving the raw edge on the right side, and after the cover is sewn tight into place the edges may be trimmed close and the braid sewn on.

In choosing a cretonne for a lamp shade those with a design including a basket of flowers are very satisfactory, for each one may be used for a panel of the shade. Bouquets of flowers, too, are most suitable for the purpose, but a cretonne with a small design does not look so well.

LACE MEDALLIONS.

This is the time of year when needlewomen are busy making lingerie waists for the summer, and any suggestion as to the arranging of lace and insertion should be very welcome.

In making bow knots or flowers of insertion for medallions it is necessary to have each the same shape and the same size. This is very easily done by placing the first one made on a piece of brown pattern of the outline. After that the others may be made by sewing the lace to the paper, and, after tacking it together, ripping the paper away. This will insure each medallion being identical and will save much time for the home dressmaker.

The same idea may be carried out in making combinations of lace and embroidery, for without the greatest care nothing is so easy as to make one side of the waist totally different from the other.

BLOOD FOR BABIES.

A hospital nurse was grinding a reddish brown substance in a coffee mill.

"What is it?" she said. "Why, it is blood—blood for new-born babies."

"Blood—not milk—for babies?"

"Yes," said the nurse. "All over the world, the doctors are trying blood as an infant food, and their success is wonderful. Bloodfed babies turn out ruddy and fat and muscular; beside them your milkfed baby seems pale and soft.

"These experiments with blood were begun by a French doctor, one Regnard. He tried blood, dried and pulverized, on motherless lambs, and so great was his success that he next tried it on babies.

"Ordinary slaughter-house blood is used. We dry it and sterilize it, then serve it, powdered, with any ordinary infants' feed."

ARE CULTURED WOMEN.

The late George Pullman, who amassed such a considerable fortune, was not happy in his sons, neither of whom is now alive, but the daughters are both beautiful and cultivated women. Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, wife of Congressman Lowden, of Illinois, lives in Washington, and the other daughter, Mrs. Francis Carolyn, in California. Mrs. Carolyn has a beautiful voice and will soon take an added course of instruction in Paris. Mrs. Pullman also lives in Washington and is building a beautiful house, where she will entertain quite a great deal next winter. Mrs. Lowden is an intimate friend of Mrs. John A. Logan, and was with her on a trip to the Bahamas when she met her future husband.

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

They say that Chaucer went about
Enthused with potent ale and stout.
 If this be so,
 I'd like to know
How can a bard attain renown
Within a local option town?

They say that Shakespeare always hit
The cup that cheers a goodish bit.
 If this be true,
 I ask of you
How can a poet hope to fly
When living in a town that's dry?

They say that Jonson took a crack
Ten times a day at old mulled sack.
 If this be so,
 I want to know
How can a man climb to fame
Against this local option game?

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DYED EYEBROWS.

As a rule it is better to leave eyebrows as nature intended them. When they are almost white, however, staining seems justifiable.

This should never be attempted by the amateur, as it can generally be detected. On the other hand, one accustomed to the use of hair dyes can usually transform the eyebrows and lashes so as to defy suspicion.

Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, is one of the best evidences of the self-made men in the senate. His father was so poor that when he was a boy, he had to go barefooted even in winter. He is one of the three new senators who were old enough to take part in the civil war and the only one who did not.

The Mashpee community of Indians, who live on Cape Cod, and are the sole surviving remnants of the once powerful tribe of the Naticks, are generally supposed to have long since lost the customs and language of their race. They speak the English language and the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in his introduction to Trumbull's "Natick Dictionary," declares that at the present time "no word of the language of the race is spoken" and that not one of them has "any further knowledge of it (the Indian tongue) than any other New Englander."

WAITER TALKS OF TIPS.

Compensations of System—Methods Employed.

"I know by the way you nod your head you think it's pretty hard on the public. Suppose every waiter here got a regular salary with no chance for extras. Do you suppose he'd be jumping hurdles for a lot of fussy people, all kicking about better things than they get at home. Do you think he'd present the glad smile to those he'd like to choke, break his neck making everybody comfortable, and then listen to their hard-luck stories or more painful jokes? No, sir; he'd serve the stuff just as he got it from the kitchen. He wouldn't go back and fight for tidbits and extra-hot food. He'd be in no hurry to serve any one and pile up work for himself. The customer would wait because the waiter wouldn't, and probably he'd never come back, and that's where the owner would lose."

"It must take great ingenuity to make the system pay," I mused.

"It does," said Joseph. "The stupid waiter starves. Do you know that in order to hold good waiters the cheap hash-slinging joints have to pay higher wages than the swell restaurants? There's not the opportunity for tips in the cheap places, and the waiter must follow opportunity like a bird of prey. He simply has to be clever enough to get tips, and he has no social standing to make him bashful. There are two methods: one is to get them spontaneously, the other to force them out. Most people tip only because they're ashamed not to. I make out better with the first method, especially in a place like this, where most of our patrons are regulars. It isn't the regular who does the complaining; he knows, and saves the exertion.

"With strangers it's a gamble. It may be a little party, and the things they order gladden your heart with anticipation. You try to be a gentleman with the service, and then at the finish you get nothing—or maybe a dime. You can't complain, you'd be discharged. But there are ways. You can't blame a waiter who is bunced if he administers a rebuke in a dignified way, such as: 'Ah, sir, you've forgotten a dime of your change.' Or he can call his helper, and without a word point to the coin for him to remove."—Robert Sloss, in Harper's Weekly.

BITS WORTH KNOWING.

One million dollars was made by the person who patented the gimlet-pointed screw.

The main wheel of a watch makes 460 revolutions per year, the central wheel 8,760, the third wheel 70,080, the fourth 525,600, and the escape wheel 731,360.

It is a tradition of the Austrian royal house that no emperor must die lying down. He must stand up to receive the last dread messenger.

Archdeacon Cole, of Pittsburg, has a piece of butter that is 109 years old. He exhibited it at a recent gathering in McKeesport and invited spectators to partake of it. The invitation was not accepted.

Down in Texas an enterprising watermelon grower has invented a machine to seed the melons, and now melon seeds are selling as low as 15 cents a pound. Hundreds of acres of melons are now grown in Lipscombe county each year for the specific purpose of obtaining seed, the melon itself not being used.

The largest plow ever built has been successfully used on a Texas ranch. The implement clears a strip of ground seven feet wide.

Professor Shaw, of the Michigan experiment station, has ascertained that it costs $28.75 for feed to sustain a calf from birth until one year old. It was of the Holstein breed.

A milking machine was recently exhibited at a Missouri state fair that milked six cows at one time. A herd of 75 cows was milked in one hour and fifteen minutes, two boys operating it. This machine will assist largely in solving the help problem on the dairy farm.

A cucumber weighing 3¼ pounds was raised in Sawtelle, Cal., this season.

An electrical plant has been discovered in Nicaragua.

Brazilian cocoanut palms live from 600 to 700 years.

The Chinese pony is said to be somewhat like a sheep, his nose rounding off similarly and not unlike a camel, but in disposition it resembles a pig and is in many ways like a mule.

THE MEXICAN'S MONEY.

Almost any Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere between $200 and $800. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce more than many foreigners. The ordinary Mexican professional man will be found to carry sums of money on his person that would surprise the ordinary traveler and even cause him worry were he forced to carry it with him, yet the Mexican never thinks of it.

It was but a few days ago that an instance of this kind was brought to attention, says the Mexican Herald. One Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a $1,000 bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly $2,000. Time after time this has happened, and it seems no uncommon thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry between 1,000 and 2,000 pesos on his person.

The check idea seems to have taken but small hold as yet upon the citizens of Mexico, especially when small amounts of less than $1,000 are concerned. They consider it much easier to pay spot cash than to give a check for amounts of $50 or $100, and they claim with some amount of reason that a business deal can be put through with better advantage than when the cash is in sight.

Even the Indian in the street carries amounts of cash that would never be supposed to be in his possession. They carry their money in a leather belt, fastened around their bodies inside the trousers. These belts are hollow and are open at one end. Into the open end the Indian slips his pesos or bills until he has the whole full. The belt then is either taken off and hidden away in the hills or the bills are changed for larger denominations and still carried around the body. But the Indian is a stickler for "pesos duros," or "hard cash," and prefers them to any other class of money except gold.

To the Indian money is money, and a bank book stands for nothing in his way of reckoning. A check he will not accept under any circumstances, because he does not understand it. A coin or paper currency is what he is after, and that is what he keeps his hands on when he gets it.

WAY TO CLEAN WATCHES

Perhaps the most novel use to which bread is put may be seen in the great watch factory at Elgin, Ill., where more than forty loaves of fresh bread are required each day. Superintendent George E. Hunter, of the watch factory, is quoted as saying:

"From the earliest times in the history of watchmaking it has been the custom of watchmakers to reduce fresh bread to the form of dough. This is done by steaming and kneading. They then use this dough for removing oil and chips that naturally adhere to pieces as small as the parts of a watch. There are many parts of a watch, by the way, that are so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye. The oil is absorbed by this dough, and the chips stick to it, and there is no other known substance which can be used as a wiper without leaving some of its particles attached to the thing wiped. This accounts for the continued use of bread dough in the watchmaking industry."—American Food Journal.

MEATS NEEDING CARE.

An experienced housewife declares that both lamb and mutton should be more carefully prepared than the other meats. First, the loose fat which comes wrapped around such a roast should be removed, washed carefully in salty water and set to work in a dish of cold water into which a very little bicarbonate of soda has been put. Then the roast proper, instead of being washed or wiped as usual, should be thoroughly scraped with a sharp knife until every bit of skin has been removed, without, however, cutting away any of the fat; and next the meat should be freely rubbed with salt. After this the loose fat, which has meanwhile been soaking, should be wiped quite dry and fastened around the roast with long skewers. Finally, this outer layer should be rubbed over with salt, and at last the roast of lamb or mutton is ready for the pan.

VARIETIES

Goldsmith got 500 guineas fo "Animated Nature."

Dickens left an estate of the results of his writing.

The last census of locomotives this country showed 51,672.

British government proposes to out one-third of saloons in King

A large hotel in Grand Rapids, is heated largely by electricity.

The thimble was at first wor the thumb and was called "thu bell."

The atmosphere of Natal is so that it is possible to see thirty

Charles H. Schwab, just back Europe, talks optimistically on business outlook.

President Roosevelt tells teacher proposes to keep up his fight on tenness and corruption.

Nearly 20,000 women are empl in Prussia as brickmakers. An ele hour day is the rule.

Governor Hughes orders prompt tion on the charges against Jerome sets March 9 for filing of answe

During the last year the expor this country have grown greate the items of cars, carriages and au mobiles.

An English minister says that doners are developing into a rac dwarfs owing to smoking and in trains.

In the family of Mr. and Mrs. liam Miller, of Niles, Mich., are sets of twins. Each set was bor a Sunday.

William J. Bryan in replying James B. Forgan's letter declare banks are for the people and no people for the banks.

Women's enfranchisement bill its first reading in the British of commons, but is effectually sh for the present session.

Sumner says that President velt expects that Taft will have than 500 votes on the first and ballot at the Chicago convention.

Walter Wellman says Standard money is being used in the south stir up the opposition to the Roos policies and send contesting tions.

Joseph Duvey, of Big Rapids, began putting cement to its pr uses away back in the forties, claims to be the original cement

After making gifts of nearly 000 to relatives and for educa purposes, Mrs. Anna M. W Weightman is married in New to F. C. Penfield.

Suffragette army attacks the market in New York, but is met hoots, ticker tape and large quan of water and retreats precipitate

On June 30, 1906, the total track railway mileage in the States was 224,363.17 miles or miles more than at the end of previous year.

The Great Eastern, which made maiden trip just half a century was not a financial success unti became a cable repair vessel se years after.

Governor Folk, of Missouri, in address before the Civic Forum Carnegie hall, New York, declares the nation is entering upon a new of civil and business rectitude.

Perfume manufacturers of Italy year consume 1,800 tons of orange-b som, 930 tons of roses, 150 tons of Jessmine and violets and fifteen of jonquils.

Congressman Foss introduces a in congress to award gold medal Bishops Fowler and Hartzell for ism in life-saving work on Lake igan nearly half a century ago.

Levy Mayer, urging that the indict ment against Judge Grosscup for Charleston wreck be quashed, say such indictments are upheld ration of corporate control must low.

One writer says Senator Owe half-breed from Oklahoma, has p himself one of the great men of senate and more than a match Aldrich in handling the financial tion.

Governor Swettenham, who wa prominent in the eye of the world the time of the Kingston disaster, who was later removed, is now r ning a stock farm in Jamaica.

Alec Lior, the "piper of North kagon," has a violin which, he say a genuine Stradivarius. In civil time on the Mississippi river he to get $50 a night to play it.

Dr. James A. Craig, professor Semitic languages at Ann Arbor, invented a system of shorthand a student at McGill university, has used it constantly for thirty

Prusin Schiman, although al one years old, is still an active taker in Milwaukee, Wis. He a at 5 every morning and attends He has buried over 600 since 187

Walter Wellman says President velt's action in sending his latest to congress when every one of his advised against it is an example of President's remarkable courage.

Representative Nehemiah D. Sperry, Connecticut, is the oldest man in House of Representatives. He wi eighty-one years old in July. This seventh term. He was postmaster in Haven under Lincoln.

Mr. Thompson, Canadian member parliament for Yukon, declares within five years the Klondike gold put will reach $20,000,000 a year as result of the operations of the big ing companies.

A physician was recently attending woman patient whose husband came see him concerning her condition. husband said: "Doctor, do you th there is any need for any unneces anxiety about my wife?"

Blanche Bates, the actress, is agita a project for the establishment of a for needy Forty-niners. It will be in fornia, and she is in communication the various representatives in that with a view of learning how much may depend upon them for aid in movement.

The Chilean government has paid date $2,318,480, United States gold, property appropriated for public the reconstruction of the city of paraiso. This is done to widen some the streets, straighten others, and modernize that portion of the city was so nearly a total wreck.

A committee has been appointed Washington to select a site and erect statue of John Witherspoon, a signer the Declaration of Independence, some government land in Washi other than the grounds of the capito the library of congress, the statue provided by the Witherspoon Mem Association.

Capt. Jules Bailly, the osteologist McGill university, who has just died the age of seventy-seven, was born France and his grand-uncle, Simon was one of the committee who signed order to behead Louis XVI. He st his career as apprentice to a pastry For a time he resided in Philadelphia

Two women were strangers to other at a reception. After a few ment's desultory talk the first said querulously: "I don't know what's matter with that tall blonde gentle over there. He was so attentive a ago, but he won't look at me now." haps," said the other, "he saw me in. He's my husband."

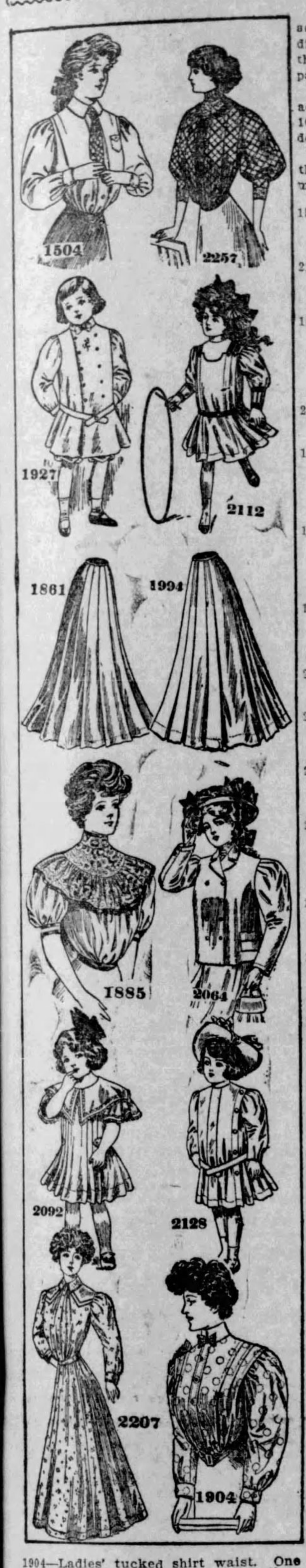
The Chilean government has beg work on double tracking the main way line from Valparaiso to Santiago, distance of about 100 miles, which require a large quantity of new and many thousands of new ties. with the harbor improvements, will relieve the congestion in that port, for the last year has been a hindra to business.

Fifteen boiler explosions are reported Germany for the year 1906. Three out the fifteen explosions are attributed low water, one to failure of the bottom a vertical boiler which had been in ice twenty-eight years, and one to rosion proceeding from outside inward a spot where the metal of the boi thirty-two years, was in contact with outer wall.

A new safeguard for collieries is offe by the discovery of Professors Elster Geitel that fire damp contains seven times as much radium emana as the ordinary air of coal mines. aluminum foil electroscope quickly the difference of electrical conduc due to the emanation, and this apparatus becomes an effective and portant means of detecting danger.

There is at present on exhibition of the rooms of the national house Washington a magnificent painting of Battle of Gettysburg, the work of Ja Walker, who painted the Battle Chapultepec, which is hung on the side of the capitol. The original sk were made on the battlefield by the ar himself, and it required eight years complete the painting. Noticeable in foreground is a figure of General ham, of Pennsylvania, the dean of house of representatives.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES



1904—Ladies' tucked shirt waist. One of the favorite patterns for tailor-made waists. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

1504—Misses' shirt blouse, with or without back yoke facing. Striped or plain flannel make up well in this style. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2257—Ladies' tucked shirtwaist with three-quarter length sleeves and a removable chemisette. Pretty for fancy linen. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

1927—Boys' Russian suit, consisting of a blouse with neckband for adjustable collars, and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands; and knickerbockers. Suitable for both wool and cotton materials. 4 sizes, 2 to 5 years.

2112—Girls' one-piece yoke dress. A good model for cashmere, voile or mohair. 4 sizes, 6 to 12 years.

1861—Ladies' thirteen-gored skirt, with an under box plait at centerback seam and side plaits below hip at the other seams. A good model for either a separate skirt or as part of a suit. 7 sizes, 22 to 34.

1994—Misses' seven-gored skirt, with an inverted box plait at centerback seam and a box plait at each other seam. A good model to wear with the separate jacket or shirtwaist. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

1885—Ladies' waist, with high or low neck, long or short sleeves and with or without bertha and body and sleeve lining. Pretty and simple in construction. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

2064—Misses' box coat. Covert cloth is a splendid material for this style of coat. 3 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2092—Child's low necked tucked dress. A pretty style for challis, voile, cashmere or any of the heavy linens. 4 sizes, 3 to 9 years.

2128—Child's box plaited dress, closed at left side of front. An excellent pattern for the small girl or boy. 4 sizes, 2 to 5 years.

2207—Ladies' house dress. The waist with or without short body lining, and the five-gored skirt joined to the waist. Any of the thin woolens or wash materials make up well in this style. 8 sizes, 32 to 46.

2142—Ladies' shirtwaist, with three-quarter length sleeve and a removable chemisette. A charming style of separate waist. 6 sizes, 32 to 42.

2285—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with seven-eighths length sleeves. A pretty style for messaline, silk, organdie or handkerchief linen. Six sizes—32 to 42.

2270—Child's Tucked French Dress, with yoke. Linen, fine batiste and cashmere or nun's veiling are good materials for this style. Four sizes—2 to 5 years.

1813—Child's Box-plaited Dress, closed at left side of front and with applied yoke. A pretty style much seen at the presen time. Four sizes—1 to 7 years.

2277—Ladies' Eleven-gored Ripple Skirt. An excellent model for tweed or tailor suiting. Seven sizes—22 to 34.

1470—Misses' Three-piece Skirt, to be tucked or shirred at top. Pretty for thin goods. Three sizes—13 to 17 years.

2032—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with three-quarter length sleeves. A splendid model for all materials. Six sizes —32 to 42.

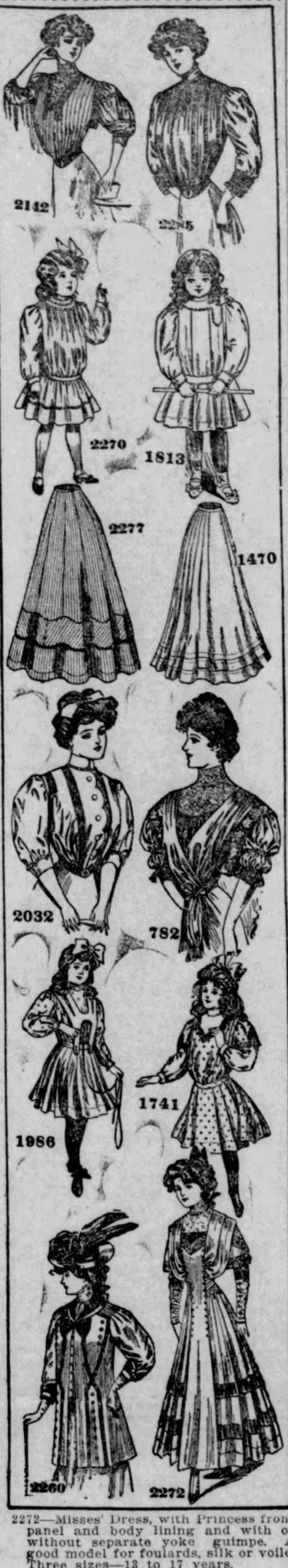
1782—Ladies' Waist, with elbow sleeves having lining, high or low neck, and with or without the surplice drapery and mikado oversleeves. A good pattern for a dressy waist. Five sizes—32 to 42.

1986—Girls' Suspender Dress, with one-piece plaited skirt and a separate guimpe. Suitable for thin woolen materials or for linen. Four sizes—6 to 12 years.

1741—Girls' Jumper Dress, with guimpe and plaited skirt. A practical garment for every day wear. Four sizes —6 to 12 years.

2260—Misses' Semi-fitting Coat, with three-quarter length sleeves. Covert cloth or invisible plaid worsted may be used for this stylish garment. Four sizes—14 to 17 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.



2272—Misses' Dress, with Princess front panel and body lining and with or without separate yoke guimpe. A good model for foulards, silk or voile. Three sizes—13 to 17 years.

ON AN OPTION PLATFORM

Pennsylvania Congressman Is Making Campaign.

Acheson Declares Next Legislature of His State Will Tackle Local Option.

Washington D. C., Feb. 29.—Fully determined to make local option the principal issue in his fight for the Republican nomination from the Twenty-fourth congressional district, Representative Ernest F. Acheson, of Pennsylvania, left here for home. While Mr. Acheson in discussing the prospective contest, pays his respects to Senator Foraker, he makes it emphatic that he will ask for renomination on a temperance platform. Questions relating to the tariff and finance are secondary in the estimation of Mr. Acheson.

On account of Mr. Acheson's attitude at Washington and Pennsylvania, temperance organizations and leaders from every part of the country are deeply interested in his campaign. He will have the active support of the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and other national temperance societies. Governor Hanly, of Indiana; Mrs. Lake, the noted temperance worker, and other speakers of national reputation, will be sent into Mr. Acheson's district to rally the temperance people to his support.

Mr. Acheson in discussing the situation in his district said: "The three counties that compose my district gave 6,000 majority for prohibition in 1889. The sentiment now is stronger than ever before. Questions relating to the tariff and finance are secondary in the campaign this year. We fight for the right of the people to control the liquor traffic or destroy it if they so will. If the Republican party will not concede them this right they will break party lines and smash political machines. The corrupt alliance between Senator Penrose and the liquor interests must be broken. At least one hundred members of the next legislature will be for local option above everything else. More than 10,000 ministers and other church workers will visit Harrisburg, and 400,000 persons will petition the legislature for local option. Every church in the state will demand it. The liquor interests working to stem the tide might as well try to dam the Niagara.

"My opponent, Mr. Tenor, says he is in favor of a 'fair' local option bill. He should define the word 'fair' and be more explicit. Does he mean fair to the liquor interests? I do not intend that there shall be the slightest doubt concerning my attitude. I want the kind of local option that will enable the people to utterly destroy the liquor traffic as soon as possible."

PATENT RECORDS GONE

As Result Three Are Indicted for Tampering.

Washington, Feb. 28.—Indictments charging destroying public records were returned by the grand jury yesterday against Ned W. Barton, an assistant examiner of the patent office; Henry E. Everding, a patent attorney, with offices in the Hale building, 1328 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and John A. Heany, of York, Pa., an inventor. Bail was fixed at $10,000. The indictment charges that the three "with intent to steal and destroy" carried away from the patent office, letters, specifications and amendments and unlawfully and willfully destroyed them.

The indictments were brought under section 5403 of the revised statutes. They set forth that on September 2, 1907, there was on file an application by Heany for a patent on an invention for manufacturing filaments and electrodes for electric incandescent and arc lamps. These were filed in the office on January 19, 1905. With the application were other papers and specifications and a leter dated March 25, 1905, addressed to Heany, bearing the stamped signature of Commisisoner of Patents Allen, Acting Examiner Cowles of "division 37," of which Barton was examiner, and Assistant Examiner Day.

An amendment to the application was filed in July, 1905. Papers in this case were destroyed, according to the indictment.

CHURCH FILLED WITH GAS

Half a Dozen of Congregation Overcome but Recover.

Detroit, Mich., March 2.—A defective furnace in the basement of the Green Avenue Baptist church here yesterday filled the small edifice with gas before the congregation realized it was escaping, and a dozen people were overcome so that they required the services of a physician. A young boy was first taken sick and the pastor interrupted services while the boy was carried to the rear of the church and given attention for the apparently mysterious illness which had come upon him. The boy was soon followed by others, and it was finally discovered that gas was literally pouring into the church through all of the registers. There were about forty persons present at the morning service and six or seven of them required medical attention for several hours during the afternoon. The furnace was repaired so that services were held in the afternoon.

HOT BISCUIT

Kind of Breakfast Passing Away.

The old-time hot biscuit played a prominent role in the breakfast bill of fare, along with fried potatoes, ham and eggs, and coffee.

The whiter and lighter the biscuit the more pleased the cook, which was usually Mother, who did the best she could, with her understanding of the matter.

But most people have learned in recent years that white flour lacks the nourishing elements of the entire wheat berry, and many cases of imperfect nutrition follow its use.

In Grape-Nuts, all the food elements of wheat and barley are used, and this largely accounts for results similar to those given in the following letter:

"I wish to tell of the health and strength-giving properties of Grape-Nuts. I am 45 years old and had for years been afflicted with indigestion and other stomach troubles, brought on by eating hot biscuit, white bread and improperly cooked cereals.

"Noticing an advertisement stating the benefits derived from eating Grape-Nuts, I was skeptical, because I had tried so many so-called 'health foods.' I thought it would be useless to try Grape-Nuts.

"But during the last six months I have been eating it, my stomach has been the best for years, my mind clear, my nerves quiet and a feeling of buoyancy pervades my whole being.

"This I attribute to Grape-Nuts, as I have left off using medicines. I now firmly believe in the brain-clearing, nerve-steadying and muscle-building properties of Grape-Nuts.

"I am healthier than I have been for years, weigh 180 lbs., which is more than ever before."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

INDIAN SENATORS IN TILT ON FLOOR

Dramatic Scene at Capital When Two Westerners Engage in Word War.

Washington, Feb. 28.—One of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in the senate was enacted yesterday, when Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, insisted in tragic tones, and with face showing much emotion, that the five civilized tribes of Indians were dead, and that he, as a member of a tribe of Cherokee Indians, was not under the control of the secretary of the interior.

The event was rendered all the more interesting by the fact that Mr. Owen was sharply engaged in controversy by Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, himself a Kaw Indian. It was the first time that two men with Indian blood in their veins had ever locked horns as senators in the senate chamber.

The controversy arose in connection with the consideration of the Indian bill, and was precipitated by an effort on the part of Mr. Owen to have that bill so amended as to recognize the citizenship of the five tribes of Indians by putting the word "late" before this designation and calling them "the late five civilized tribes."

Senator Curtis, of Kansas, who is part Kaw Indian, taunted his fellow senator with the statement that he was "under the control of the secretary of the interior," and there ensued a wordy battle that entertained both senators and visitors in the galleries. When the senate voted on the proposition it was against the contention of Mr. Owen.

Dr. Parkhurst on Prohibition

New York, Feb. 29.—Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian church, who as president of the society for the prevention of crime, a few years ago, made the charge of partnership between the police of this city and criminals that led to a legislative investigation of the department, authorized a formal interview last night in which he advocated the passage of laws only so stringent as appealed to the average sentiment of the community. He would legalize the sale of liquor on certain hours of the Sabbath, he said, if the community demanded such a practice. This on the theory that only laws backed by popular will could be enforced and that unenforced laws led to a degeneracy of morals. Dr. Parkhurst's interview was on the question of prohibition by statute. He said:

"While I will not say that prohibition by statute is impossible I do know that no prohibitionary statute enacted in the past has actually prohibited traffic in liquor.

"I believe in the passage of laws only so stringent as to be sure of the endorsement of the average sentiment of the community. If you enact laws beyond that point your statute will not be enforced, and a statute that is not enforced is a great deal worse than no statute at all.

"The degeneracy of morals in our country is due to a considerable extent to the fact that the legislation has been above the tone of the country's moral sentiment. The only straight road toward prohibition is to enact restricting laws only so rigid that their unequivocal enforcement is assured. People have been led on to better things by short steps."

WOULD BUY MONTICELLO

Gen. Sherwood Wants Government to Take Estate.

Plan Is to Turn Jefferson's Old Homestead Into a National Memorial.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 29.—General Sherwood introduced a resolution today providing for the purchase of Thomas Jefferson's former home, the Monticello estate, by the government, and to open it as a government memorial park. Monticello is one of the most beautiful plantations in Virginia, being located on the side of the Blue Ridge near the state university.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box 25c.

SEC. TAFT WINS IN COURT

Inventor Sought to Restrain Improvements in Texas.

Washington, Feb. 29.—Secretary of War Taft won a victory in the supreme court of the District of Columbia yesterday when Justice Gould dismissed the bill of complaint of Lewis M. Haupt of Philadelphia, Pa., who sought to restrain Secretary Taft from prosecuting the work of deepening the channel at Aransas Pass, Texas, involving $200,000. Haupt alleges that the war department in deepening the channel was using certain equipment patented by him.

FORAKER INTRODUCES BILL

To Have Innocent Colored Soldiers Reinstated.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Senator Foraker today introduced a bill providing for the re-enlistment of such dishonorably discharged negro soldiers of the 25th infantry as were shown by the testimony in the investigation of the Brownsville affair not to have been connected with the affair.

REVENUES DECREASE.

Washington, Feb. 26.—The monthly statement of the collections of internal revenue shows that for the month of January, 1908, the total receipts were $19,742,004, which is a decrease as compared with January, 1907, of $967,013. In the collections on spirits there was a decrease of $479,533; on tobacco a decrease of $445,829, and on fermented liquors a decrease of $22,580.

FORAKER LOSES CASE.

Committee Finds Colored Soldiers "Shot Up" Brownsville

Washington, Feb. 26.—That the shooting in the affray at Brownsville, Texas, on the night of August 13-14, 1906, was done by some of the negro soldiers of the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry and that the testimony taken before the senate committee on military affairs fails to identify the guilty parties is the opinion of eight members of the committee. Four members voted against this decision and one member did not vote.

The resolution declaring the guilt of the negroes was submitted by Senator Lodge and was adopted after five resolutions by Senator Foraker, one by Senator Dupont and one by Senator Scott, all of which were offered as substitutes, had been voted down.

The vote was reached after prolonged investigation extending over two sessions of congress and evidence had been taken covering thousands of pages. Practically every negro of the three companies of infantry dishonorably discharged by President Roosevelt testified in his own behalf, while evidence in support of the President was given by many army officers and citizens of Brownsville.

Throughout the entire controversy, which in many sections of the country had been made a political issue, the anti-administration had been directed by Senator Foraker. In the final vote in the committee a majority of Republican members came to his support. The Ohio senator expressed himself as gratified at this as it was apparent from the outset that all of the Democratic members were convinced that the negroes did the shooting.

The fight will be carried to the floor of the senate. The reports of the committee will not be made for about ten days as Senator Warner, who conducted the examination of witnesses will be absent from Washington for that period. Action by the committee, therefore, will be postponed until his return.

After the reports have been made to the senate it is expected that Senator Foraker will press the matter to a vote. If he should secure the same proportion of the Republican members of the senate as he had in the committee, the vote will be closer than has been anticipated. The Ohio senator proposes also to introduce a bill to restore to the military service such of the discharged negroes as were shown beyond a reasonable doubt to have been innocent of any offense connected with the affair.

SLOCUM'S CAPTAIN GOES TO SING SING

Sentenced to Serve 10 Years as Result of Burning of Steamer—Pilots Will Ask Pardon.

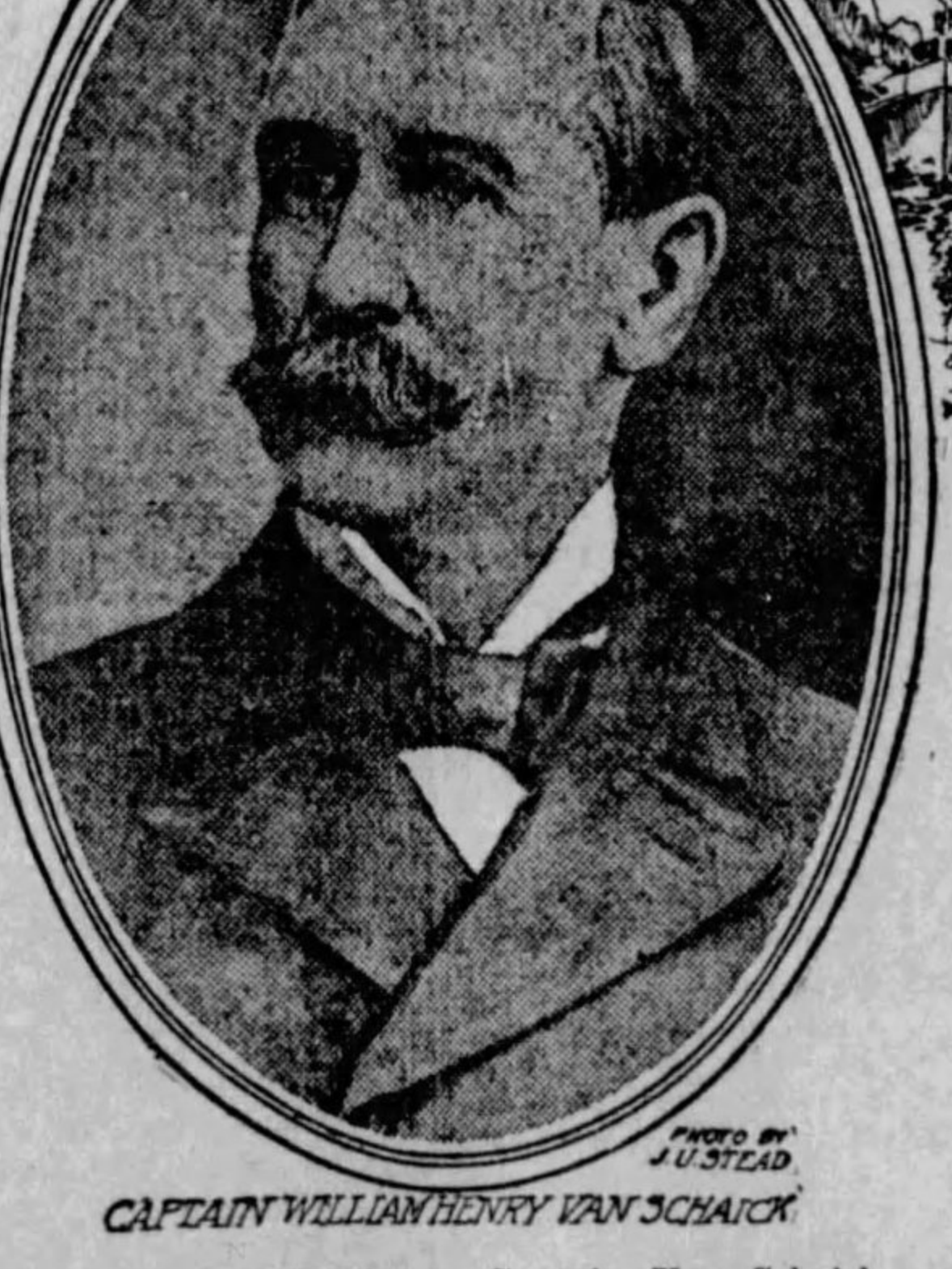


PHOTO BY J. U. STEAD

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HENRY VAN SCHAICK

New York, Feb. 27.—Captain William H. Van Schaick, master of the ill-fated steamboat General Slocum, in the burning of which 1,000 persons were killed, surrendered himself this morning to United States Marshal Henkel and was taken to Sing Sing prison to serve his term of 10 years' imprisonment with hard labor for misconduct, negligence and inattention to duty as master on board the Slocum.

Captain Van Schaick was sentenced on January 27, 1906, but he appealed from the judgment which has now been sustained by the United States circuit court of appeals. On his trip to prison the captain was accompanied by his wife and his son.

Captain Luther B. Dow, of the Pilots, Masters and Mates' association, left New York this morning for Washington with a petition to the President to pardon Captain Van Schaick.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.00 $3.50

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COUNTY OPTION A LAW

House Passes the Rose Bill With a Whirl.

Counties Can Become Prohibition by Election Any Time After Sept. 1.

Columbus, O., Feb. 27.—Lacking only the signature of Governor Harris, which will be affixed to it without delay, the Rose county option bill is now law. By a vote of 79 ayes to 36 noes it was passed by the house of representatives at 5:15 yesterday afternoon. Practically three-fourths of the 120 members of the house voted for it. The vote was proportionately about as large as that by which it was passed by the senate.

"The passage of the Rose bill represents the greatest victory thus far won in Ohio for temperance reform," said Wayne B. Wheeler, superintendent of the Ohio Anti-Saloon league. "The Seventy-seventh General Assembly will go down into history as the best legislature that was ever elected by the people of Ohio up to this day."

The consideration of the Rose bill had been made a special order of business for 1:40 yesterday afternoon, but as the vote on the Chamberlain bill to amend the railroad commission law was delayed by long arguments and many proposed amendments, the debate on the big temperance measure of the session was not begun until 3 o'clock.

The senate adjourned its session early and the senators were admitted to the floor of the house. Crowded into the galleries were 2,000 men and women from all parts of the state and a thousand more clamored vainly for admission.

Liquor lobbyists rubbed elbows with temperance workers and business men who lent influence in favor of the measure mingled with bartenders and delegates from the Brewery Workers' union. It was a cosmopolitan crowd.

Several of the enemies of the bill were primed with long speeches. Representative Freiner, of Vinton county, headed them off by moving that speeches on the bill be limited to ten minutes and on amendments to two minutes. The motion carried.

Chairman Briggs, of the temperance committee, was first recognized by the speaker. He explained that the bill had been through the refining fires of the senate; that the friends of the measure would oppose any amendment, even to the dotting of an I or the crossing of a T. "It would be dangerous," he said, "to accept any amendment that would send the bill back to the senate for concurrence, inasmuch as the liquor people have captured the temperance committee of the senate and made it an intemperance committee that would kill the bill if it were referred to them."

Then began the fusilade of amendments by the liquor crowd, which was routed utterly, for absolutely no change was made in the form of the bill. One after another the amendments were defeated by overwhelming majority.

The first amendment was offered by Representative Lehman, of Sandusky county. It provided that the postoffice and street address of every signer of a county option petition shall be affixed to the document. The vote on the amendment was 33 ayes and 72 nays.

Kealy, of Hamilton county, attacked the bill as a whole and predicted that it would be repealed by the next general assembly. Kealy alluded to Wayne B. Wheeler as a sanctified lobbyist, and said that the women who had come to Columbus to urge the passage of the bill had no right to interfere with the civil and business rights of those engaged in the liquor business, no matter how holy the cause.

Adler, of Hamilton, offered an amendment providing that the saloons in counties voting dry should not be banished until 90 days after the election. The time limit fixed in the bill is 30 days. Under the Adler amendment, no saloons would be closed before the convening of the general assembly next winter, because the law does not become effective until September 20, and at least 20 days' notice of an election on the liquor question must be given after the filing of the petition. Adler's petition was to protect the saloonists for a year and, in the meantime, elect a "wet" legislature if possible. The transparent scheme was knocked out by a vote of 34 ayes to 69 noes.

Foster, of Sandusky county, offered a technical amendment as to phraseology. It was speedily defeated.

Representative Roberts, of the Cleveland delegation, made a strong argument for the bill. He called attention to the fact that the walls of the house were then adorned with likenesses of the late Governor Patttison, draped in bcak, and that immediately after adjournment of the day's session a Pattison memorial "Today," said Roberts, "we shall mourn service would be held in the house. over the dead governor, who led us to victory on a temperance issue, and for that campaign the Democratic party received more praise than it had ever received before. If he who led us to that victory could send a message from the great beyond, he would tell us to keep up the fight. And yet the Democratic party now seems to be committed against the bill, and all the attacks that have been made upon it, all the amendments offered, have been from tht Democratic side of the house. But I say the liquor people have no party or politics except to get their own people into control."

Hunt, of Cincinnati, expressed disapproval and predicted that the result of the passage of the bill would finally be state prohibition.

Spangler, of Henry county, made a speech against the bill. The effort would have done credit to any college of elocution and oratory.

McCord, of Columbiana, urged the passage of the bill. Hill, of the same county, was the only Republican who uttered a word against it.

Crist, of Delaware, said that an argument against the bill was that it curtailed personal liberty. He queried whether it would not be better to limit personal liberty a little than to jeopardize popular government. He predicted that enactment of the initiative and referendum would surely mean state prohibition, as a result of which the people in the rural counties will dictate to Cincinnati and other large cities and, by their votes, close all the saloons in Ohio.

Hillenkamp, of Toledo, author of a bill to license the liquor traffic and take a popular vote on state prohibition, said he was in favor of the people of the state voting on the question, yet he opposed county option. He denied that the temperance issue ever won victory for the Demicrats, but attributed the election of Pattison to the Cox issue. He expressed the hope that Ohio would not fall so low as Turkey in the matter of limiting personal liberty by passing the Rose bill.

Wertz, Democratic leader, denied that the Democratic side of the house was rummy or that the senate was crooked because it enlarged its temperance committee.

Reed, of Wood county, said the bill should not be made a party measure. He said that if the people wanted state prohibition the Rose county option bill should first be tried. He declared that the saloon in Ohio must go.

Stewart, of Clarke county, moved the previous question, which closed the debate. The vote was then taken, a cheer went up, the crowd dispersed and the house after disposing of a little routine and unimportant business, adjourned.

Of the Toledo delegation, Bassett, Paine and O'Rourke voted for the bill. Hillenkamp voted against it.

The record shows that 55 Republicans, 23 Democrats and one Independent voted for the bill and that 31 Democrats, four Republicans and one Independent voted against it.

The vote was, yeas: Ackley, Aikin, Anderson, Bassett, Bishop, Briggs, Bronson, Burnett, Chamberlain, Cosgrave, Crawford, Crist, Demuth, Dever, Ditmars, Eley, Elson, Ervin of Meigs, Freiner, Frizell, Gaston, Grinnell, Grover, Guthrie, Harlan, Harper Hatfield, Hawkins, Hitch, Holies, Huey, Hutchison, Irvin of Preble, Jones, Judy, Justice, Keller, Lehman, Lersch, Little, Lowry, Lybarger, McCord, McFadden, McGinnis, McLaughlin, Martin, Minteer, Moon, Neely, O'Rourke, Paine, Pears, Pumphrey, Reed, Ritter, Roberts, Roll, Schurr, Shankland, Shuler, Smith of Wyandot, Spicer, Stephenson, Steward of Fairfield, Stewart of Clark, Stuckey, Thomas, Thompson, Trott, Van Dusen, Watson, Wertz, White, Wilson, Woodburn, Woods, Yost and the speaker—79.

Nays: Adler, Bense, Billingslea, Bowers, Braun, Burckhardt, Conroy, Corlett, Diehl, Foster, Goll, Hill, Hillenkamp, Howard, Hunt, Jessup, Kealy, Kehnast, Kolinsky, Maulberger, Meyer, Miller, Mulac, Paxton, Petit, Reynolds of Cpyahoga, Reynolds of Franklin, Rolf, Sawicki, Smith of Cuyahoga, Smith of Marion, Spangler, Stockwell, Welker, Winters and Wynne—36.

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WEALTHY ladies and gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Col.

NATIVES DEFY BRITISH

Establish Boycott in India and Ceylon.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 27.—The officers of the German steamship Neuenfels, which arrived here yesterday from India and Ceylon, report that the natives are openly defying the British. They have boycotted British goods and have refused to handle cargoes shipped by British merchants. In the interior they are on the verge of revolt, and in many places they are arming and preparing to combat British rule. Agitators are largely responsible for the present conditions. They are inciting the natives to acts of violence. They believe the Japanese will aid them if they engage in war with England, and they declare they will be victorious.

In the larger cities the feeling against the British and foreigners in general has taken the form of a boycott, and commerce is greatly hampered. The Neuenfels was delayed 64 days at Calcutta waiting for her cargo. The natives refused to work on the freighter and it was weeks before a gang of longshoremen could be got together who would load the ship. Calcutta harbor at the time was filled with British steamers unable to get cargoes.

ARMOR BELT IS TOO LOW

Says President's Aide to the Senate Committee.

Washington, March 2.—Commander William S. Sims, naval aide to the President, today told the senate committee on naval affairs that the armor belt on battleships is too low, and he charged Admirals Converse and Capps with making misleading statements before the commission. Mr. Sims was confined by the committee to the question of construction of the naval vessels, but he evinced a very strong desire to go back for many years for the purpose of showing that the constructors had persistently refused to accept suggestions. The committee, however, declined to hear him on this point at this time, on the ground that he could be heard at a later stage of the inquiry on other features.

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The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

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Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

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No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$15.00	No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$12.75
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$12.25	No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$10.00
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.50	No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$10.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50	No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.00
No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.00	No. 115—16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works $5.30	No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works $6.60

No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

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No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$13.50	No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$12.25

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No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $13.00

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

DIVIDE M'KINLEY ESTATE

Order Issued by Common Pleas Court at Canton.

Canton, O., Feb. 27.—The plan of the trustees of the McKinley National Memorial association to take over from Mrs. M. C. Barber, sister of the late Mrs. McKinley, the resident McKinley home as a public memorial gift, has been found impossible. Heirs to the William McKinley estate would not sell at the price, $25,000, tentatively agreed upon months ago, and the matter was finally taken into court, with the result that the property will be offered at public sale. An order was issued in common pleas court today by Judge Harter, appointing Henry A. Wise, Johnson Sherrick and Henry Mossler a board to partition the property. The order was made on application of Attorney Charles R. Miller, of Cleveland, representing James F. McKinley and other heirs to the William McKinley estate.

The work of partitioning is to begin at once. It is stated by attorneys interested that the act will undoubtedly result in selling at public auction all the McKinley property.

EXPERTS ARE ON STAND

Show Prices Charged by Sanderson Were Excessive.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 28.—Following up the line of rebuttal undertaken yesterday, the commonwealth in the state capitol conspiracy trial today called additional experts to show that the prices charged by contractor J. H. Sanderson for the furniture of the capitol were greatly in excess of the actual value of "specially designed" furniture.

The purpose of this testimony is to sustain the contention of the prosecution that the Sanderson contract was an unconscionable one and that the accused former state officers permitted Sanderson to collect thousands of dollars in illegal profits.

REFUSE TIOME EXTENSION

Railroads Must Comply Immediately With New Law.

Washington, March 2.—The interstate commerce commission decided today by unanimous vote to deny all petitions for extensions of time within which to comply with the so-called hours of service laws—the nine-hour law. The reasons will be stated in a report which is now in course of preparation and will be announced in a few days.

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PETITION FOR TIME.

Railway Officials Ask Law's Operation Be Delayed.

Complain That Its Provisions Are a Financial Hardship to the Companies.

Washington, Feb. 27.—Operating officials of railways from all parts of the country today were in attendance upon the hearing given by the interstate commerce commission of application for an extension of the time of the going into effect of the "nine-hour law."

In all, 37 applications were received by the commission asking for the extension. Two of them already have been denied those of the Georgia Southern and Florida railway and the St. Joseph & Grand Island railway, because, in the opinion of the commission the petitions did not show what, in the terms of the act, would constitute "good cause" for granting the relief requested.

As One Case.

The applications of the other 35 lines are being heard as one case because the petitions are substantially identical. All of them assert that they have found it impossible to procure the services of competent, efficient and dependable telegraph operators in such numbers as will enable them to comply with the provisions of the law; and that, even if they could obtain the necessary operators, the enforced employment of so many additional men would be a financial hardship which the carriers ought not be subjected to.

Nearly all of the petitions also indicate, that in the circumstances, if the law is enforced, the companies will be obliged to close many small stations on their lines, thus interfering with the service, causing inconvenience and possible loss to the traveling and shipping public and preventing the prompt movement of trains.

Following are the names of the roads which have filed applications for extension of the law:

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Southern Railway; St. Louis & San Francisco; Seaboard Air Line; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; Yazoo & Mississippi Valley; Illinois Central; Indianapolis Southern; Baltimore & Ohio; Central of Georgia; Oregon Railroad & Navigation company; Oregon Short Line; Wabash railroad; Norfolk & Western; Wheeling & Lake Erie; Grand Trunk Western; Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville; Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton; Chicago, Cincinnati & Louisville; Southern Indiana; New York Central lines (five roads); Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas of Texas; El Paso & Northeastern; Louisiana Wesern; Morgan's Louisiana & Texas; Southern Pacific; Nashville Chattanooga & St. Louis; Evansville & Terre Haute; Georgia railroad; Chicago & Eastern Illinois; Chicago, Milwakee & St. Paul; Union Pacific; Hocking Valley and Louisville & Nashville.

It is regarded as significant that, with the exception of the New York Central lines, none of the great eastern roads have made application for extension. These include the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Lehigh Valley, the New Jersey Central, the Philadelphia & Reading, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Boston & Maine and others. In the northwest, the Wisconsin Central, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific are not represented among the applicants.

Others Will Comply.

Under the law and a ruling of the commission, no road which does not apply for the extension can be a beneficiary of any order granting the extension to other lines, even if such order should be issued. It is assumed, therefore, that the companies which have not applied have made arrangements to conform to the provisions of the law when it becomes effective on the fourth of March.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Thou gracious Spirit of Life, our Father, at the beginning of this new day we wait for a moment before Thee with uncovered heads and with reverent spirits.

MONDAY.

We bless Thee for the gift of another day with all its opportunities for service. And we pray that our hearts may respond in sympathy with the heartbeats of those who love and toil and suffer around us today.

TUESDAY.

Join the great company of those who make the barren places of life fruitful with kindness.

WEDNESDAY.

Why do we not always smile when we meet a fellow being? That is the true recognition which ought to pass from soul to soul. Little children do this involuntarily.

THURSDAY.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

FRIDAY.

If we cannot strew life's path with flowers, we can, at least, strew it with smiles.

SATURDAY.

Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
"Not as I will."

Be Careful of Judging

We are too much given to judging people by the way they treat us, and often these judgments are most unkind and unjust. Self love, or vanity, is so easily offended, and a little, petty slight, perhaps an unintentional one, becomes a burning grievance, even when we have but a slight acquaintance with the offender.

For instance, we may move into a neighborhood, or a place where we are strangers. Perhaps one of our new neighbors does not come to call upon us as soon as we think she should. We begin to feel slighted, and presently we express our sense of injury, by saying unkind things about the one who has failed to be neighborly. One day she comes to call, and we find her a very pleasant woman who has not intended to be neglectful. Immediately our vision of her changes, and with it our opinion. We find her just the reverse of the picture painted by our hurt pride, and if we stop to think what has brought this change in our opinion, it is just because she has come to call, and so removed the cause of trouble.

It is, of course, perfectly natural to be affected by other people's conduct toward us. It would be unnatural to wish to make friends with those who obviously do not like us, but to form our opinion of other people's character from their social attitude toward ourselves is the poorest of judgments—in fact it is not a judgment, but is a mere prejudice. It is the same sort of mental attitude which causes us to be guilty of one of the commonest sorts of infidelity of friendship; that of indulging in general abuse of one who was once a friend, because some personal feeling has weakened the friendship. Changes may come which interfere with our intimacy. We do not see as often as before the one who has been our dearest friend. Suspicion arises that it is her fault; that she might see us oftener if she would, but even if this were true, it is not sufficient reason for us to pass a sweeping judgment upon her and condemn as unworthy the one we formerly loved and admired.

Unfortunately, most of us have a feeling, often unacknowledged to ourselves, that we can "get even" for trifling slights or severed friendships by gossip or making unkind remarks about our friends. This impulse comes entirely from self love, which is a vicious thing if we permit it to rule our actions wrongfully.

We should guard against forming judgments that are guided by personal dislikes without just cause. We all have a good side and a bad side. When we see the good side of others we always like them, but when we see the bad side, we never like that. When you see the bad side of people, or think the side you are looking at is bad, or false, or uninteresting, just stop a moment and ask yourself this question: What have I said or done to make them show me their good side?

Say to yourself, and keep saying it, "There is something beautiful in this person and I'll hunt for it until I find it," and you will soon see how easy it will be to stop disliking people when you are persistent in hunting for their lovable traits of character.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

HOME HAPPINESS.

My Dear Cozy Corner Sisters:—I find so much comfort in your letters from week to week, I thought some word I might add would prove a help to some one. I feel as if we were all one family, and it seems too bad we cannot meet face to face and have a heart to heart talk.

The home is everything to me. I love it dearly and all the members of my home. I am a contented wife and mother. I have grown into this state of contentment by careful study of myself. When my husband and I began housekeeping, we had just the barest necessities. After twenty-six years of toil and economy we have been able to accumulate enough to be in comfortable circumstances. We met with the many misfortunes that generally attend married life, such as sickness, deaths, etc. In my early married years, I found myself not a little envious of my neighbors, and sometimes I would complain. I saw at once my complaints discouraged my husband, and I soon awoke to the fact that I made him unhappy. I tried to overcome this fault, and thanks to God I did overcome it, and also many other faults.

My motto is to enjoy the things I have and not to worry about the things I cannot procure. I avoid scolding, faultfinding and gossip. I prepare the dinners I know my husband likes best. Why, sisters, these husbands of ours are just big boys and they love to be admired. Make your homes bright for the home-coming of husband and children. Cultivate charity. Oh, that blessed 13th chapter of Corinthians. How I love to read those words, and not only read them, but put them into practice. Live by that chapter, sisters, and your home will be all brightness to you, for you will have that love in your heart that passeth all understanding.—Illinois.

MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE.

Greetings to all readers of "our page."

Having been a silent member of the Cozy Corner for a long time, I concluded to step in this morning and take a seat beside Every One's friend for a social visit.

I, too, was a school teacher in my younger days, and I have undergone many unpleasant experiences during my past life, which I will not attempt to "parade" in these columns, but will just say I am now trying to be an optimist and look for the sunshine, instead of the shadows. It has been truthfully said that we usually find what we are looking for. If we would count our blessings instead of our misfortunes, I think we would all be much happier. We should remember the world is not all sunshine to anybody. Of course, some appear to have a more pleasant life than others; however, it might be worse with most of us. If we try to promote the welfare and happiness of others, we will surely be happy ourselves.

What do the readers think of allowing their children to play such games as checkers, dominoes and cards in their homes? For my part, I think it very wrong, as it engrosses time which might be more profitably spent in other ways; besides, it may lead to gambling and cause the ruin of the children.

Little sins sometimes lead to great crimes, and I think it best to forestall all the evil we can, as "prevention is better than cure."

Now, dear sisters, let us remember the work of life will never be finished; therefore, let us take time to pray, to be patient, sociable and charitable, even if our homes are sometimes disorderly and our surroundings unpleasant.—Sister Ida.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Not long ago I went to call upon a friend in the city, and was surprised, upon entering the house, to find my friend crying and lamenting, while the neighbors stood around trying to console her.

My first thought was, "surely this is a home of mourning

As soon as my friend caught sight of me, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. B., some one has stolen my darling. He was so large and handsome. Everyone wanted him."

Knowing she had no children of her own, I thought she had taken my advice at last and had adopted a little boy, and he had been stolen. While we were all trying to comfort her, we heard a noise at the door. My friend said, "There is my precious one, now." She ran to the door and opened and in walked a cat. She picked it up and caressed it and called it every endearing name possible. I believe in being good to cats and to all dumb animals. Give them shelter and plenty to eat, but do not lavish the love and affection on them that belongs to little children. I could not help but think how happy this dear woman could have made some little, homeless child.—Mrs. A. A. B.

PROUD OF HER BOY.

I have a little boy three years old of whom I am very proud, he is so sturdy and straight. He would be very bright if we did not hold him back, but I do not believe it is well to develop a child's brain too fast. I am not going to send him to school until he is seven or eight years old, and he shall begin at the beginning then.

We live in a small city. About a mile's walk takes us to a large creek and beautiful wood. I have taught my baby to love these walks, for I love them myself, and we go together every pleasant day we can get away.

I would like to have someone who lives in southern Missouri in the mountains or along White river, to write a letter to the Cozy Corner describing the country. I have heard so much of the beauty of that part of Missouri.—The Seeker.

THE HIGHEST DUTY.

It seems to me that the highest duty we owe to each other is a cheerful spirit, and it requires continued cultivation.

I am a mother of two children who are grown up and are in homes of their own.

I thought Aunt Sally's dream was very nice.

I think our motto is a very good one. The Morning Thoughts are good also, and I would like to give one that impresses me:

If we only lift our burdens with a stern and solemn ought,
They will crush our fainting spirits day by day.
Rather let us take them gladly with a song and a shout,
And in triumph bear them bravely all the way.
—Mrs. Susie E. Adye.

BEAUTIFUL VIRGINIA.

I live among the bubbling springs and fine blue grass hills of southwestern Virginia, and I feel proud that I can boast so freely of its healthful conditions. Of course there are countries which can show more things of wonder than mine, but what can be more beautiful and picturesque than the green pastures, and free, flowing streams that deck the hills and valleys of old Virginia?

I believe we are enjoying a few of the greatest blessings our Great Creator has bestowed upon man, and these are pure air and fine water. I suppose the readers will say I am a great "brag," but those who have visited our country will be forced to admit I am giving a pretty true description of things.

I am a young housekeeper and shall greatly appreciate any good advice I may receive from the members of the Cozy Corner. I was very much impressed with West Virginia Pansy's letter on the social life of boys and girls. I, too, think if parents would keep a tighter rein on their boys, our public offices would be filled with men of sobriety.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

In answer to Mrs. E. S. Bailey's request for a canned corn recipe:—Cut ten pints of corn from the cob. Stir together with one pint of sugar and one of salt. Let mixture stand on the back of the stove until it is covered with its own juice. Then boil fifteen minutes. Can in pint glass cans. I am glad you are so well pleased with it. We think it excellent.—Mrs. H. C. J.

How to remove mildew from white goods:—Take five quarts of rain water and one tablespoonful of chloride of lime in powder form. Mix well. If goods is badly mildewed let it remain in lime water for four hours. Then take it out and wash in warm water and soap, and you will find the mildew will come out at once. Be careful not to let the goods stand in the solution too long, as it will eat it.—Mrs. McCutcheon.

INQUIRY.

Can some one tell me if there is any way to stop a leak in a hot water bag? And greatly oblige—C. M. A.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Since our list was printed last week we have letters from Gladiola, Mrs. Alonzo Riece, Mrs. E. H. Nugent, Mrs. Mary Cooledge, A Devoted Mother, Lonely, Mollie, Hortense, A Shut In, and Hoosier Mother.

Reba Marie—Be sure you write the letter you promised, and send us the recipes, too. We want them both.

Flatirons must always be well cleaned before they are put on light colored clothes, or the garments are sure to be soiled. A hard rubbing on several thicknesses of newspapers will leave the iron smooth and ready for use.

A very good way to prevent dust while sweeping a room is to sprinkle over the carpet a panful of dampened newspapers torn into bits.

Letters From Children

Today we have something very nice for the Children's Corner. It is a fairy story, sent to us by a little girl who signs herself "A Red Rose." The name of the story is:

THE LITTLE PINK STONE.

Little Sylvia lived close by a wood which was full of many strange and beautiful things that children read about in books. No wild animals lived there; nothing but little harmless, furry creatures, and beautiful birds that belong to the wood. Sylvia was five years old and her mother had permitted her, for the first time, to go alone in the wood as far as the sycamore tree, to gather mosses and ferns.

"This is a dear little path," she said. "I will follow it."

The path ended in a little cave, just under the sycamore tree.

"This must be a woodchuck's hole," said Sylvia.

She peeped in, and what do you think she saw? A little fairy, smiling at her! She had always wanted to see a fairy, but she did not ever expect to.

"Come," said the fairy, in a tiny voice that sounded like the wind among the pine trees.

"I am too big," answered Sylvia.

"You will not be after you take the first step and touch this little pink stone, which you must not lose," said the fairy. "Nothing can harm you in my palace, but when the stone turns in your hand you must return."

"Oh, what a wonderful thing," thought Sylvia, "to go into a fairy's palace! I will go, if I may," she told the fairy.

As soon as she stepped inside the little pink stone lighted all the palace.

"How small I am," she said to herself. "I wonder if I will ever be as big as when I came in here."

The place was so lovely that she forgot all about being small, and went wandering through the beautiful rooms and gardens, and smelled the fair flowers. Suddenly the little pink stone turned in her hand and she knew she must go back. When she came to the entrance of the cave she saw she was as small as the fairy and she felt troubled. But the moment the fairy took the little pink stone from her hand she saw that she was the same size as when she came. And she said, "Goodbye, little fairy, I am glad that you let me visit your palace. Thank you for all your kindness to me." She looked around to find the little fairy, but she had vanished.

I am a little boy six years old. My papa takes The Blade. My mamma reads the children's letters to me. As I do not see many letters from children in Illinois, I thought I would write. I live five miles from Fairfield on the Mt. Vernon road. I can see both of my grandpas most every day. Grandpa Dixon carries the mail past our house every day. I live a little over one mile from Grandpa Davis. I live almost in sight of the schoolhouse and two churches. My mamma's brother has triplet babies in his home—two little boys and one little girl. Their names are Ira, Irvin and Irene. They are almost seven months old. I delight in going to see them, they are so cute, and can laugh and play with me now.

For pets, I have two little banty chickens. I call them Dick and Dot. I have also a little black mule I call Molly.—Illinois Boy.

Will you admit a girl from Old Kentucky into your circle? I was fourteen years old the seventh of this month. I have two brothers and three sisters. We live about 100 yards from the schoolhouse, and I go almost every day. I am in the seventh grade.

My father is a farmer, and mamma and I raise lots of chickens. I have a good father and mother. I live a quarter of a mile from Norwood, in Pulaski county, and five miles from the county seat, Somerset. I enjoy reading the Cozy Corner, and letters from the children. We have a pet pigeon. It wants to stay in the house. We had a pet rabbit, but it got killed. We have an organ and I can play very well. Papa has 30 acres of land. I wish the girl from Nebraska would write again and tell her name.—A Little Friend.

I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school two miles away. I am in the third grade. I like to go to school. I have two sisters and three brothers. My papa takes The Blade and we like it. As this is my first letter, I will say good-bye.—Carrie Fickes.

As I have never seen any letters from this part of the country, I thought I would write one, and if I am welcome I may come again. I am a little girl 12 years old. We take The Blade and think it a good paper. I live in Ohio, nine miles from Dexter City. My papa is in Illinois, working in the oil field, five miles from Bridgeport. He has been there almost two years. We get very lonesome without him. I have five brothers but no sisters.—Lillie B. Needs.

PRISONERS OF THE DESERT

Travelers who penetrate far into the mysterious Soudan sometimes hear strange and pitiful tales of white women who are the inmates of the harem of some sheik or Arab chief. Poor prisoners, so the rumor goes, who are never seen outside the mud walls of the miserable huts, or old women, long ago stricken with merciful madness, who are the slaves of slaves.

These women are dead—officially—and long years ago were mourned by their English friends and relations as among those murdered when the great tide of Mahdism broke upon the ill-fated Khartoum and overwhelmed General Gordon and put all the garrison to death. It has long been supposed that the English women and children at that time in the city and in half a dozen smaller adjacent towns were slaughtered ruthlessly in the horrible days that followed. But ask those who were with Kitchener when he avenged Gordon; ask those who came alive from the terrible prison at Omdurman, and you shall hear a different tale.

"There must be," so said not long ago an old English army officer, "more than a few white women in the tents and hovels of the desert. But the difficulty of tracing them has absolutely prevented any diplomatic endeavors to procure their release."

It is well known that after the death of Gordon and the triumph of the Mehdi, there were living in Omdurman many white women who, while nominally Mohammedans, were really adherents to the faith of their upbringing. The reason that these women were not stolen during the first few days of the Arab triumph is difficult to understand. It is possible that the Madhi set a guard over all the white women of whose existence he was aware. At any rate, the Khaleefa, who was the head official in Omdurman, protected them when law and order, such as it was, was restored. He did this from no humane motives, but that he might give them as a reward to usch of the Mahdi's followers as deserved recompense.

Though it is known that there must be still many white women—some of them, doubtless of British descent—captives in the harems of the Soudan, the subject is one full of mystery. The desert has swallowed them up, and will never disgorge them. In many cases all their relatives were killed at the fall of Khartoum, so that there is no one interested in them. In any case, they have been reported dead; and that is the reason that the almost impossible task of rescuing them was never undertaken.

The life of a Soudanese wife is one that must be full of horror to a white woman.

For the first two years after marriage the bride does no work at all—that is, if she is one of the four legal wives allowed by the prophet. It is to be supposed, however, that the white women who fell to the lot of the Mahdi's chiefs were in the nature of extra ornaments or extra servants in their harems. Arabs are lovers of beauty; and many of their women are almost as white as Europeans, so it is possible that, for a short while at least, the Arabs treated their captives in a not altogether cruel manner, as they understood it. These poor women would spend dreary, monotonous days in the big tents decorated with carpets and lined with stuffs of as many colors as those in a stained glass window.

Stupefied by perfumes and dulled by a chronic ennui, they would gradually sink into a stupor of brain and body, until some fresh favorite was installed and they were turned out to work in the fields.

While she was still a beauty in her husband's eyes, she would be so closely guarded as to have no possible intercourse with the outside world. If her lord and master lived by any chance in one of the miserable mud hovels of the desert she would be locked in with heavy bolts when he went out. If he lived, as is most likely, in a tent, the door-flap would be made fast with many precautions. Then her lord would strew colored sand without the door, so that no trespassing footsteps might come without leaving a print as witness of the intrusion.

But to the Arab a woman means eternal youth; and in the harems of the Soudan one favorite succeeds another, even as one wave succeeds another wave in the ocean. At the first sign of a wrinkle or gray hair the wife or favorite is sent to act a servant's part—her reign is over.

A STREET SCENE IN A DESERT TOWN.
—From The World's Work.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we begin our column with a letter dealing with our new set of questions. The letter is from Olive Branch, who writes of Authors and Books, and includes fitting extracts from Mr. Dooley's Essay on Books and Reading.

"The longer th' worruld lasts th' more books does be comin' out. Th' say man first begun writin' books whin he had to hammer out his novels an' pomes on a piece iv rock, an' the hammer has been th' imblem iv lithrachoor iver since. A fam'ly without an author is contimptable. Is Malachi peevish an' nearsighted? Make an author iv him. Does Maranda presint no attractions to th' young men in th' neighborhood? Make an authoreen iv her!"

By the announcement every month of scores of sensational and romantic novels, it would seem that Mr. Dooley's advice had ben followed, for writers are flourishing like mushrooms, and some of their novels are as short-lived.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits: Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Books are very much the same—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Do such novels as Marie Corelli writes bring forth good fruits? Should they be classed as good literature or evil fruit? I may be wrong in my choice of books, but I consider all such novels like a sluggish pool, wherein are loathsome things, ready to pollute those who stoop to look into their lurking place. There are many others whose writings may be placed in the same class. Will these writers, when called to render account for the use of their "talent," hear the joyful message, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

I would rather be the author of one little volume like Ian Maclaren's Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush than a library full of sensational novels.

"Th' on'y books in me li'bry is th' Bible an' Shakepeare," said wise Mr. Dooley. "I have niver read thim, but I'll niver read anything else till I have read thim. I've built thim up into a kind iv a breakwather; they stands between me an' all modern lithrachur, an' I set behind it ca'm and contint, while Hall Cain rages without."

It is a wise plan to have such a bulwark as this, and one who has is sure to choose books that are worth while. I cannot name any one author as my favorite, but will mention some of my favorites. Hugo, Lew Wallace, Bulwer Lytton, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Amelia E. Barr, Scott and a great many other writers of wholesome fiction.

"The tongue is the key to the mind,
Whenever is opened that secret hung door,
What lies in the storehouse behind,
Whether gems or mere rubbish is hidden no more."

So we should store our minds with something beside rubbish.

A few more thoughts from my friend Dooley:

"Hogan's wan iv th' best read and mos' ignorant men I know. Th' thruth is, readin' is th' nex' thing this side iv goin' to bed f'r restin' th' mind. A man doesn't think whin he's readin', or if he has to th' book is no fun."

This may be, and often is, true, if one merely skims through a book for the story, or to pass away time.

"Readin's not thinkin', it's a kind iv near thought that looks ginooyne to th' thoughtless, but ye can't get annything out of it. An' do I object to th' pursuit iv lithrachoor? Oh, faith, no. As a pursuit it is fine, but it may be bad f'r anywan that catches it."

P. S.—I will answer th' remainin' two quistions in our nex' lither. I'd suggist wan more quistion be added to th' list: That thim who does be writin' on th' subjic of lithrachoor jist mintion their favorite hero an' heroeen iv fiction an' give the rason f'r their choice.—The authereen.—Olive Branch.

Like many of the M. G. R.'s I live among the West Virginia hills, and I am proud of the "Little Mountain State." How many of the M. G. R.'s have heard the song, "The West Virginia Hills?" We West Virginians never get tired of singing this song.

I am a young married woman and live in Braxton county, the central county of the state. We have a good farm of 60 acres; a very good house; two cows, and hogs and chickens. We also have two little boys and one little girl, and we value our children more than all else.

My husband teaches school nearly the whole year 'round. I am quite lonely when he is gone. We have a good library and I enjoy reading very much.

I am very fond of poetry. Longfellow is my favorite poet. Still I find much to admire in many others. I hope to hear an expression from members of the M. G. R.'s as to their favorite poet. My favorite novelist is James F. Cooper.—Josephine.

I am the boy from Illinois, for I am a farmer lad, too. I live about four miles from our county seat, which is Franklin, Pa. I like to live in the country. I like to read good books, and I am fond of music. Here is a little piece of poetry I will send:

When I try with anxious care,
To secure a trophy rare,
When I strive for something great,
Rising early, toiling late;
I always seem to fail,
Skill and care do not avail;
And I seek the Lord's behest,
Asking how to serve Him best,
And he tells me, "Child of dust,
'Tis not try, but only trust.
Through the wide world east and west,
Greatest things come easiest."
—Sunshine.

I think your motto a most beautiful one, and I have always tried to live up to it. I think one of the easiest and surest ways of doing good is to speak kind and encouraging words, for sometimes they are worth more than gold; at least I have found them so. They make our burdens much lighter and easier to bear. My home is in the country. I have always lived there until this winter. I live in town, but I like the country best.—A Telephone Operator.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Lillie from Iowa writes:—I live on a farm with my father, mother and sister, in the south central part of Iowa. I love music and am a pretty good player on the piano.

Veva V. Farner says:—I come in answer to Black-Eyed Clara's question: "How many of the M. G. R. members have my birthday? I have, and I am seventeen years old. I am fond of music and reading. Two of my favorite authors are Longfellow and Scott. I believe with the other M. G. R. readers that we have a good motto to live by.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

Oh for a booke and a shadie nook
Either in-doors or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhead,
Or the strete cryes all about,
Where I may reade all at my ease,
Both of the new and olde;
For a jollie good booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.
—Old English Song.

Letters concerning our latest questions about books and authors are reaching the M. G. R. department in numbers that show how many are appreciative of the value and pleasure of good books. It is not our intention to continue the present discussion for as great a length of time as our previous one. Discussions carried on too long are likely to lose interest.

Letters received during the past week are from: Annie Laurie, Laughing Water, Helen, Mistigay, Rattlehead, Dolly Gray, Buckeye Bill, Juvenile, L. H. R., Gladys from the Wild Rose State, Buckeye Lassie, Sunshine, Felix Jones, Happy from Buckeye, and Princess.

Happy from Buckeye:—Thank you for your letter and picture. I am sorry it is not clear enough to print in the M. G. R.

By the way, it is customary to say "Shakespeare's Plays," rather than Shakespeare's Books."

ABOUT THE RAINBOW

All over the world are the rainbow traditions found, and although superstition and weather lore have gone to their making, there is that in them which is the expression of poetical mysticism.

Most beautiful of all, and full of wonderful imagery, are the old Greek and Scandinavian beliefs. Down from heaven to earth, by the old Greek gods, was the rainbow let as a bridge, and Iris, the swift-footed, passed to and fro on the errands of the gods.

With the Norsemen also the rainbow was accounted a bridge of the gods. Bifrost they called it, and it stretched between Migard, the earth, and Asgard, the white city of the gods; and in the last days of Migard, it was believed, the bridge would break; and only the souls of the mighty in battle could cross it, for Valhalla was shut against the deedless; and only as Heimdall, the Warder, sounded his horn, Tjalar, summoning the gods to greet a hero, was the rainbow bridge seen by mortals. The rainbow reaches Asgard now no more, and the horn of Heimdall is silent; but the old belief, with its sublime imagery, remains one of the most beautiful in mythology.

Tenderly, pathetically beautiful also, is the Irish rainbow lore, with the magic of the misty isle strong upon it; and it brings one as near, though differently, to an interpretation of the rainbow glamour as do the Norse and Greek.

Where the rainbow strikes the ground,
There the crock of gold is found,

runs one quaint rhyme, embodying a delightfully tender fancy, while another somewhat similar legend is that a pair of slippers lies buried at the rainbow's end, and to the one who seeks them and finds them do they bring his heart's desire. Under the rainbow, they say, does the earth give forth a sweet odor, and a prayer prayed under the rainbow arch goes straight to the ear of God. Good luck does the morning rainbow bring, while the evening one, the nun's girdle, brings but ill.

Quaint is the belief that the rain which goes through the rainbow blights whatever it touches, and a sixteenth century couplet runs:

When the rainbow touches the trees,
No caterpillar will hang on the leaves.

With not a few African tribes does the same superstition exist, as also that which holds that dread will be the death of the man who goes under the rainbow arch. Contrary was the belief of the ancient Peruvians, who worshiped the rainbow as the emblem of all good fortune; but there is a weird awfulness in the belief, common in the Middle Ages, that ere the Day of Judgment, even for forty years before, would the rainbow, with the rainbow promise, utterly depart.

But in England all mysticism has passed from the rainbow lore, which now goes along with the lore of the weather. Similar to an oft-quoted Scotch rhyme is the Wiltshire one, running:

The rainbow in the marnin'
Gives the shepherd warnin'
To car' his gurt cwoat on his back;
The rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight,
For then no gurt cwoat will he lack.

In Cornwall the weather-wise think differently, for the rhyme runs:

A rainbow in the morn,
Put your hook in the corn;
A rainbow in the eve,
Put your hook in the sheave.

An old sea rhyme—the rainbow with sailors being called a sun-dog—tells:

A dog in the morning,
Sailor, take warning;
A dog in the night
Is the sailors' delight.

Should red prevail in the rainbow, says the legend, wind and rain will follow. Green also tells of bad weather to come. Blue gives foreknowledge of the weather's clearing, and concerning the blue rainbow beautifully quaint is the old Scotch rhyme:

The weather's taking up now,
For yonder's the weather gaw;
How bonny is the East now,
Now the colors fade awa'.

There is a note of sublimity as well as triviality in the rainbow lore. And, although the bridge be broken to Asgard, though the swift-footed Iris passes no more, though we seek for the fairy crock and the golden slippers and find them not, we can still rejoice in the old promise attached to the "bow in the cloud."

THE POETS' CORNER

Measuring the Baby.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall—
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold
And a heart like a jeweled chalice
The fragrant dew to hold.

His eyes were wide as bluebells,
His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
"When September comes, with the golden-rod,
We will measure our boy again."

Ah me, in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain
We measured the boy today.
And the little bare feet so dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the rising dawn,
The little face lay smiling
With the light of Heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunbeams
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the little white velvet casket
That awaited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

The Forty Acre Farm.

I am thinking, wife, of neighbor Jones,
That man with stalwart arm—
He lives in peace and plenty
On a forty-acre farm,
When men are all around us,
With hearts and hands a-sore,
Who own two hundred acres
And still are renting more.

No weeds are in the cornfield,
No thistles in the oats,
The horses show good keeping
By their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow
Beneath the beachen shade,
Learn all their gentle manners
From a gentle milking maid.

Within the field on Saturday
He leaves no cradled grain,
To be gathered on the morrow
For fear of coming rain;
He keeps the Sabbath holy—
His children learn his ways,
He fills his barns with plenty
At the close of harvest days.

He never has a lawsuit
To take him to the town,
For the very simple reason
That he has no fences down;
The barroom in the village
For him has ne'er a charm,
I can always find my neighbor
On his forty-acre farm.

His acres are so very few,
He plows them very deep;
'Tis his own hand that turns the sod—
'Tis his own hand that reaps,
He has a place for everything,
And things are in their place,
The sunshine smiles upon him,
Contentment is in his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife,
From prudent neighbor Jones,
And not for what he haven't got
Give vent to sighs and groans;
The rich ain't always happy
Nor free from life's alarms,
But blest be those who live content,
Though small may be their farms.

Wake, Nicodemus.

BY HENRY C. WORK.

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
And was bought for a bagful of gold,
He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,
But he died, years ago, very old.
'Twas his last sad request—so we laid him away
In the trunk of an old hollow tree.
"Wake me up," was his charge, "at the first break of day—
Wake me up for the great jubilee!"

CHORUS.

The "good time coming" is almost here!
It was long, long, long on the way!
Now run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet me at the gum tree down in the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus today.

He was known as a prophet—at least was as wise—
For he told of the battles to come;
And we trembled with dread when he rolled up his eyes,
And we heeded the shake of his thumb.
Though he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore
Were in patches at elbow and knee;
And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore,
As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,
Though the bullet had oft crossed his path;
There was none of his masters so brave or so rash
As to face such a man in his wrath.
Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim—
He obeyed who was born to command;
But he longed for the morning which then was so dim—
For the morning which now is at hand.

'Twas a long, weary night—we were almost in fear
That the future was more than he knew;
'Twas a long, weary night, but the morning is near,
And the words of our prophet are true.
There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone—
There are tokens in endless array;
While the storm which had seemingly banished the dawn,
Only hastens the advent of day.

We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd.

We met, 'twas in a crowd;
And I thought he would shun me,
His name I dare not speak;
For his eyes were upon me.
When he spoke his words were cold,
And his smiles were unaltered;
I knew the love he felt,
For his deep-toned voice faltered.

I wore my bridal robe—
How I rivaled its whiteness
Bright gems were in my hair,
How I hated their brightness.
When he called me by my name,
'Twas the bride of another;
Oh, you have been the cause,
Of this anguish, my mother!

Once again we met,
And a fair girl was with him;
He smiled and whispered low,
As I once used to hear him.
She that leans upon the arm,
That is mine, and mine only,
For him she has no charm,
He feels wretched and lonely.

Now he has given those vows,
All up to another,
His heart will still be mine;
It will throb for no other.
This world may think me gay,
While my feelings I smother,
Oh, you have been the cause,
Of this anguish, my mother.

Now she will be his bride,
At the altar he will give her;
His love, it is too pure,
For a heartless deceiver.
She will lean upon the arm,
That is mine, and mine only.
Oh you have been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother.

Farewell unto this world,
My heart only cherish,
Farewell unto you all,
I will lie me down and perish.
When you pass o'er my grave,
And your feelings you smother,
Forgive, as I do now,
Forgive my poor mother.

The Dying Cowboy.

As I rode up to Letherian's bar-room,
Letherian's bar-room, one morning in May,
I spied a young cowboy, all dressed in white linen,
All dressed in white linen, and robed for the grave.

CHORUS.

Then blow your fife slowly and beat your drum lowly,
And play the dead marches as they carry me along,
Place me in yonder graveyard and roll the sod o'er me
For I'm the dying cowboy, I know I've done wrong.

So once in my saddle I used to go dashing,
So once in my saddle I used to look gay,
Then from card-playing I took to drinking,
And was shot through the heart and must die.

Go gather together a crowd of young cowboys,
And show them their young comrade's fate,
To read and to alter before they go farther,
And stop their wild rambling before it's too late.

Go write me a letter to my gray-haired mother,
And carry to my sister so dear,
And there is another more dear than a sister,
Who would mourn at the loss, if she knew I was here.

Go bring to my bedside a cup of cold water,
A cup of cold water, the poor fellow said,
And ere I returned the spirit had departed,
He's gone to the Giver, the poor cowboy's dead.

POEMS WANTED.

An old song, with this line in it, is requested: "Weep, zephyrs, weep for the maiden."

Will someone furnish the words to the song, In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

In the Poets' Corner of January 1 was published part of the poem entitled The White Pilgrim. We have had many requests for the remaining verses, which we give you today.

Go tell my companion, and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear
Has kindly assisted me home.

I called at the house of the mourner below,
I entered the mansion of grief;
The tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow,
I tried, but could give no relief.

There sat a lone widow, dejected and sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppressed;
And here were her children in mourning array'd,
And sighs were escaping each breast.

I spoke to the widow concerning her grief;
I asked her the cause of her woe;
And why there was nothing to give her relief,
Or soothe her deep sorrow below?

She looked at her children, then looked upon me;
That look I can never forget;
More eloquent far than a seraph can be,
It spoke of the trials she met.

The hand of affliction falls heavily now,
I am left with my children to mourn;
The friend of my youth is silent and low,
In yonder cold graveyard alone.

But why should I mourn or feel to complain,
Or think that my fortune is hard?
Have I met with affliction? 'Tis truly his gain,
He enters the joy of his Lord.

His work is completed and finished below,
His last tear is fallen, I trust;
He has preached his last sermon and met his last foe,
Has conquered, and now is at rest.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Please do not send any more requests for The Grog Seller's Dream. We had but one copy of the poem and that was forwarded to the one who made the first application.

Poems received during the past week are: A Name in the Sand; Gospel Meeting; Paul Jones; Decision to the Gypsy's Warning; The Old Mountain Pines; The Mistletoe Bough; What is God; William Cook; Lucy Gray; Little Angel; St. Peter at the Gate; Life's Railway to Heaven; Hang up Baby's Stocking; The Drummer Boy of Shiloh; The Owl Critic; Pass Under the Rod.

Joseph W. Luce:—Whenever you have any of the poems that are inquired for do not hesitate to send them because you live so far away. Yours might be the only copy sent in of some poem wanted.

We are informed that the poem The Dying Californian, was incorrect as it was printed in the Corner a short time ago. We will give it in its correct form as soon as possible.

RIED AND SCRATCHED

the Time—Baby Covered with orturing Eczema—Doctor Said Sores Would Last for Years.

RFECT CURE BY CUTICURA

My baby niece was suffering from terrible torture, eczema. It was over her body, but the worst was her face and hands. She cried and tched all the time and could not p night or day from the scratch- I had her under the doctor's care a year and a half and he seemed to her no good. I took her to the best tor in the city and he said that she ld have the sores until she was six s old. But if I had depended on doctor my baby would have lost mind and died from the want of But I used Cuticura Soap and icura Ointment and she was cured three months. Alice L. Dowell, 9 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., May nd 20, 1907."

STRUST IS GROWING

icy of Japs in East Not Satisfactory to British.

ny Complains Are Made Re- arding Obstruction of Foreign Trade in Manchuria.

hanghai, Feb. 29.—There is a wing distrust in British commer- circles on the Chinese coast of entire policy of the Japanese gov- ment in the far east and of recent nths there has been a succession of plaints regarding the obstruction foreign trade in Manchuria. This particularly affects the British mship companies and officials of se lines say that obstacles are ed in the way of their steamers going to Port Dalny. The opposition of an to the extension northward of Hsin-Min-Tun railroad also is ad- sely criticised here, it being con- ded that her sole object in this re- d is to eliminate any possibility opposition to her lines in Manria.

UR PERSONS DROWNED

ves Lost in Swollen Rivers of Pennsylvania.

avy Property Damage Also Results From Heavy Rains and Melting Snow.

hiladelphia, Feb. 27.—The death of least four persons and much prop- damage was caused in eastern nsylvania yesterday by floods pre- itated by heavy rains and melting w. Bridges were swept away, mills manufacturing establishments in- ated, and railroad tracks flooded, so t traffic was interfered with.

C. Clauss, a farmer, was drowned ve Easton while attempting to ford Bushkill creek, which had over- ed.

rederick Gurkensmyer, of York, was ght in the flood in Codorus creek drowned.

ichael Gallagher, Jr., aged 10 years, of ntown, lost his life by falling into the llen waters of Jordan creek.

e large sewers at Wilkesbarre were ble to carry off the water and the low- ection of the city was flooded.

hroughout the Schuylkill region mines e flooded and operations were sus- ded. Reports from the various points night show that the water is reced-

fter having floated nearly a mile in swollen waters of Brandywine creek landed safely on a small island, Sam White, aged eight years, of Modena, drowned at Coatesville.

he boy fell from a swinging bridge r the creek. Ropes were thrown to when he landed on the island an in efforts to seize them he again fell the stream.

RMER PRIEST SENTENCED

nchakist Leader Goes to Prison for Two Years.

ew York, Feb. 28—A minimum sentence two years and two months in state son was meted out to Levont Mar- gesian, the Armenian, former priest treasurer of the local branch of the nchakist society, convicted yesterday extortion.

artoogesian was accused by several ntrymen. They alleged that death threatened as the alternative of con- uting to the society represented by prisoner. Martoogesian claimed that had only sought personal loans with- threats and that the charges against were inspired by the Sultan of key.

runkards Cured In 24 Hours.

y Lady Can Cure the Most Violent Drunkard Secretly at Home.

Prove It, A Free Trial Package Is Sent Sealed To All Who Write.

et no woman despair. The sure, ck, permanent cure for drunkenness been found.

t is Golden Remedy. It has no odor. has no taste. Just a little is put in drunkard's cup of coffee or tea, or in food. He will never notice it, he will cured before he realizes it, and he will er know why he abandoned the taste liquor.

Gone Mad From Whiskey.

his desire for drink disappears abso- lely, and he will even abhor the very ht and smell of whiskey.

e vigor he has wasted away by drink be restored to him, and his health strength and cheerfulness will return brighten your home.

Golden Remedy has cured some of the st violent cases in a day's time. This t is proven by many ladies who have ed it.

Mrs. Mattie Balkins, Vanceburg Ky., ys:

"My husband took two doses of your edicine about five months ago and has t taken a drink or had any desire for uor since then. Our home is so differ- t now."

Save your loved one from premature eath and the terrible consequences of e drink curse and save yourself from verty and misery.

It costs absolutely nothing to try. Send ur name and address to Dr. J. W. aines, 2301 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, hio, and he will at once send you a of the marvelous Golden emedy in a plain, sealed wrapper. will also send you the strongest, nclusive proof of what a blessing it has en to thousands of families. Send for a free trial package of Golden emedy today.

ATTEMPT TO KILL SHAH

Two Bombs Hurled at Him From House-Top.

As Matter of Precaution He Occupied Carriage Just Behind His Motor Car.

Teheran, Persia, Feb. 28.—An attempt was made in this city this afternoon to assassinate the Shah of Persia by bombs. His majesty was not injured, but three of his outriders were killed.

The shah owes his escape to the precautions taken to protect him from just such an attempt as was made this afternoon. He was on his way to a nearby town, where he intended to pass a few days. The procession had left the palace and was traveling a narrow street when two bombs were hurled down at it from the roof of a house. One exploded in the air, but the other struck the ground, near the shah's automobile. This missile, in exploding, killed the three outriders, wounded the chauffeur and a score of bystanders and shattered the vehicle.

SHAH OF PERSIA.

The shah, however, was not in his automobile. He had taken the precaution to send the automobile on ahead and rode himself in a carriage further in the rear of the procession. The motor car was a closed one and it was thought that the sovereign was inside.

As soon as the shah heard the explosion he alighted hurriedly from his carriage and entered a neighboring house. Here he remained quietly while his attendants sent word for a detachment of troops. The soliders hurried to the scene and formed in front of the house where the shah was. He then came out and, surrounded by a big bodyguard, returned to the palace.

The house from which the bombs were thrown and the buildings nearby were searched by the police, but no arrests were made.

The present Shah of Persia, Mohammed Ali Mirza, followed his father to the throne on January 9, 1907. He was the first monarch of Persia to begin his rule under a constitution. A national council was convoked by him, but it never has fulfilled the hopes and aspirations of the people, or brought them the reforms they demanded. The administration of the country has been in a state of chaos for several years and the popular discontent has been extreme.

FORTUNE IS UNEARTHED

Workmen Demolishing an Old House Find $100,000.

Budapest, Hungary, Feb. 26.—In demolishing the dilapidated mansion of the counts of Forgach, in Raechau street, workmen found beneath the base of one of the pillars of the entrance hall a small wooden box wrapped in decaying rags.

It was taken to the owner of the property, who recently bought the old mansion, to tear it down and build a modern residence on the site. He opened the box and found that it contained bonds and other securities with a present value of 500,000 crowns ($100,000).

In the bundle of securities is an Austrian states debit bond, No. 33,518, with the coupons from 1851 to 1872 intact. Six more bonds of the same issue were in the bundle with the coupons attached. Other government bonds and bonds of two railways were also in the package.

Some of the bonds were in an envelope dated May, 1855, addressed to Madame Fanny Boche. Investigation by the police shows that a woman of that name lived in Budapest half a century ago, and was the mistress of Baron Boche, president of the council of administration during the premiership of Minister Bach.

The authorities have advertised for the heirs of Madame Boche to appear and present proof of the claims. In event of their non-appearance the fortune will pass to the new purchaser of the old mansion.

QUEEN IS IN COLLISION

Wilhelmina and Prince Henry Have Narrow Escape.

The Hague, Feb. 26.—Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry, her husband, had a narrow escape from serious injury in a carriage accident which occurred near the palace today. The prince was driving the carriage, in which her majesty was seated. In a narrow part of the road an electric street car, coming at full speed, suddenly collided with the vehicle before the prince could turn out. The impact was very severe and the carriage was badly wrecked, three wheels being torn off. Fortunately, neither the queen nor the prince was hurt. Her majesty was somewhat unnerved, but she was able to walk to the palace. Shortly after she left the palace and went to the residence of her mother in order to reassure her and prove that she had not been injured.

TROOPS GUARDING A TOWN

Violence Threatened Against Italians in Louisiana.

Kentwood, La., Feb. 29.—Kentwood is today under guard of state troops, who quietly took possession last night to prevent threatening violence against Italians. Within the last two days self-styled vigilants have warned scores of Italians to leave town by the end of this week if they did not wish to be blown up with dynamite. Frightened Italians yesterday left so rapidly that the Italian population of 200 was reduced by about half.

The main complaint against these foreigners was that they had accepted without contest a cut in wages from $1.75 to $1.25 per day in the lumber mills, where most of them were employed.

EDISON IS IMPROVING

New York, Feb. 29.—The conditiin of Thomas A. Edison, who has undergone two operations within a few days, was reported as somewhat improved today. The physicians attending him reported that he had passed a comfortable night.

THREW BOMB AT ALCORTA

Life of Chief Executive of Argentine Was Threatened,

With Great Coolness President Alcorta Kicked the Infernal Machine Away.

POLITICAL UNREST PLACES RULERS' LIVES IN DANGER.

Two attempts to kill rulers were made yesterday by supposed anarchists. In each case bombs were used.

In Teheran bombs were hurled at the shah of Persia. He was not hurt, but three people were killed.

In Buenos Ayres a dynamite bomb was hurled at a carriage in which President Alcosta, of Argentina, was riding. The bomb did not explode.

Both attempts to assassinate are due to political unrest.

Persia has been torn by factional strife over constitutional reform for some time and recently there has arisen much political disorder in Argentina.

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 29.—Dr. J. Figueroa Alcorta, president of the republic, early last evening was the object of an abortive attempt at assassination at the hands of a native of Argentina. He hurled a crude bomb at the president as the latter alighted from his carriage in front of his residence. The missile did not explode.

The miscreant, who is believed to be insane, was arrested and three other persons who were acting in a suspicious manner also were taken into custody by the police.

Dr. Alcorta was not at all perturbed. He considers the action that of an insane man.

Official Statement.

The following official statement regarding the occurrence was given out at the residence of President Alcorta:

His excellency was alighting from a carriage when an individual, who afterwards was identified as an Argentine of mixed blood named Solano Regis, dropped at the president's feet a bomb which, happily, did not explode.

Dr. Alcorta, with great coolness, promptly kicked the infernal machine away from him while his aide-de-camp, Captain Anabia, seized the criminal and prevented his escape.

The police immediately procured a pail of water, into which they placed the bomb, which emitted a sulphurous odor.

President Alcorta meantime had turned to expostulate with his would-be assassin, but owing to the possibility of the bomb still exploding he was gently forced by his aide-de-camp up on the porch of his residence.

The police afterwards arrested three men prowling in the neighborhood as suspicious characters.

The bomb was made from a common paint can and is believed to contain about ten kilos of explosives.

Was Not Excited.

His excelency showed no sign of perturbation during the incident, merely attributing the act to an unhinged mind.

As soon as news of the occurrence became public all the ministers, the chief of police, high officials, and many personal friends, hastened to the president's house and congratulated him upon his escape.

Regis refuses to give any information concerning his action, though he denies that he was the emissary of anyone.

Teheran Frightened.

Teheran, Feb. 29.—A bomb exploded in a side street of this city at an early hour this morning and killed two laborers. The occurrence created excitement, but there was nothing to show any connection with the attempt made yesterday afternoon on the life of the shah, when unknown persons hurled two bombs at the automobile in which he was supposed to be riding through the streets.

DUKE OPPOSED BUYING

President of Tobacco Trust Didn't Like Its Methods.

New York, Feb. 27.—That the action of the American Tobacco company in secretly buying up certain rival companies and suppressing the fact of the purchases was against his better judgment, was testified yesterday by James B. Duke, president of the America Tobacco company, in the federal suit to dissolve the company. Mr. Duke further said that such action was taken by the company to please those who controlled the companies which were taken over.

Mr. Duke's testimony was taken at his home, where he is confined by illness. For three hours he sat bolstered up in bed answering questions put by counsel for the company. Only the court and the counsel were with him.

Much of Mr. Duke's evidence related to the history of the formation of the alleged tobacco trust. He declared that on no occasion did his company obtain control of or buy in a rival company to force that company out of business, but that such purchases were made only for investment. The Union Tobacco company was bought, Mr. Duke said, because the American Tobacco company believed that by the purchase it would secure strong financial associations and thereby enable the parent company to take in the United States Tobacco company.

REFUSE TO OUST KELSEY

New York Senate Ignores Gov. Hughes' Recommendation.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 26.—Without a word of comment or detail on the merits of the question, and by a vote almost duplicating that of last year, the senate today for the second time refused to concur in the renewed recommendation of Governor Hughes that Otto Kelsey be removed on the ground of incompetency from the office of state superintendent of insurance. The vote today was: Ayes 19; nays 30; not voting 2.

The vote last year on the same proposition was 24 to 27.

RAIDERS FAILED TO COME

Kentucky Night Riders Feared to Face Ohio Militia.

Batavia, O., Feb. 27.—The expected visit of night riders who threatened to burn the tobacco barn of George Rice, an independent buyer at Neville, did not materialize last night, and the militia company which was sent there returned to this city today.

Neville is located on the Ohio river, and in the heart of the Clermont county white burley tobacco district. Across the river in Kentucky is a similar district.

Private guards were on duty today at the farm and barns where George Rice had stored his tobacco, and it is understood that tonight the militia guard will be recalled, as the danger is not believed to be over.

THIRTEEN KILLED BY AN AVALANCHE

Enormous Atmospheric Pressure Demolished Hotel, Catching Guests at the Table.

Berne, Switzerland, March 2.—An avalanche descended yesterday near the village of Coppenstein. The enormous atmospheric pressure which accompanied it demolished a hotel at the mouth of the Loetschenthal tunnel, killing 13 and injuring 15 others.

The occupants of the hotel, numbering 30, were surprised while seated at the table by sinister rumblings. Almost immediately two children rushed into the dining room and screamed, "An avalanche, an avalanche." There was a rush to escape, but the building, which was of a temporary nature, collapsed without warning. Both of the children were killed, along with many of those they had sought to cave. Among the others killed was an American engineer named Mervart, who was installing American machinery to be used for tunneling.

The hotel had been erected by the tunnel contractors for the convenience of the engineers and others engaged in construction work. There were no tourists there.

The bilage postoffice and police station also were seriously damaged by the air wave and were keeled over to an angle of 45 degrees, making occupancy impossible. The tunnel works were not damaged.

CHARGE AGAINST JEROME

Removal of New York District Attorney Is Asked.

Also Charged That He Received $50,000 in Campaign Funds From Corporations.

New York, Feb. 27.—Twenty-two specific charges are made in a petition praying for the removal of William T. Jerome as district attorney of the county of New York which was sent to Governor Hughes at Albany today by a committee of stockholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway through their chairman, William F. King.

The petition alleges that Jerome failed properly to prosecute charges of alleged "jury fixing" and the giving of false testimony in street railway cases; that the prosecution of violations of the criminal law by the life insurance companies of New York, as disclosed by the Armstrong committee had been delayed; that an alleged criminal conspiracy to divert the property of the Metropolitan Street Railway company of New York into the hands of a few men was allowed by Mr. Jerome to go on and hundreds of stockholders robbed of their money, and that no attempt was made to punish men alleged to have committed other frauds in connection with New York city traction deals.

Mr. Jerome's statements as to judges are alleged to have been not only improper, but scandalous in their nature, and to have tended to destroy the confidence of the people in the integrity of their courts. The committee olso charges that the district attorney misconducted himself in failing to indict and seeking to convict someone of the officials of the New York Central Railroad company in connection with the collision in that company's tunnel in 1902, when seventeen persons were killed. Various other causes of alleged failure of the district attorney to perform his duty are cited in the complaint.

The petition also charges that contributions to the campaign fund to elect Mr. Jerome were received by one of Mr. Jerome's assistants from men connected with large corporations, seeking favors from the district attorney, and that the sum, the amount of which is unknown, was considerably upwards of $50,000.

Among these contributors, it is alleged, was the attorney for James M. Hyde, who contributed $5,000. It is also alleged that the assistant who received these funds, and who has since resigned and entered law practice, has undue influence with the district attorney.

DOESN'T WANT MISSIONS

King Leopold Will Not Sell Land for Stations.

Cincinnati, Feb. 28.—King Leopold of Belgium has refused to sell to the Foreign Christian Missionary society any more land in the Congo State in Africa.

This news is contained in a letter received today by the Rev. F. M. Raines, secretary of this society at its Cincinnati headquarters, from the Rev. J. A. Eldred, who is at the head of the one missionary station the Christians now have in the Congo, situated at a place called Bolombo.

Instructions, however, have been sent to Mr. Eldred not to give up his efforts in the matter but to renew his offers to the Belgians and to continue renewing them in the hope that possibly something may cause a change of decision.

LOST STATUE IS FOUND

St. Gauden's First Work at Saratoga, N. Y., Home.

New York, Feb. 26.—A lost statue of "Hiawatha" by Augustus St. Gaudens, the first figure ever executed by the sculptor, which disappeared after being exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, about fifteen years ago, has been found. Yesterday Daniel C. French, chairman of the St. Gaudens' commemorative exhibition committee, said that the "Hiawatha" statue had been discovered ornamenting the grounds of the late former Judge Henry Hilton's estate at Saratoga, N. Y., Judge Hilton having bought it, it was stated, from the estate of former Governor E. D. Morgan.

The executor of Judge Hilton's estate, Horace Russell, being in Europe, it will be too late to obtain permission for the taking of a plaster cast of the statue for the commemorative exhibition of the sculptor's work which will open in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in this city, on March 3.

SEVEN TO BE EXECUTED

Russian Terrorists to Die for Complicity in Plots.

Three Others Are Given Fifteen Years' Imprisonment at Hard Labor.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 28.—A military court, sitting in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, under the presidency of General Nikiforoff, yesterday condemned to death seven of the terrorists charged with complicity in the attempt last week in this city upon the lives of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, a second cousin of the emperor, and M. Chtcheglovitoff, the minister of justice, and sentenced three others to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Among those upon whom the death sentence was passed is a supposed Italian journalist, Calvino, who has represented in St. Petersburg, La Vita, of Rome, and Il Tempo, of Milan. A special attorney was secured for him by the Italian embassy, but Calvino spurned the assistance of the embassy, saying he wished to share the fate of his comrades. Addressing the court in broken Russian, he made the sensational declaration that the passport that bore his name was not really his, and that he therefore desired to be tried as a Russian subjcet. All efforts on the part of the court to induce him to disclose his real name and status proved unavailing.

Two women were also sentenced to death, and one to imprisonment. The accused all refused counsel, but were represented by four civilian lawyers appointed by the court, which also delegated two military advocates for the defense. The public was excluded from the hearing.

The indictment against the ten prisoners who constituted the first batch of the fifty or more terrorists captured by the police on February 20, charged them with membership in the Northern Flying Column of the Social Revolutionists and with active participation in attempts to assassinate Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch and M. Chtcheglovitoff, and narrated the circumstances of their arrest on the very day set for the assassination, with the instruments for the commission of the crime in their possession.

FOUR DIE IN FLAMES

Mother and Her Three Children the Victims.

Pittsburg, Feb. 29.—A mother and her three children were burned to death and several persons were injured by a fire early today in the Brereton avenue foreign district. A large number of excited foreigners had narrow escapes from death and injury. The dead:

Caroline Viacak, 33 years.
Stephen Viacak, 6 years.
Carrol Viacak, 4 years.
Peter Viacak, 2 years.

A 19-year-old girl jumped from a window, breaking three ribs, and John Kalinkowski, occupying an adjoining house, which was destroyed, threw his wife and four children out of the window into the arms of policemen, and all were more or less injured.

The fire started from an overturned lamp exploding and within a short time the Viacak and Kalinkowski homes were in flames. The members of both families, with many boarders, were sleeping in the upper portion of the house, and when they found the exits blocked by flames a panic resulted. The boarders jumped from the windows and later attempted to enter the house to save their valuables. An extra squad of police was summoned and great difficulty was experienced in restraining the excited foreigners.

Stephen Viacak, husband and father of the victims, was one of those who jumped from the window when the fire was discovered. The loss is about $6,000.

SUES THE TOBACCO TRUST

Kentucky Seeks to Recover Tax on the Product.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 29.—State Revenue Agent Arthur E. Hopkins yesterday filed suits in fourteen counties, seeking to recover from the American Tobacco Co. taxes alleged to be due on tobacco owned by the company during the last five years and valued at $16,500,000. The amount of the tax claimed, with interest, totals $145,000. It is alleged that the failure of the state to collect the tax was due to the practice of the company in allowing tobacco purchased to remain in the farmers' barns until needed. The farmer did not pay tax on it, while other assessors in valuing the company's tobacco assessed only that held in the company's own warehouses.

Hero of Ft. Donaldson Dies Starving in Cleveland

Cleveland, O., Feb. 27.—Dead from lack of proper food, Russell Page, a civil war veteran, decorated by congress for valiant service at Fort Donelson, was found yesterday in bed at his home.

While Page was dying his aged wife was vainly searching for work.

Page, who was confined to his bed as the result of a wound received in the war, was too proud to ask for aid, as was his wife.

At Fort Donelson Page led an army of Sappers in the mining of the ground near the fortifications. While directing the men Page saw Homer Stratton, of Cleveland, a member of an Ohio regiment, lying on the ground badly wounded. Page carried Stratton on his shoulders from the battlefield, keeping his face to the foe and shielding Stratton from the heavy musket fire with his own body. After three volleys the Confederates ceased firing and cheered him as he retreated to safety.

China to Have Delegate In the Telegraph Union

Pekin, Feb. 27.—Chow-Wan-Pang will be the Chinese delegate to the International Telegraph Union, which is to be held at Lisbon next April, China has consistently refused to join the union during the 26 years she has had telegraphic communication with the outside world and even now it is explained that her present representation is to be unofficial. Chow-Wan-Pang, who was educated in the United States, will be accompanied to Lisbon by F. H. Dresing, a Dane, who has done much for the extension of telegraphs in China, in an advisory capacity.

China's reason for declining in the past to participate in the union was that her communications were too primitive to enable her to comply with the obligations imposed by membership therein.

Her telegraph department has depended upon wheelbarrows, donkeys and packbearers to carry out repairs and extensions, broken lines sometimes requiring sometimes weeks to be made good. As a certain improvement in this regard has now been accomplished China believes she may be able to subscribe to the international regulations.

Li Hung Chang was the father of China's telegraphs which, since 1881, have expanded to embrace 60,000 miles of working lines.

JAPAN DEMANDS APOLOGY

Seizure of a Jap Vessel May Bring Trouble

Confiscated Cargo of Arms and Ammunition Believed to Have Been Destined for Revolutionists.

Tokio, Feb. 29.—The Japanese government is maintaining a determined attitude concerning the seizure of the Tatsu Maru and demands both an apology and an indemnity from China.

The Chinese foreign office wants to submit the entire question to a mixed court. This is refused by the Japanese government unless the vessel has first been released and an apology made for the insult to the flag. It appears that the Tatsu was regularly cleared from Kobe with a consignment of arms and ammunition for Maco. The Portugese minister at Peking supports the contention of Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese minister of foreign affairs, that the vessel was seized in Portugese waters.

It is believed here among officials that the Chinese will finally yield to the demand of Japan.

It is quite evident that the Japanese will resort to force unless their demands are conceded within a reasonable time.

The Japanese armored cruiser Idzumi sailed yesterday from Shanghai for Hong Kong, where it is understood she will investigate the seizure on February 7, by the Chinese customs cruisers of the Japanese steamer Tastu Maru.

This movement of the Idzumi is probably intended as a demonstration against the action of the Chinese officials, although the foreign office denies that it has such an object in view, adding that negotiations are proceeding at Pekin, and that the Japanese flag has been restored to the Tastu Maru.

The whole question of the seizure of the Tastu Maru, which carried a cargo of arms and other munitions, now turns upon the character of the merchant to whom the arms were consigned. It is believed that he is a sympathizer of the revolutionists in China for whom the arms were probably intended.

The Tastu Maru, a Japanese steamer, was seized by the Chinese customs cruisers while anchored in Chinese waters off Macao. It was escorted to Canton by a cruiser and three Chinese gunboats. She carried several cases of rifles and thousands of rounds of ammunition. This cargo, it is believed, was destined for Chinese revolutionists, but was consigned to a Portuguese merchant.

FOUR BURNED TO DEATH

Man and Three Children Die in Flames.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 2.—Anthony Schultz, 55 years old, and three of his children, Nellie, 13; Joseph, 11, and May, 8, were burned to death in a fire in their home in Depew, ten miles from here, yesterday.

Mrs. Schultz and her four youngest children were rescued. Walter Schultz, a married son, who lived next door, risked his life twice in rescuing his mother and the younger children.

INJUNCTION IS DENIED

Court Refuses to Interfere in I. C. Railroad Voting.

Chicago, March 2.—Judge Ball this morning denied the petition of H. W. Leman for an injunction restraining the voting of 281,231 shares of stock held by the Union Pacific railroad and the Railroad Securities company, at the annual meeting of the Illinois Central today.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinos Central railroad adjourned, after a 15 minutes' session, until 2 o'clock tomorrow. The inability of the proxy committee to present a complete report caused the action.

HELEN KELLER RESIGNS

Boston, March 2.—Official announcement has been made that Helen Keller, the famous deaf, dumb and blind girl, has resigned from the Massachusetts commission for the blind on the ground that a person of hearing can render more effective service.

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HELEN KELLER.

The young woman served more than a year and was one of those whose efforts brought about the formation of the commission. Owing to the rapid discussion in the board, all of which had to be translated to Miss Keller over the fingers of her instructor, she concluded it would be impossible for her to satisfactorily get all the facts at each session.

TRAVELS 6,000 MILES FOR A HALF-HOUR INTERVIEW.

New York, Feb. 29.—After a voyage of nearly six thousand miles, undertaken for a business interview that lasted only half an hour, Charles M. Schwab arrived yesterday on the steamship Mauretania from Liverpool, and talked optimistically of the financial outlook. Mr. Schwab had been absent from home twenty days. "My sole object in making the trip," he said, "was to see a man in the south of England and transact some business. It took us just thirty minutes to finish it. Having some little time at my disposal, I spent two days in London and two days in Paris."

$10.00 CASH and $10.00 per month will buy a beautiful California Vineyard, the income from which will be sufficient to make you independent for life. Handsome pamphlet, valuable information and contract FREE. Sacramento Valley Improvement Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FLEET ON FINAL TRIP

Leaves Callao, Peru, for Magdalena Bay.

American Battleships Are Given a Rousing Send-off by the Peruvians.

Callao, Feb. 29.—(10:45 a. m.)—The fleet of American battleships under Rear Admiral Evans, weighed anchor this morning and steamed majestically out of the harbor in column formation and headed to the north.

The departing visitors were given a rousing send-off by the people. Several large steamers had been chartered to take out spectators to witness the departure. The fleet was reviewed outside the harbor by President Pardo.

Finish Trip March 14.

The next stopping place of the fleet under Rear Admiral Evans is Magdalena Bay, where, according to the schedule, the vessels will arrive March 14. The distance from Callao to Magdalena Bay is 3,102 nautical miles. The dates for the departure of the vessels from Magdalena Bay and the arrival at San Francisco have not been definitely determined, as they depend upon the completion of the target practice at Magdalena Bay, which probably will occupy thirty days.

There are no wireless telegraph stations on the coast of South and Central America between Callao and the next stopping place, and the fleet therefore will not be able to communicate by this means. This is the longest lap of the long voyage, and unless news of the passage of the warships is brought ashore by some passing steamer, the vessels probably will not be heard from again until they approach Magdalena Bay.

The fleet left Hampton Roads December 16, and made its first stop in South America at Trinidad on December 23. Five days' sailing from Callao will bring Panama abeam, and the vessels will then be practically clear of South America. Counting the long stops they made at Trinidad, Rio Janeiro, Punta Arenas and Callao, the vessels have made the circuit of South America in approximately 73 days.

GOES TO REPUBLICANS

Former Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, Chosen Senator.

End of Long Political Struggle Witnessed by the Wildest Excitement.

Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 29.—For the first time, with one exception, since the days of the reconstruction period, Kentucky yesterday afternoon elected a Republican senator. Former Governor William O'Connell Bradley, of Louisville, was chosen at a joint sitting of the general assembly, the switching of votes by four Democrats making a choice possible and ending a deadlock of six weeks.

The end of the long fight was witnessed by the wildest excitement. Party leaders pleaded in vain with the four Democrats to return to the fold when it was learned that they had gone over to Bradley. This failed, and after an attempt to break the quorum, the followers of former Governor Beckham took their defeat with the best grace possible.

Breaks a Long Chain.

The choosing of a Republican senator, in a way, was foreshadowed by the election of Governor Willson, a Republican, at the last election. This was a bitter pill for some of the old-line Democrats. They thought, however, that despite the bitter dissensions within the party, the prospect of a Republican United States senator was too remote to be worthy of consideration. Beside Bradley, the one exception to the long line of Democratic senators was William T. Deboe, whose term expired in 1903.

The four Democrats who made Bradley's election possible were Senators McNutt and Charlton and Representative Mueller, of Louisville, and Representative Lillard, of Boyle. They had steadfastly stood out against Beckham, but there was no hint until yesterday that they would not keep on giving their votes to the list of Democratic candidates who trailed after Beckham.

Rush From Hall.

When the routine calling of the vote was concluded early yesterday afternoon, the Democratic leaders were stunned by the clerk's announcement that Bradley had sixty-four votes to sixty for Beckham, one for James and one for Blackburn. A number of Democrats started out of the hall in an attempt to break the quorum There was a wild scurrying about on the floor and it was thought that the Democrats would be able by these tactics to prevent an election.

Mr. Beckham ran into the hall and shouted that he released his friends from their pledge to vote for him, thinking that the four Democrats would be willing to vote for another Democrat on the recapitulation. A number of Democrats sought then to change their votes. Every form of persuasion was applied to the four voters. The party leaders told them a caucus would be held at which Beckham's name would not be presented. But the bolters stood firm, saying it was too late. Representative Lillard declared it was time "to throw off party shackles and break up the machine." He declared his vote for Bradley was the "best Democratic vote he ever cast." In a speech accepting the honor Mr. Bradley promised to work for the repeal of the 6 per cent tax on tobacco.

Beckham Got Fifteen.

Beckham got fifteen votes on recapitulation, former Senator McCreary and Congressman James getting much of his former support.

Senator-elect Bradley once before broke the Democratic dynasty in his election to the governorship. He was endorsed as the Kentucky candidate for the presidential nomination in 1896 and was many times a delegate to national conventions, long the Kentucky member of the Republican national committee and was offered, but declined, the appointment by President Harrison as minister to Korea.

He is a native Kentuckian, nearly sixty-one years old, and was admitted to the bar in 1865 by special act of the legislature, being under twenty-one years of age at the time.

BRYAN IS STILL HOPEFUL

Says Prospects Are Brighter From Democratic Standpoint

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 29.—Five hundred banqueters heard William J. Bryan speak last night on the political outlook. Mr. Bryan arrived early yesterday, and delivered a lecture in the afternoon. He held a public reception last evening before the banquet.

At the banquet Mr. Bryan said prospects for the coming congressional year were bright from a Democratic standpoint, and were growing brighter every day. The issues, in a sense, he said, were moral ones, since all economic questions were, in the last analysis, moral problems. The most important step to be taken for the restoration of better business and industrial conditions, he said, was the building up again of confidence in the banks of the country.

PINE FOREST IN HIS BEDROOM

During the recent illness of the Emperor of Austria, his physician, Dr. Kerzl, had a number of small pine trees, growing in tubs, placed in his bedroom, converting the room into a miniature pine forest.

The healing properties of the pines are recognized by the leading physicians and scientists of the world. Thousands of people afflicted with lung trouble and bronchial affections who are not in a position to leave home and business to live out among the pines, can procure at small cost the health-giving properties of the pine forest, right in their own home.

Virgin Oil of Pine (pure) possesses all the therapeutic virtue for which the pines are noted. It is carefully prepared, being a combination of the active principles of forest trees, and is guaranteed free from any impure or deleterious substance. Used according to directions, it will break up a cold in 24 hours and promptly relieve and stop the irritating cough.

Virgin Oil of Pine is put up in ½-oz. vials only for druggists to dispense, each vial enclosed in a round wooden case to prevent breakage and exposure to light. The case is sealed with an engraved wrapper showing the name—Virgin Oil of Pine Compound, pure, guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act of June 30th, 1906, serial No. 451, prepared only by Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.—plainly printed thereon. It is well to get the genuine. Should your druggist be unable to supply you, you can have a ½-oz. vial mailed to you by sending 50 cents to the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

76 MINERS ARE KILLED

Explosion Occurred Just as Shifts Were Changing.

Most of the Dead Were Japanese—Fire Damp Believed to Have Been Cause.

Monterey, Mex., Feb. 29.—A special dispatch from Musquiz says: "Details received of the explosion in the La Rosuta mine, near San Juan de Sabinas, indicate that 76 men were killed. The explosion occurred a few minutes before 6 o'clock in the morning, just as preparations were being made to change the shifts. The disaster took place in what was known as shaft No. 3, and in which the most of the laborers were Japanese. It is not definitely known what caused the explosion, but fire damp is believed to have been responsible.

THREE KILLED IN FIGHT

Children's Dispute Leads to Fatal Pistol Battle

Evelyn, Ky., Feb. 29.—Three men were killed and a fourth was mortally wounded in a battle with revolvers following a quarrel in the lumber camp of Congleton and Williams Brothers on Rose creek, near here yesterday.

John Hamilton, James Bowles, Richard Spicer and George Frazier had been working together with about 70 other men, hauling lumber and staves. The children of Bowles and Frazier had disputes with those of Spicer and Hamilton. The men quarreled over the matter as they worked.

Finally Bowles whipped out a revolver and began firing. He killed Hamilton instantly and shot Spicer in the leg. By this time Spicer had drawn his revolver and was firing at Bowles when Frazier joined in the shooting. When the smoke cleared away it was found that Spicer was dead with two bullets in his chest and Bowles had been killed with a ball through the heart. Frazier will die.

MAMMOTH MINE CAVE-IN

People Ready to Abandon Homes and Flee.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 28.—A mammoth mine cave-in, 80 feet deep and disturbing a surface area of about a third of an acre, occurred near here yesterday. The cave-in runs along a branch of the New Jersey Central railroad, whose tracks were undermined. The Blackman colliery workings of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. nearby were inundated with a sudden rush of rock, clay and sand, causing the miners to flee for safety.

The properties in the vicinity of the cave-in, including several dozen miners' houses, it is said, are in great danger.

The people living nearest the cave-in are prepared to abandon their homes for fear a further spreading may occur.

DON'T GO TO SCHOOL— IT'S TIME WASTED.

When You Waste Your Time You're Spending Money—Come, Let Us Reason Together.

This is an age of progress, and it is just as reasonable to suppose that we can progress in methods of teaching as in anything else. Correspondence instruction is a long step in advance over the older methods. By correspondence instruction many old useless rules are eliminated. Facts, not theories, are what the people want nowadays, and they want them just as quickly as they can get them. You get facts when you take instruction by correspondence. Employers have learned that a student who has the energy and push to master bookkeeping through correspondence is just about 50 per cent more valuable than the student who requires a year or two in a commercial school to acquire the same information. That is why graduates of correspondence schools are eagerly sought after by business men. When you learn anything by correspondence you never forget it, because you have worked it out yourself. By the old methods of teaching used in business colleges, where the teacher stands up and tells the pupils this thing and that about a subject, most of it is forgotten before the teacher is through with his lecture. In correspondence instruction the student has full information at hand all the time. If he forgets any part of it, all that is necessary is to turn to that part of the course and he can instantly refresh his memory.

It takes less than two months' study, evenings or at a time that will not interfere with your regular duties, to master our course of instruction in bookkeeping, and when you are through you have a better practical knowledge of the subject than if you were to attend a business college for a year. And the cost is twenty times less than it would cost you in any first-class business college.

Every young man and woman ought to understand bookkeeping. It is knowledge that pays and a few hours each evening devoted to our lessons in bookkeeping will give anyone a first-class knowledge of the subject. Whether you intend to follow bookkeeping as a business or not, it will pay you to become familiar with our methods of teaching. Let us tell you all about it. It costs you nothing to correspond with us. We employ the finest bookkeepers in the country as teachers. Our course was written by a man who has held some of the best bookkeeping positions in this country. He was formerly employed as bookkeeper in the Baldwin Locomotive works, of Philadelphia, Pa. He is a practical man from every standpoint.

Our free book tells you how to acquire a knowledge of bookkeeping at the lowest possible expense. It is like child's play to master bookkeeping when you have the proper kind of instruction. If you desire to increase your earnings, if you would better your present condition in life, if you would like to obtain a position that will pay you a large salary, write for our free book, entitled, "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper." We place our graduates in fine paying positions absolutely free of charge, and always stand ready to help them to secure another position if they feel dissatisfied with the one we have secured for them. In other words, we always look after the future interest of our pupils. Write for our free book and you will never regret it. We want you to read it, anyway. We want a copy of it in every home. It contains information that is valuable to anyone. Write today. Address Commercial Correspondence Schools 403 Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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Read it slowly and well and you won't have to work more than two or three years, if you don't want to.
We have the biggest and most valuable property in the world.
The government values it at $182,250,000.
Because we offer you a real, honest opportunity to make money easily you don't believe in it. That is why the President's Story is sworn to—at least read it, it is interesting and free.
THOS. W. BONNEL, Secretary,
610 Gardner Building. Toledo, Ohio.

PRIEST'S FUNERAL HELD

Body of Father Leo Buried at Paterson, N. J.

Paterson, N. J., March 2.—The funeral of the late Rev. Father Leo Heinrichs, the Denver priest, who was shot down last Sunday by an anarchist, as he was administering the sacrament, was held from St. Bonaventure's monastery this morning. Thousands of persons attended.

A solemn requiem mass was sung by Rev. Father Edward Burke, assisted by forty Franciscan fathers and lay brothers of the monastery.

Interment took place in the plot of the Franciscans in the Holy Sepulchre cemetery, on the outskirts of the city.

While the body lay in state Sunday fully ten thousand persons passed through the monastery and looked down upon the face of the murdered priest.

T. B. WANAMAKER DEAD

Had Suffered Long With Complications of Ailments.

Paris, March 2.—Thomas B. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, son of former Postmaster General John Wanamaker, died suddenly at the Hotel Liverpool here today. Mr. Wanamaker arrived here on Thursday from Egypt, where he had been traveling with his mother in search of health.

Philadelphia, March 2.—Mr. Wanamaker had long been a sufferer from rheumatic gout, complicated with other ailments. Mr. Wanamaker for a long time had not been feeling well, and about the first of the year sailed for Egypt in search of health. On February 1 public announcement was made that Mr. Wanamaker had retired from the firm of John Wanamaker.

Thomas Wanamaker was born in this city, and was in his 48th year. He graduated from Princeton and soon afterward became a member of the firm of John Wanamaker and was the executive head in the absence of his father. He was interested in many enterprises and was the proprietor of the Philadelphia North American, having purchased the newspaper from Clayton McMichael in 1899.

Mr. Wanamaker leaves a widow and two young sons. Mrs. Wanamaker did not go abroad with her husband because one of the children had been operated upon for appendicitis and it was deemed inadvisable to take the boy across the ocean at that time.

BIRTH OF FIVE CHILDREN

Father Is of Family Noted for Triplets and Twins.

Steubenville, O., Feb. 29.—Five perfectly formed children were born here yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell. Three of the babies died within an hour after their birth. One boy and one girl will live, it is said. Three of the children were boys. Mrs. Campbell weighs less than 100 pounds. The combined weight of the infants was 23 pounds. Physicians declare that the case is one of the most remarkable known to the profession. Campbell, who is a mill worker, has four brothers. To the families of two of these twins have been born, and each of the other brothers is father of triplets.

Campbell's first wife died after becoming the mother of triplets. Campbell was for 12 years in the United States navy, and fought under Schley off Santiago. Two of his brothers are now with Admiral Evans' fleet in the Pacific.

OIL DRILLERS FIND GOLD

West Virginians in Fever of Excitement Over Discovery.

New Cumberland, W. Va., Feb. 29.—The eastern section of Hancock county near Arroya, adjoining the Pennsylvania state line, is in a state of excitement over an alleged rich gold find. The Saw Mill Run Oil Co. is drilling an oil well on the Miss Virginia Brown farm at Arroya, and when from a depth of 200 feet the bailer was brought up it was found to contain a solid substance, in which the glint of gold was seen. The substance proved to be gold ore, and the small quantity brought up by the bailer was declared to be worth $7.50, or at the rate of $7,000 per ton.

Offers by capitalists, most of them Pittsburghers, to lease adjoining territory, have been turned down by the owners of the land, who will form their own company and mine for gold.

SUES FOR VALUABLE LAND

Homes of Wealthy Easterners Now Built on Farm.

Pelham Manor, N. Y., Feb. 29.—Edmund C. Jessup, a farmer living in northern Connecticut, has brought suit against holders of 50 acres in Pelham Manor, on which are built the homes of a number of prominent New Yorkers, to recover the property, which, he claims, belongs to him. The property is valued at $3,000,000.

Jessup's father owned the property and used it as a farm until he died and left it to the plaintiff and his three sisters. Some years later Jessup disappeared from home, and his sisters, thinking him dead, sold the property, which has since rapidly gained in value. The three sisters are now dead and neither of them having married, Jessup is the sole heir.

His suit is based on the fact that he owned an undivided one-fourth of the land and is now the sole heir of his sisters, and that he never consented to the sale of the property.

BLAME PARENTS FOR DEATH

Believed in Healing by Prayer and Son Died.

Brazil, Ia., Feb. 28.—A coroner's jury which investigated the death of the ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Palmer, believers in healing by prayer, returned a verdict today blaming the parents for the child's death and asking the county attorney to take steps to further investigate the case with a view of preventing other deaths under similar circumstances. It was stated that he boy died of pnuemonia while uttering the prayer, "God is my life."

This was the second child of the Palmers who died, after having had only prayers to aid it.

FLOTILLA IS AT CALLAO

Destroyers Arrived at Peruvian Port in Good Shape.

Callao, March 2.—The American torpedo boat flotilla, which left Telchuano on February 25, arrived here yesterday. The commander of the flotilla, Lieut. H. I. Cone, declared that throughout the voyage, 1,500 knots, the weather was fine and conditions such that good time to the Peruvian port was possible. The destroyers arrived in splendid condition, not a hitch having occurred to mar the passage. Lieut. Cone speaks highly of the hospitality received at the hands of the Chileans and was particularly pleased with the services rendered by Lieutenant Commander Rozas, of the Chilean navy, who acted in the capacity of pilot through the inner passage from Punta Arenas to Telchuano.

It is expected that the flotilla will remain here until March 9, sailing on that date for Panama.

The Panther did not leave with the battleships which sailed Saturday, being ordered to remain in port for a number of sailors who were missing at the time of the fleet's departure. It is expected that these will be rounded up, as measures have been taken to keep a careful watch for the men who failed to report for duty. As a matter of fact, these number few, and in all the number of deserters at the various ports at which the fleet touched is a minimum.

END CONSPIRACY EVIDENCE

Arguments in Capitol Graft Case Begin Monday.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 29.—With the taking of the testimony in rebuttal of Miss Julia A. Cooper, a public stenographer of Philadelphia, both sides yesterday closed in the Capitol conspiracy suit against Contractor Sanderson and the former state officers, Snyder, Mathues and Shumaker, which has been on trial since January 27.

Arguments on the law points of the case, which were submitted by the defense to Judge Kunkel today, will begin at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon. After this argument, the speeches to the jury will begin. It is probable that the case will not go to the jury before Thursday.

VICTIMS OF BANK FAILURE

Widow a Suicide and Daughter Dies From Shock.

Munich, Mich., Feb. 29—Despondent after hearing that a closed Stockbridge, Mich., bank in which much of her small fortune was deposited might pay only ten per cent to depositors, Mrs. Mary Mayer, a farmer's widow, near here, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid yesterday, and her 17-year-old daughter Emma died 14 hours later in convulsions, brought on by the shock of discovering her mother in a dying condition.

HUSBAND BRINGS CRYING BABY TO MOTHER AT LODGE.

Waterbury, Conn., Feb. 29.—Rushing past the guards, a man entered both secret doors at the meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, A. O. H., in New Britain, with a crying, teething infant in his arms. "Here, take your child!" said he to his wife, who is a strong fraternity woman. "I am sick of trying to care for it." He dropped the infant into the arms of the surprised mother, to the great amusement of fifty women present.

FRENCH ATTACK NATIVES

Commander in Morocco Does Not Wait for Reinforcement.

Casablanca, Morocco, Feb. 29.—Without awaiting the arrival of reinforcements which are on their way to assist him in his operations against the Morocco tribesmen, General D'Amade, commanding the French forces, has assumed the offensive against the natives in the Chaouia region.

Several columns of French troops yesterday marched against the Madaghra tribesmen near Fidallah, who fought the French in a series of combats between February 16 and 18 when four French soldiers were killed and 27 wounded.

ANARCHISTS ARE FEARED

Extraordinary Measures Taken to Safeguard King Alfonso.

Paris, Feb. 28.—A special dispatch to the Matin from Madrid, says there is much uneasiness at what appears to be a renewal of anarchistic activity. On several occasions recently, the dispatch says, suspicious persons have been arrested while trying to approach King Alfonso. The authorities, however, maintain strict secrecy about these arrests. Extraordinary precautions have been taken to safeguard the king.

SHORTHAND PIONEER DEAD

Washington, Feb. 29.—William Henry Burr, a pioneer in phonography, died here yesterday in his 89th year. At one time he was an official reporter of the debates in the United States senate, and among his other achievements was the reporting of many lectures, including those of Prof. Louis Agassiz and Frederick Douglas.

U. S. CONGRATULATES SHAH

Washington, Feb. 29.—The shah of Persia will receive the congratulations of the American government on his escape from assassination. This message, signed by Secretary Root, was cabled to Minister Jackson at Teheran yesterday:

"Convey to his excellency hearty congratulations on his fortunate escape."

SUIT WAS AGAINST KING

Boston, Mass., Feb. 28.—On the ground that the suit was in effect against King Edward VII, the action of Anne Bridget Mason against the Intercolonial Railway Co., of Canada, for personal injuries, was yesterday dismissed by the supreme court. The court held that the defendant company was operated by King Edward, as its revenues were government revenues of the Dominion of Canada.

NEGRO IS LYNCHED.

Houston, Texas, Feb. 29.—The body of Charles Scott, a negro, aged 18 years, was found hanging to a tree at Conroe yesterday. The negro's feet had a placard attached to them bearing the words:

"Waringing to negroes found prowling in white folks' houses."

Scott had been arrested and placed under bond on a charge of attempting an assault upon a Miss Alley.

WANTS FOUR MILLIONS

For Postoffice Buildings in Various Cities.

Washington, D. C., March 2.—Ohio congressmen are asking for public building appropriations amounting to almost four million dollars. Representative Burton, alone, has introduced a bill for one million dollars to increase the limit of cost for the Cleveland building. The next largest appropriation asked for is by Representative Harding, who wants $225,000 to enlarge the public building at Dayton.

Representative Dawes has introduced a bill for a site and building at Cambridge, $100,000, and Representative Mouser for sites and buildings at Freemont and Tiffin, $100,000 each.

Representative Cole has introduced a $100,000 bill for a site and building at Bellefontaine, building only at Delaware $75,000, and site and building at Kenton $100,000. Representative Bannon has asked for an appropriation of $50,000 for the enlargement of the building at Portsmouth and $100,000 for a site and building at Ironton.

If all the bills introduced by Representative Laning were reported by the committee there would be a building boom in the 14th district at the expense of Uncle Sam. By the time the contracts were let there would be no unemployed in Mr. Laning's district. Mr. Laning has introduced bills for six of the large towns in the 14th district. For Ashland he asks an appropriation of $60,000; Norwalk, $60,000; Elyria, $70,000; Mt. Vernon, $70,000; Mansfield, $90,000, and Lorain $90,000. In each case the appropriation is for site and building.

Representative Ansberry modestly asks for appropriation of $60,000 for a site and building at Van Wert, and the same amount for a site and building at Defiance.

Like Gen. Sherwood, Representative Taylor has asked for an increase of $150,000 for the appropriation for the new building at Columbus. The people of Columbus, as do the people of Toledo, insist that the appropriation carried by the last bill is not large enough to construct a building according to the architect's plans.

Representatives Thomas, Ashbrook, Denver, TouVelle and Weems have asked for $100,000 each. Mr. Thomas' bill provides for site and building at Ashtabula, Denver's at Xenia, TouVelle at Lima, and Weems at Steubenville.

It is not probable that much over a million dollars of the public building appropriation of this session will go to Ohio. The committee has announced that it intends to keep the total of the omnibus bill down to $20,000,000. If the Ohio members should succeed in capturing one-twentieth of the total appropriations for the country they will have no reason for complaint.

$4,000,000 FIRE LOSSES

One Blaze in N. Y. Cost Two and Half Millions.

Northern Portion of the City Destroyed—Burned Area Covers 55 Acres.

New York, March 2.—Two fires that brought out all the fire apparatus in the upper section of the city and raged in lively fashion from midnight until dawn Sunday, burned the car barns of the New York City Railway Co. in Second avenue in Harlem and the paint factory of George W. Grote & Co., only a few blocks distant. There were 740 surface cars burned in the destruction of the barns and the loss to the company is estimated at $2,500,000. The loss on the paint factory is given as $1,125,000. It was the railway people's second serious fire within a year, the former blaze having destroyed the Madison avenue car barns.

The car barns took up the block bounded by First and Second avenues and 96th and 97th streets, and though torrents of water were poured on the blazing building the fire did not subside until it had leveled the three floors to the ground. The fire started in a paintshop on the second floor.

During the progress of the fire the police ordered scores of families living opposite the barns to leave the tenements. While the apparatus was at the car barn fire, two alarms were turned in for a spectacular fire in the paint factory of George W. Grote & Co., occupying a four-story building on 102d street. The paints and oils blazed furiously and within a short time the building was in ruins.

$600,000 Fire at Tampa.

Tampa, Fla., March 2.—The extreme northern portion of Tampa yesterday was destroyed by fire which raged for four hours. The area burned covered 55 acres, or almost 19 city blocks, and 308 buildings were destroyed, with a total damage of $600,000. One woman died of heart disease during the excitement.

The burned quarter included five cigar factories and numerous restaurants, saloons, boarding houses, and 200 dwellings occupied by cigarmakers. The factories burned were those of M. Stachelberg & Co., damage $100,000; M. Perez & Co., $50,000; Gonzales, Fisher & Co., $40,000; Esberg, Cunst & Co., branch of Stachelberg, $40,000; and Fernandez & Brother, $20,000.

TO BUILD BATTLESHIPS.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 29.—Advices received from Tokio in today's mail state that despite the announcement made in the Japanese diet that no new warships would be built this year, two large battleships exceeding the Dreadnought in displacement and armament will shortly be laid down, one at Kure, the other at Yokosuka. An ocean-going torpedo destroyer of unusually large size is also building.

PASS INDIAN BILL.

Washington, Feb. 29.—The Indian appropriation bill was yesterday passed by the senate. As passed by the house the bill carried an appropriation of $8,215,697, to which the senate added $1,610,123. In several instances the bill was amended in the senate to strike out or limit the authority of the secretary of the interior as provided in amendments reported by the committee on Indian affairs.

FAVOR PENSION BILL.

Washington, March 2.—The widows' pension bill, which was passed by the house, was reported favorably to the senate today by Senator McCumber, chairman of the committee on pensions. It increases to $12 per month the pensions drawn by widows of soldiers who served in any Indian war, the war with Mexico or the civil war.

LIGHTNING HITS TRAIN.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Piqua, O., March 2.—During a heavy storm last night lightning struck a west bound Pan Handle passenger train just east of here. A V-shaped hole was torn in the roof of the mail car and the clerks badly shocked, but none severely injured.

MARDI GRAS OPENED.

Mobile, Ala., March 2.—Mobile's Mardi Gras officially opened yesterday with the arrival of the United States torpedo flotilla consisting of the torpedo boats De Long, Tingey, Porter, Blakely and Thornton and the converted yacht Scorpion, under command of Lieut. W. C. Mitchell. The flotilla made a record run from Charleston, S. C., having been given rush orders to reach this city for the carnival.

PASS POLISH LAND BILL.

Berlin, March 3.—The Prussian diet today passed the Polish land expropriation bill without making any change from the form in which it was adopted by the house of lords.

ATTEMPT TO KILL SHIPPY

Chicago Chief of Police Attacked in His Home.

Shippy Stabbed and His Son and Coachman Shot Down by Invader.

Chicago, March 2.—George Shippy, chief of the Chicago police department, today shot and killed an anarchist who invaded his home, wounded the chief, shot the official's son Harry, in the lungs, and severely wounded the family coachman, James Foley. Harry Shippy is seriously hurt.

Foley will probably recover, and the chief was stabbed in the hand, his wound being trivial.

The assailant entered Shippy's home while the chief and his son were alone in one of the rooms. The man handed Chief Shippy a letter, which the chief opened and began to read. Almost immediately the anarchist drew a revolver and fired at Harry Shippy. The boy fell to the floor and his father grappled with the assailant.

Rushed to Aid.

Foley, attracted by the shooting, rushed to his employer's aid. As the servant entered the room the anarchist broke from the chief's grasp, aimed deliberately and shot Foley twice.

Again the chief closed with the man and the latter turned on him with a knife. Shippy attempted to grasp the weapon and received a deep cut on the hand. The police official then succeeded in reaching his own revolver and he fired shot after shot into the would-be assassin's body. Every bullet took effect and the anarchist fell to the floor dead.

The attack on the chief is believed to have been inspired by the recent activity of the Chicago police following the killing of the Rev. Leo Heinrichs, a Roman Catholic priest, who was shot by an anarchist in Denver while the priest was administering the sacrament to his slayer.

Although all self-declared anarchists in the city are known to the Chicago police, the identity of the man who attacked Chief Shippy is a mystery. Herman Schuettler, assistant chief of police, who has had charge of the crusade against anarchy in the city, was unable to identify the man.

Mayor Busse had an exciting interview with an office seeker a few minutes after the executive had returned to his office from the Shippy home, whither he hurried on being informed of the affray. The stranger, who was shabbily dressed, was waiting outside the mayor's office in the city hall, and as the mayor advanced extended his hand. The mayor, who was pale and nervous after the experience of his chief of police, declined the grasp and eyed the man closely. "I want a job and I am not here to ask you for anything more. But if I don't get a job there will be trouble," said the man.

The mayor immediately ordered the man out of the building and the latter, after gazing angrily at the city executive for a moment, descended to the main floor and walked away.

Result of a Plot.

A circumstance that led the police to believe that the attack upon Chief Shippy was the result of an anarchistic plot instead of personal grievances was the fact that a man answering the description of the assailmant, who called at the Shippy residence yesterday morning about the same time as the stranger appeared today. The chief was not at home, and after learning this the stranger left, the incident causing so little comment that it was not even mentioned to the chief by members of his family who were a home at the time.

The caller of yesterday was met by Mrs. Shippy and she was in the hall when the anarchist entered today.

A number of physicians were summoned to the house immediately after the shooting to attend Foley and the chief's son. Foley was at once sent to a hospital and Harry Shippy was also taken there after his father's reluctance to have him moved had been overcome.

The young man, who is 21 years old, a student of Culver military academy, Culver, Ind., is the most dangerously hurt of the three. Two bullets pierced his chest and the surgeons in attendance made no effort to conceal the gravity of his condition.

Squads of policemen were sent to the chief's home and the assistant chief was summoned to take charge of the investigation which is following the shooting. Mayor Busse ordered detectives sent to the undertaking rooms to which the body of the anarchist was removed and told the officers to arrest anyone who came there attempting to identify the corpse. Up to noon no one called at the rooms.

Crowd Dispersed.

A crowd of curiosity seekers gathered about the place and at one time became so importunate that the policemen on guard were obliged to use force in keeping the crowd back.

Another crowd surrounded the Shippy residence and kept the police guard there busy. Not until several of the sightseers had been threatened with arrest would they submit to control.

RUEF SUES OFFICIALS

Seeks to Recover Money Spent for Prison Luxuries.

San Francisco, Cal., March 3.—Abraham Ruef filed a suit against Judge Dunne, Rudolph Spreckles, District Attorney Langdon, Detective Burns, Francis J. Heney and W. J. Biggy yesterday, for $4,650.95, alleging that this is the amount put up by him for his prison quarters, automobile hire and living expenses during the time he was in charge of Elisor Biggy, under the orders of Judge Dunne.

Ruef claims to be able to prove that Chief of Police Biggy stated to him after being elected chief of police that unless he paid his own expenses he would be taken to jail.

ROBBERS GET $295,000

Rob the Bank of Ambassador Creel of Mexico.

El Paso, Texas, March 3.—A telegram received from Chihuahua, Mexico, says that the Banco de Minero, owned by Ambassador Creel, has been robbed of $295,000 in Mexican money. No persons have been arrested. Officers here, however, have been obtained to watch the border closely.

RECORD ORANGE CROP.

Los Angeles, Feb. 29.—The orange and lemon crop of southern California has this year broken all records, and though the average price for the fruit has been lower than two years ago, it is thought that the total receipts will be greater than ever before. No damage to the crops has been sustained this year, the weather having been mild.

GIVE OKLAHOMA FLAG.

Washington, March 3.—A joint resolution was adopted by the house today donating to the state of Oklahoma "the first flag bearing forty-six stars which for the first time floats over the capitol today." The resolution places the flag in the custody of the Oklahoma Historical society.

ROUND UP ANARCHISTS

Five Are Arrested in Connection With Attack on Shippy.

Chief of Chicago Police Not Badly Injured, but Son Is in Serious Condition.

Chicago, March 3.—Five persons are now held by the police in connection with the attempted assassination of Chief of Police Shippy. In addition to Maron they are: Olga Averbuch, sister of Shippy's assailant; Tonoitis Korimioros, bartender; Edward Berman, a cobbler, and Joseph Freedman.

Chicago, March 3.—As result of the order to arrest all known anarchists in Chicago, Isadore Maron, 20 years old, a Russian Jew, known as the "Curly Haired Boy," companion of Lazarus Averbuch, 20 years old, 318 Washburne avenue, the anarchist who was shot and killed yesterday in his attempt to assassinate Chief of Police George M. Shippy, was arrested today near Averbuch's home by Detectives O'Connell and O'Brien, of the chief's office.

Attended Meetings.

Maron is the young man who is known by the police to have attended an anarchist meetings at Workman's Hall with Averbuch last Sunday night, and who is declared by the police to have been the slain assassin's most intimate companion. Maron and Averbuch were together throughout the meeting, and are said to have left the hall together after the meeting was over.

After his arrest Maron was taken to the Maxwell street police station and closely questioned. For a time he refused to admit his identity, but finally acknowledged that he had known Averbuch for some time and that they had attended anarchist meetings together. Considerable anarchistic literature was found in his possession when he was searched at the station.

The identity of the assassin, who was killed by a shot through the head, was learned late last night from his sister, Olga, with whom he had lived for three weeks at the home of Mrs. Harry Pine, 213 Washburne avenue, in the western part of the city. Averbuch had been in America only three months, having come direct from Austria, whither he fled from Kishinev two years ago to escape the persecution of Jews in that city.

His plans to kill Chief Shippy are believed to have been formed as a direct result of the chief's interference with a parade of unemployed men through the city's streets several weeks ago. Averbuch has been employed by a produce commission firm.

In Serious Condition.

Chief Shippy, who was stabbed in the arm by Averbuch, was but slightly injured and today shows no ill effects from the struggle. His son Harry, however, is seriously injured, having been shot through the breast twice. Last night it was belived that his wounds would prove fatal, but today the physicians say that he has a chance for recovery. James Foley, the chief's coachman, who was also shot by Averbuch, is not seriously hurt.

A conference of city officials was called at Chief Shippy's home at 10 o'clock. Mayor Busse, Assistant Chief of Police Schuettler, Captain P. D. O'Brien, of the detective bureau, and Inspector Backus attended. Means for dealing with manifestations of anarchy were discussed, with the view of ridding the city of such activities.

Shippy Off Duty.

Chief Shippy did not go to the city hall this morning. He said he would remain off duty, in order that he might visit the hospital where his wounded son is lying. The police measures meanwhile are under the active direction of the assistant chief. The latter said that a young woman, whose first name is "Rosie," is being sought by his detectives. Whether she is a sister or supposed sweetheart of Averbuch, he refused to state. Neither would he discuss the intentions of the police regarding the meeting of anarchists scheduled for Friday night, at which Emma Goldman is advertised to speak.

New York Police Alert.

New York, March 3.—Greater precautions have been taken and are being continued for the prevention of any anarchistic violence in this city, according to statements made today by Police Commissioner Bingham. These measures were adopted, the commissioner said, after letters of a threatening nature had been received by Archbishop Farley and one of the deputy police commissioners and following the distribution of a circular advising the people to march to Wall street and take what they wanted.

WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Washington, Feb. 25.—Senate.—Currency legislation was the chief topic today. For nearly three hours Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, spoke on the Aldrich bill, claiming that he had, through former Senator Jones, of Arkansas, in 1900 proposed legislation similar to the bill under consideration, but with essential differences, which he declared would have prevented the recent panic had it been enacted into law. The Indian appropriation bill received consideration during a part of the day.

House—General debate on the army appropriation bill again furnished opportunity for free expression of opinion on the issues of the day. Mr. Garrett, of Tennessee, and Mr. Pau, of North Carolina, arraigned the Republican party for its policies with regard to the tariff, while Mr. Hayes, of California, denounced the financial system of the United States as "patchwork" and the Aldrich bill as "falling far short of the remedial legislation needed." The only remarks pertinent to the army bill were made by Mr. Parker, of New Jersey, who spoke in favor of the proposition of increased pay for the officers and men, and Mr. Kusterman, of Wisconsin, in support of restoration of the canteen. The seven hours allowed for general debate on the bill will expire tomorrow, when the measure will be read for amendment.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Senate—In the senate today, Senator Culberson, of Texas, criticised the Aldrich currency bill and spoke in favor of amendments he deemed necessary. Senator Nelson also denounced the measure as of no importance in its present form. The bill was, on the motion of Mr. Aldrich, made the unfinished business of the senate. The bill to revise the criminal laws of the United States was passed.

House—The climax of general debate on the army appropriation bill in the house came today when Mr. Dalzell (Pennsylvania) delivered an exhaustive speech in defense of the Republican party and its policies. The tariff system was attacked by Mr. Houston (Tennessee), who charged that the trusts owed their being to it. Other addresses were made by Mr. Sherwood (Ohio) in support of his bill to pension soldiers of the civil war at $1 a day, and Mr. Boutell (Illinois), who referred to the fact that the gold in the United States for the first time had reached a billion dollars. The army appropriation bill was read for amendment and its consideration was not concluded when the house adjourned.

Washington, Feb. 27.—Senate—Two senators with Indian blood in their veins and members of former Indian tribes, carrying on an animated and acrimonious debate marked the proceedings of the senate today. Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, a member of the Cherokee Nation, sought to have the word "late" placed before the designation of the "Five Civilized Tribes." Senator Curtis, of Kansas, who is part Kaw Indian, took the opposite view. The senate voted against the contention of Mr. Owen. Senator McCreary, of Kentucky, spoke on the currency bill.

House—The committee on ways and means of the house today was put to rout and by an overwhelming vote ordered out of the capitol to the new house office building a block away. Various members of the committee strenuously objected to the removal. The committee's present rooms are desired for the speaker. The army appropriation bill was discussed and the provision for pay of non-commissioned officers and privates was stricken out. Representative Lilly introduced a resolution calling on the secretary of the navy for all information in his possession concerning submarine boats.

Washington, Feb. 28.—Senate—The consideration of the Indian appropriation bill and a speech by Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, on the currency bill, consumed nearly the entire time of the senate today. The Indian bill was passed. The senate adjourned until Monday.

House—The house today rejected by 50 to 60 an amendment by Mr. Foster (Illinois) to the army bill appropriating $1,000,000 for joint maneuvers of the militia organizations and the regular troops. Without a dissenting voice the house, by special rule restored the provisions to increase the pay, both of which yesterday went out on points of order.

Washington, March 2.—Senate.—Senator William Alden Smith, of Michigan, spoke against the railroad bond feature of the Aldrich currency bill. Most of the day was devoted to the passage of bills on the calendar which are not of general importance.

House.—A resolution was passed by the house today authorizing the immigration committee to investigate charges of peonage in certain states. Mr. Clark, of Florida, denounced Assistant General Russell, in connection with certain peonage prosecutions in Florida and referred sarcastically to Attorney General Bonaparte. There followed a lively discussion over a bill to deport, after the serving of their sentence, all aliens convicted of felony. The measure was defeated. Four hundred pension bills and a few other private bills were passed, and some time was spent in considering the postoffice appropriation bill. Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, introduced a bill imposing a tax of 50 cents per hundred shares on sales of stock or agreements to sell.

PEACH PROSPECTS GOOD

Growers Say Weather Has Been Favorable.

More Healthy, Well-Sprayed Trees Than Ever—Opinion of Dealers.

Prospects for a good peach crop in northern Ohio are said to be promising. Growers from various parts of the belt say the trees are in good condition and the farmers more alert than ever to dangers from insect pests. Spraying has been planned with more care than ever, and if the crop is a failure it will be more nature's fault than the growers'. It is figured the crop ought to be big next year, because many of the trees gained a good rest last year by not bearing.

C. E. Gerner, manager of the Island & Gypsum Fruit company, has the following to say in a recent letter to the Cincinnati Packer: "The outlook for a big crop of peaches in the Ottawa county belt was never better. We have at present more sprayed trees of healthy appearance than ever before, and there are plenty of buds on all varieties. We feel we have safely passed the zero weather season, and that there is nothing to fear now but cold rains and severe frosts that are sometimes prevalent at blossoming time.

Weather this winter has been favorable to fruit trees in most sections. It usually requires a temperature 12 or more degrees below zero to kill trees, and this year the thermometer at no time touched zero in the peach districts of Ohio.

IRON ORE PRODUCTION.

The United States geological survey announces that it has received returns of production of iron ore in 1907 from producers known to represent about half the output of the country, and that these returns indicate that the total production in 1907 will be found to lie between the limits of 52,000,000 and 54,000,000 long tons.

The publication of the full statistics of Lake Superior ore shipments during 1907 in The Iron Trade Review of February 6, showing an increase of more than 3,700,000 tons from 1906, had indicated the prospect of an increase greater than this for the production of the entire country. The Lake Superior shipments (including all-rail) were 38,522,439 tons in 1906, and 42,245,070 tons in 1907. The gain in production of Lake Superior ores was probably in the neighborhood of 5,000,000 tons, against an increase of shipments of 3,700,000 tons.

Iron ore production in 1908 will show a very sharp decline from 1907, much sharper than will pig iron production, as 1908 pig iron production will be comparable with the 25,[illegible],361 tons actually made in 1907, while 1908 iron ore production will be comparable with 53,000,000 tons produced in 1907, which production was based upon a prospective make of something like 28,750,000 tons of pig iron, and will, in addition to that, suffer by reason of the enormous stocks which have been accumulated. Should there be no mining this year based on the expectation of a large increase in pig iron production in the first half of next year, this year's total will probably be almost insignificant, as can be seen readily. While there was a prospect of 28,750,000 tons of pig iron being made in the twelvemonth from July 1 last, the first six months of the twelvemonth showed only 12,300,000 tons. Assuming, merely for illustration, that this year's production will be 20,000,000 tons—which would be only a little over a 20 per cent decline from 1907—this would be, say 9,000,000, and 11,000,000 tons for the two halves of the year, making 22,300,000 tons for the twelvemonth beginning July 1, 1907, when 28,750,000 tons were provided for, a surplus of ore for 6,500,000 tons of pig iron already.

BARREN DESERTS MADE TO SMILE

Quickening Effect of Irrigation in Northwest—Marvelous Fruit Now Produced.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 2.—"Northerners have today seen something of what irrigation has done for southern California," said L. G. Monroe, secretary of the Spokane chamber of commerce, on returning from the day's trip of the excursionists, "and it reminds me of great things water has done in Washington state," says the Times. "We have regions of little rain there, yet we have converted sand dunes into fruit ranches. The wonderful productiveness of the soil of eastern Washington is still a marvel to our oldest settlers. The men who came to that country in the early days doubted if the now famous Palouse could be made to yield more than the bunch grass which nature had provided. We see it today yielding millions of bushels of wheat and other cereals, immense quantities of deciduous fruits of almost every known variety and all kinds of farm products in the utmost profusion.

"The early settlers next turned their attention to the Big Bend. Here was a great region, they said, positively not fit for anything except the grazing of horses, cattle and sheep. Yet experiment proved that the vast rolling prairie of Lincoln county was equally as productive as the Palouse. We must stop here, they said, but a few of the most venturesome continued westward into the Waterville country in northern Douglas county. Here the wiseacres were again nonplussed. The soil showed no diminution of productiveness.

"Next the region of light rainfall in Adams, Franklin and southern Douglas counties was attacked by the more courageous farmers, and despite the oft-repeated warning and prognostications of evil from the ultra-conservative, nature again smiled and brought forth abundant crops. When irrigation was first started in the Yakima valley it was with no thought of the immense possibilities which have since accrued—and even after experiment showed that the sand dunes could be made to yield fruit, the miracle was regarded as confined to a very narrow and specially favored locality. It remained for a few far-seeing and courageous men to demonstrate that the gravelly soil of the Spokane valley was susceptible of irrigation, and thus bury the wisdom of the skeptic and knocker forty fathoms deep, and forever lay the ghost of doubt as to our soil conditions and at the same time lay the foundation of positive knowledge that with sufficient moisture every acre of tillable land in eastern Washington can be made to blossom. So that today sees a new era—that of irrigation—opening to the endeavors and genius of man.

THE MARKETS

New York, Feb. 29.—Bradstreet's says: Distribution of staple goods by jobbers tends to increase as the spring buying season advances and the large numbers of buyers excursions draw merchants to the market, but there is a consensus of opinion that buying is in a high degree conservative, and that staple goods and what may be classed as necessities comprise the heavier part of the business done. Retail trade is very quiet, except where price reduction on winter weight goods tempt buyers and final distributive demand unquestionably feels the reduced purchasing power of the public at large, due to short time or reduction of earnings in industry. Wholesale trade is quiet as a whole, and cotton fabrics, notably print cloths and flannelettes, have been sharply cut; stocks of the former are reported to be piling up despite reduced time worked. Three-fourths of the normal production is reported working. Reports from other industries are irregular. The improvement in finished lines of steel noted last week has gone further and a slightly larger capacity is now at work. A favorable development in finished steel is the placing of orders by some roads for rails in addition to those noted weeks ago.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended February 27, number 254 against 326 last week, 194 in the like week of 1907, 180 in 1906, 206 in 1905, and 196 in 1904. Failures in Canada for the week number 35, against 44 last week and 42 in this week a year ago.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., March 3.—Wheat prices were unchanger to a shade weaker at the outset today. Lower cables proved the chief influence in keeping prices down. Later in the morning, the market shook off the effects of Liverpool and advanced slightly. At Chicago, selling by the Bartlett people and Love and scattered buying were the leading features of a rather dull market. Local receipts showed a decided increase. Among the bullish factors were light northwest receipts, and a big decrease in stocks at Minneapolis. Cash demand was not urgent. Liverpool, influenced chiefly by liberal offerings and sympathy with America, was about ¾c lower. Local cash wheat was unchanged at $1.00 and gained ⅛c later in the first hour. May, opening ⅛c down, went back to the previous close, $1.00⅜. July and September were unchanged at 94½c and 90½c respectively.

Buying by the Bartlett house and light offerings combined into source of strength that put wheat up more than two cents. The increase in Bradstreet's world's available was much less than last year's. Argentine wired that big shipments are predicted for this week and some time later. Liverpool closed ½d to ⅝d off. Cash closed 1¾c up at $1.01¾, May 1⅝c up at $1.01¾, July at 96c, and September at 93½c.

Corn was placed in a position of comparative strength by support from the Bartlett house, despite liberal receipts. The market was quiet and offerings light. Liverpool showed no change to speak of. May was unchanged at 61¾c. Opening ⅛c at 61⅝c, July gained an eighth before 10 a. m. September started unchanged at 60⅜c, gaining ¼c in the initial hour.

There was little doing in oats save for 62c.

Buying by Bartlett continued the main support of corn. At Liverpool the close was ¼d off. The closes: Cash 60c, May 63¼c, July 62½c, September a gain of ⅛c in September when the option advanced to 38c after the opening, the quotations were the same as the previous close, during the early part of the day. May was quoted at 53⅝c and July at 47¼c.

Rosenbaum and Armour sold old May. Cash finished at 55c, May at 54½c, July at 47¾c, and September at 38½c.

Clover seed was a shade weaker in March and April. Cash opened unchanged at $11.65, March 2½c lower at $11.50, April 5c off at $11.30 and October unchanged at $7.97½c.

The slump in clover seed was attributed to scattered outside short selling. Cash closed at $11.65, March 15c off at $11.35, April 20c off at $11.15, and October 7½c down at $7.90.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	—Close— Mar.3.	Mar.2.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.00		....	1.01¾	1.00
May	1.00	1.01⅞	....	1.01⅞	1.00⅜
July	94⅝	....	....	96	94½
Sept.	92½	....	....	93½	91¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	60	59
May	61¾	....	....	63¼	61¾
July	61¼	....	....	62½	60⅞
Sept.	60⅞	....	....	62	60⅜
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	55	54½
May	53⅞	....	....	54½	53⅝
July	47¼	....	....	47¾	47¼
Sept	37¾	....	....	38½	37⅞
Clover Seed—					
Cash	11.65		....	11.65	11.65
March	11.50		....	11.35	11.52½
April	11.30		....	11.15	11.35
Oct.	7.97½		....	7.90	7.97½
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	84	83
No. 2	....	....	....	83	82
No. 3	....	....	....	79	78
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.35	2.35
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	11.65	11.60

CHICAGO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Mar.3.	Mar.2.
Wheat—					
May	97½	1.00⅜	97⅜	1.00	97½
July	93½	95⅞	93⅜	95¼	93⅝
Sept.	90½	92½	90⅜	92¼	90½
Corn—					
May	61¼	62⅜	61	62⅜	61¼
July	59⅜	61	....	60⅞	59⅜
Sept.	59⅛	60¼	....	60⅜	59⅛
Oats—					
May (old)	52⅝	....	....	53⅜	52⅝
May (new)	51¼	51⅞	51⅛	51¾	51⅛
July (old)	44⅞	....	....	46	44⅜
July (new)	43⅞	44	44⅜	43⅝	....
Sept.	37¼	38		37⅞	37⅝

NEW YORK.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Mar.3.	Mar.2.
Wheat—					
May	1.05⅝	....	....	1.07½	1.05⅝
July	1.00⅝	....	....	1.02½	1.00⅝
Corn—					
May	70⅝	....	....	71¾	70⅝
July	68⅝	....	....	69⅝	68⅝

ST. LOUIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Mar.3.	Mar.2.
Wheat—					
May	99¼	1.01⅜	....	1.01⅜	99⅝
July	90¼	....	....	91¼	90¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Mar.3.	Mar.2.
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.06¾
July	....	....	....	....	1.05⅝

DULUTH.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Mar.3.	Mar.2.
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.06
July	....	....	....	....	1.06

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Mar.3.	Mar.2.
Pork—					
May	11.70	....	....	12.05	11.70
July	12.10	....	....	12.35	12.07
Lard—					
May	7.65	7.82	....	7.80	7.65
July	7.85	....	....	8.00	7.87
Sept.	....	....	....	8.22	....
Ribs—					
May	6.60	....	....	6.75	6.62
July	6.90	....	....	7.05	6.92
Sept.	....	....	....	7.30	....

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, March 3.—The local hog market in sympathy with all others opened about 10c lower. Packers cleaned up everything early and more hogs could have been used. Shippers had no chance to buy and had several unfilled orders.

Quality on sale was good and everything sold straight, no sorting being necessary. As a rule, receipts show lighter hogs than earlier in the winter.

Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves were steady.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $4.70; mediums, $4.70; Yorkers, $4.70@4.75; pigs, $4.50; stags and roughs, $3.50@4.40; good mixed, $4.70@4.75; bulk of sales, $4.75@4.85.

Cattle — Prime steers, 400 lbs. up, $5.50@5.75; good to choice, $5.25@5.60; good fats, 1,060 to 1,250 lbs., $5.00@5.25; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $4.75@5.25; common to light steers, $3.50@4.25; choice fat cows, $3.10@3.75; fair to good cows, $2.75@3.00; common cows, $1.25@2.50; tanners and cutters, $1.25@2.00; prime export bulls, $3.25@4.00; good butcher bulls, $3.75@4.25; fair to good bolognas, $2.25@3.25; common, $2.75@3.00; choice fat heifers, $2.60@4.25; good to choice feeders, $4.75@5.00; fair to good feeders, $4.25@4.70; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@3.80; milkers and springers, by head, $25.00@50.00.

Calves—Choice to extra, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $5.50@7.00; common to light, $5.00@6.00; heavy and fed, $3.50@5.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.25@4.50; good to choice mixed sheep, $3.50@4.25; ewes, $2.50@4.25; common, $2.00@3.00; yearlings, $4.50@5.00; lambs, $4.50@6.00; best lambs, $7.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, March 3.—(Bower & Bower's special report to The Blade.)—Hogs—Receipts, 20 cars; market lower; heavy, $4.65; mediums and Yorkers, $4.75; best pigs, $4.50. Lambs, calves and cattle steady.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., March 3.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's Special Report to The Blade.)— hogs light; heavies, $4.80@4.85; $5.00; heavy Yorkers, $4.85@5.00; light Y ers, $4.85@4.95; pigs, $4.60@4.70. Shee @6.00; lambs, $5.60@7.50. Calves, 8.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., March 3.—(Swe Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattl cars; steady. Hogs, 30 cars; lower; he $4.85; Yorkers, $4.90; pigs, $4.75. Sheep cars; steady; best lambs, $7.50; yearl $6.00@6.65; wethers, $5.50@6.00; ewes, 5.50. Calves, $4.00@9.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 3.—Cattle, rec about 4,500; market steady; bee $3.90@6.00; cows and heifers, $1. 4.90; Texans, $3.75@4.75; calves, @7.25; westerners, $4.00@5.00; stock and feeders, $2.75@4.90. Hogs, rec about 30,000; market 5@10c lo light, $4.30@4.55; mixed, $4.30@ heavy, $4.30@4.50; rough, $4.30@ pigs, $3.60@4.35; bulk of sales, $4. 4.50. Sheep, receipts about 11,000; ket strong; native, $3.50@5.40; $3.40@5.60; yearlings, $5.00@ lambs, $5.00@6.35; western, $5.1

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 3.—(Wall Str —Opening price changes of stocks day were mixed and were narrow i cases. Fluctuations of ½ measu extreme, except in American S ing, which declined ¾. The deal were of trifling significance.

There was a general advance afte opening which was most pronounc the specialties. Reading rose to Northern Pacific to 122¾, but the ment generally in the railroad lis narrow. National Lead advanced yond yesterday's closing. Great No Ore Certificates 1⅝, Sloss-Sheffield 1⅜, and Baltimore & Ohio, Illinois tral and International Pump prefer

The market for a time broadene livelier activity and more strength for many days past. Trading wa at fractional reactions at noon. were heavy.

New York Stock Market.

Stocks.	Open.	High.
Am. Loco. com	32	33⅝
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	114	115¼
Atchison	68¾	68⅞
Am. Car & F. Co.	27	27
Anaconda	33⅛	33⅞
Amal. Copper	51⅞	52⅞
Am. Smelters	59⅞	60¾
Am. Woolen Co	18	18
Biscuit com	78	78
Balt & Ohio	79¾	80
B'lyn R. Trans	40½	41⅞
Chicago & G. W.	4	4
Canadian Pac	142¾	143¾
Clover Leaf	14¾	14¾
Clover Leaf pfd	34½	34½
Ches. & Ohio	27½	27⅝
Central Leather	17	17
Can pfd	46	46
Del & Hudson	146	146
Distillers Sec	29	29¾
Erie com	12¾	13
Gt. Northern pfd	118	118¾
Ill. Central	125¾	125⅞
K. C. Sou. com	18	18
Mex. Central	13¾	13¾
Missouri Pacific	32½	32⅞
M. K. & T., com	18½	18¾
M., K. & T., pfd	48	48
North. Pacific	121⅝	122⅝
National Lead	47⅞	49⅛
N. Y. Air Brake	56	56
N. Y. Central	95	95¾
N. & W., com	60	60
Ont. & Western	29¾	30
Penn. Ry.	112⅝	113⅝
Pacific Mail	27	27
People's Gas Co.	86¾	86¾
Reading, com	95	95⅞
Rock Island	11	11⅞
Rock Island, pfd	22	22⅞
Rep., pfd	65¾	65¾
South. Ry.	9⅞	9⅞
South. Ry., pfd	28	28⅝
St. Paul	109¼	110⅝
South. Pacific	68¾	68⅞
Tol. Ry's & &Lt.	9¼	9¾
Tenn. Copper	27⅞	27⅞
Union Pacific	112¾	113⅞
U. S. Steel	28¾	28⅞
U. S. Steel, pfd	92⅛	92⅛
Wabash, com	9⅝	9⅞
Western Union	47⅛	47⅛
W. & L. E., com	5⅝	5⅝

Cotton.

New York, March 3.—The co market opened steady at a declin two to eight points, owing to the d appointing cables. Trading was tive in the near months, and du the early session May sold up to advance of five points and July to net gain of three points on cover and continued bullish support. O positions rallied slightly in sympa but showed no special feature, during the middle of the morning t market was nervous and irregu with prices about unchanged to points lower.

The market was rather quiet late in the forenoon and showed nervousness, prices at midday about 1@5 points lower. Spot quiet; middling upla 11.45c; middling gulf, 11.70c.

Estimated receipts at the ports to 30,000 bales, against 24,846 last year 26,575 last year; for the week, 120,000 ba against 121,066 last week and 175,6 year. Today's receipts at Houston, bales, against 12,503 last year.

Wool.

Boston, March 3.—An increased acti in the local wool market is noted. L dealers believe the worst is over and looking for a gradual improvement. it is difficult to sell wool at profi prices, and the sales during the past days have been at concessions.

Heavy sale of quarter-blood fleeces 28 cents for Ohio and 27 cents for Mic gan is reported, and fairly good sale Montana fine medium at 60 cents on scoured basis is also noted. Other including pulled wool, ar dull, but the mand for the foreign product is more tive.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin, creamery, 1-l prints, 33½c; solid pack, 32½c.

Dairy Butter—24c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 25½c

Butterine—Standard grades, unc ored, 60-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 1-lb. basis, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c. Fa grade butterine, uncolored, 60-lb. basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 18c; 1- roll basis, 18½c; low grades, 10½c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 25c; stor eggs, 22c.

Cheese — Choice Michigan ch 15@15½c; York state cheese, 16½c.

Valencia Onions—Bushel, $1.25; ho grown, 75@80c; white silver onions, bu., 75c; Bermudas, crate, garlic, lb., 3c.

Spinach—Bu., 75c@$1.00.

Lettuce—9c.

Canadian Rutabagas—Bu., 40c.

Cranberries—Late Howes, bu., bbl., $10.00@11.00.

Home-grown Potatoes—Bu., 70@

Beans—Hand-picked navy beans, $2.25@2.50.

Home-grown Cabbage—Bbl. lb., 1c; ton, $26.00; Colorado, crate,

California Celery—Doz., trimmed @80c; 3-doz. case, original pack,

Pie Plant—Doz. bunches, 50c.

Egg Plant—Doz., $1.25.

Green Peppers—Case, $3.50.

Round Radishes—25c doz.; carrots, turnips, 25@40c per bu.; parsley, doz. bunches; green onions, doz.,

Watercress—Dozen bunches, 50c.

Florida Tomatoes, 6-basket $3.00.

Boston Hothouse Cucumbers, $1.90@2.00.

Strawberries—Quart, 40@50c.

Boston Head Lettuce—Doz., 85@90c.

Malagas—65c lb.; keg, $4.50@5.00.

Apples—Bu., 75c@$1.50; bbl., $2.00 4.00.

Lemons—California, $2.75@3.00.

Limes—Hundred, $1.25.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Oranges—Florida, $2.00@2.50; Indi River, case, $4.50.

Navel Oranges—$2.50@2.75.

Tangerines—$4.00@4.50.

Grape Fruit—Box, $4.50@5.50.

Dates—Persian, 30 lbs., $2.00; Hal wee dates, lb., 5c.

Figs—Pulled, lb., 15c; stick figs, 14c.

Poultry — Alive — Young Chick 10c; hens, 10c; geese, 10c; ducks, 10c; turkeys, 15c lb.; broilers, apiece, @30c.

Poultry—Dressed—Chickens, 11@1 turkeys, 16@18c; ducks, 11@12c; gee 11c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 5¾c; heavy rough, 4½@5½c; calves, prime, fair, 8@8½c; spring lambs, 10@11c.

Sheep—5@8c.

Cow Beef—3@5½c.

Steers—6@7½c.

Heifers—5@7c.

New York Produce.

New York, March 3.—Butter quiet; ceipts, 11,346 pkgs.; held firsts to th 24@29c. Cheese firm and unchanged; ceipts, 3,326 boxes. Eggs easier; recei 12,142 cases; state, Pennsylvania and ne by selected white fancy, 26@27c; choice, 24@25c; brown and mixed fan 23@24c; ditto firsts, 21@22c; western southern firsts, 21½c; seconds, 21c; 20@20½c. Poultry—Alive—Feeling firm a tendency higher on fowls, though quotations had not been settled at hour. Dressed quiet; Philadelphia spr chickens, 25@28c; turkeys, 12@13c; fowls @13½c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, March 3.—Butter ste creameries, 21@31c; dairies, 20@ Eggs steady; at mark, cases inclu 18@18½c. Cheese strong; daisies, 14 @14c; twins, 13½@13¾c; young Ame icas, 13½@13¾c.